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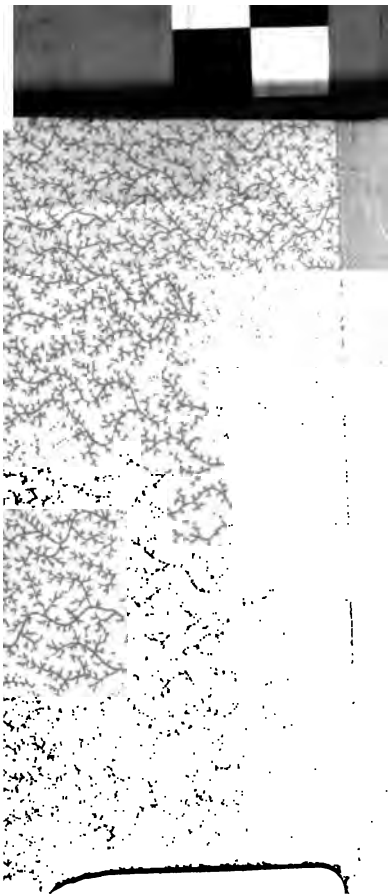
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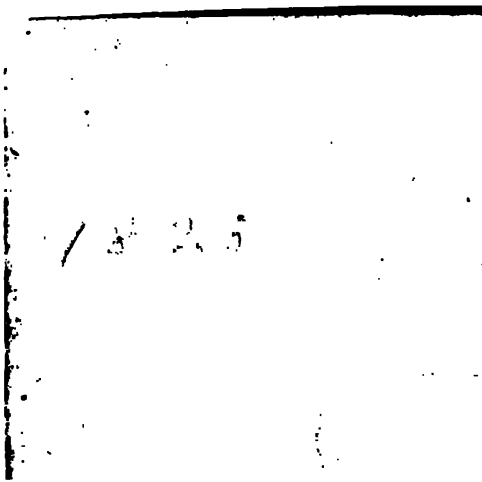
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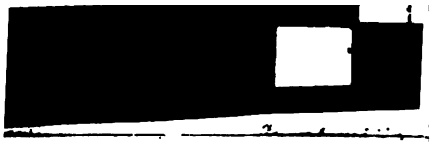

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



LUDIBRAS.

In THREE PARTS.

Written in the Time of the

LATE WARS.

Corrected and Amended:

WITH

ADDITIONS.

To which is added,

ANNOTATIONS,

With an exact

INDEX to the Whole.

LONDON:

Printed by ROBERT BROWN,

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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TO THE

READER.

POETA naſcitur non fit, is a ſentence of as great truth as antiquity; it being moſt certain, that all the acquired learning imaginable is inſufficient to compleat a poet, without a natural genius and propenſity to ſo noble and ſublime an art. And we may without offence obſerve, that many very learned men, who have been ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themſelves obnoxious to that ſatyrical inſpiration, our author wittily invokes:

Which made them, tho' it were in ſpight
Of nature and their ſtars, to write.

On the other ſide, ſome who have had very little human learning, but were endued with a large ſhare of natural wit and parts, have become the moſt celebrated * poets of the age they lived in. But, as theſe laſt are, Raræ aves in terris; ſo when the muſes have not diſdained the aſſiſtances of other arts and ſciences, we are then bleſſed with thoſe laſting monuments of wit and learning, which may juſtly claim a kind of eternity upon earth. And our author, had his modeſty permitted him, might with HORACE have ſaid,

* *Shakeſpear, D'Avenant*, &c.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius ;

Or with OVID,

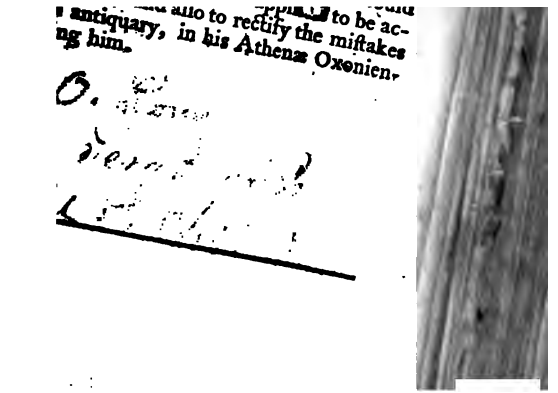
Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, r
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere v

The author of this celebrated poem wa
laſt compoſition ; for although he had not
pineſs of an academical education, as ſom
it may be perceived, throughout his who
that he had read much, and was very
compliſhed in the moſt uſeful parts of huma
ing.

RAPIN (in his reflections) ſpeaking of
ceſſary qualities belonging to a poet, tell
muſt have a genius extraordinary ; great
gifts ; a wit juſt, fruitful, piercing, ſolid
verſal ; an underſtanding clear and diſti
imagination neat and pleaſant ; an elev
ſoul, that depends not only on art or ſtu
is purely the gift of heaven, which muſt be
ed by a lively ſenſe and vivacity ; judgmen
ſider wiſely of things, and vivacity for th
ful expreſſion of them, &c.

Now, how juſtly this character is due t
thor, I leave to the impartial reader, and
nicer judgments, who had the happineſs to
intimately acquainted with him.

The reputation of this incomparable po
thoroughly eſtabliſhed in the world, that
be ſuperfluous, if not impertinent, to en
any panegyric upon it. King CHARLES II
the judicious part of mankind will readily
ledge to be a ſovereign judge of wit, was


antiquary, in his Athenæ Oxonien-
ng him.



THE

AUTHOR

LIFE

SAMUEL BUTLER, the autho
excellent poem, was born in the
Strensham, in the county of Worce
baptized there the 13th of Feb. 1612. H
who was of the same name, was an honest
farmer, who had some small estate of
but rented a much greater of the Lord of
nor where he lived. However, perceivin
son an early inclination to learning, he ma
to have him educated in the free-school at
ter, under Mr. HENRY BRIGHT; wher
passed the usual time, and being become
lent school-scholar, he went for some litt
Cambridge, but was never matriculated
university, his father's abilities not being
to be at the charge of an academical educ
that our author returned soon into his nat
try, and became Clerk to one Mr. J
Earls-Croom, an eminent Justice of the
that county, with whom he lived some
an easy and no contemptible service. Her
indulgence of a kind master, he had full
sure to apply himself to whatever learni

dinations led him, which were chiefly
and poetry; to which, for his diversion, he
music and painting; and I have seen some p
said to be of his drawing, which remained
family; which I mention not for the exc
of them, but to satisfy the reader of his ear
nations to that noble art; for which also
afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. SA
COOPER, one of the most eminent painter
time.

He was, after this, recommended to th
encourager of learning, ELIZABETH Cou
Kent, where he had not only the opportu
consult all manner of learned books, but
were also with that living library of learni
great Mr. SELDEN.

Our author lived some time also with Sir S
LUKE, who was of an ancient family in E

merit, our author found that verſe in JUVENAL to be exactly verified in himſelf:

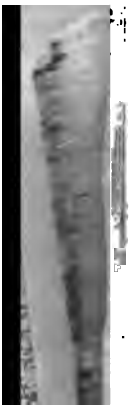
Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi:

And being endued with that innate modeſty, which rarely finds promotion in Princes courts; he became Secretary to RICHARD Earl of Carbury, Lord Preſident of the Principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow-caſtle, when the court there was revived. About this time he married one Mrs. HERBERT, a Gentlewoman of a very good family, but no widow, as our Oxford antiquary has reported: ſhe had a competent fortune, but it was moſt of it unfortunately loſt, by being put out on ill ſecurities, ſo that it was little advantage to him. He is reported by our antiquary to have been Secretary to his Grace GEORGE Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor to the univerſity of Cambridge; but whether that be true or no, it is certain, the Duke had a great kindneſs for him, and was often a benefactor to him. But no man was a more generous friend to him, than that MECÆNAS of all learned and witty men, CHARLES Lord Buckhurſt, the late Earl of Dorſet and Middleſex, who, being himſelf an excellent poet, knew how to ſet a juſt value upon the ingenious performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and ſupply the neceſſities of thoſe, whoſe modeſty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our author was a ſignal inſtance, as ſeveral others have been, who are now living. In fine, the integrity of his life, the acuteneſs of his wit, and calmneſs of his converſation, had rendered him moſt acceptable to all men; ye

And having thus lived to a good old age, admired by all, though perſonally known to few, he departed this life in the year 1680, and was buried at the charge of his good friend Mr. LONGUEVIL of the Temple, in the yard belonging to the church of St. PAUL's Covent-garden, at the weſt end of the ſaid yard, on the north ſide under the wall of the ſaid church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway. And ſince he has no monument yet ſet up for him, give me leave to borrow his epitaph from that of MICHAEL DRAYTON the poet, as the author of Mr. COWLEY's has partly done before me:

And tho' no monument can claim
To be the treaſurer of thy name;
This work, which ne'er will die, ſhall be
An everlaſting monument to thee.

The characters of this poem are for the moſt part obvious, even to the meaneſt pretenders to



mongſt us; and overthrew our
and conſtitutions, to make way f
anarchy and confuſion, which at l
ranny. But ſince, according to the
are ſo blind as they that will no
who are not reſolved to be invincil
refer, for their farther ſatisfaction
ries of Mr. FOWLIS of preſby
WALKER of independency; but
to that incomparable hiſtory la
wrote by EDWARD Earl of Cl
are ſufficient to ſatisfy any unbiaſ
his general characters are not fi
could heartily wiſh theſe times we
that they were not applicable to

: condemned Ad Ficum & Piperem; or if you eaſe, to more baſe and ſervile offices.

Some vain attempts have been likewiſe made) tranſlate ſome parts of it into LATIN, but how ar they fall ſhort of that ſpirit of the ENGLISH vit, I leave the meaneſt capacity, that under-tands them, to judge. The following ſimiles I ave heard were done by the learned Dr. HAR-MER, once GREEK Profeſſor at Oxon.

So learned TALIACOTIUS from, &c.

Sic adſcititios naſos de clune toroſi
Vectoris, docta ſecuit TALICOTIUS arte:
Qui potuere parem durando æquare parentem,
At poſtquam fato clunis computruit, ipſum
Una ſympathicum cœpit tabeſcere roſtrum.

So wind in the HYPOCONDRES pent, &c.

Sic HYPOCONDRIACIS incluſa meatibus aura
Deſinet in crepitum, ſi fertur prona per alvum,
Sed ſi ſumma petat, montiſq; invaſerit arcem,
Divinus furor eſt, & conſcia flamma futuri.

So lawyers, leſt the Bear defendant, &c.

Sic legum myſtæ, ne forſan pax foret, urſam
Inter furantem ſeſe, actoremque Moloſſum;
Faucibus injiciunt clavos dentiſque refigunt.
Luctanteſque canes coxis, femoriſque revellunt.
Errores juſtaſque moras obtendere certis,
Judiciumque prius revocare ut prorſus iniquum.
Tandem poſt aliquod breve reſpiramen utrinque,

Ut

crebris hortatibus urgent.
iterumque in prælia tradunt.

verſes, which, for reaſons of
eſſed at, were thought fit to
rſt impreſſion, as theſe which

ned GLYN and MAYNARD,
ſubjects traytors, ſtrain hard?
ing, by proclamation,
tor thro' the nation?

artily wiſh I could gratify your
of thoſe golden remains,

The OXFORD antiquary aſcribes to our author two pamphlets, ſuppoſed falſly, as he ſays, to be WILLIAM PRYN's: The one intituled, Mola Aſinaria; or, The unreaſonable and inſupportable burthen, preſſed upon the ſhoulders of this groaning nation, &c. London, 1659, in one ſheet 4to. The other, Two letters, one from JOHN AUDLAND, a quaker, to WILLIAM PRYN; the other, PRYN's anſwer, in three ſheets in folio, 1672.

I have alſo ſeen a ſmall poem of one ſheet in quarto, on DU VALL, a notorious highwayman, ſaid to be wrote by our author; but how truly, I now not.

HUDIBRAS

The ARGUMENT of The FIRST CANTO

Sir HUDIBRAS *his paſſing worth,*
The manner how he ſally'd forth;
His arms and equipage are ſhown;
His horſe's virtues and his own.
Th' adventure of the Bear and fiddle
Is ſung, but breaks off in the middle.

CANTO I.

WHEN civil dudgeon firſt grew hi
And men fell out they knew not wh
When hard words, jealouſies and fe
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For dame religion as for punk;
Whoſe honeſty they all durſt ſwear for,
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore:
When goſpel-trumpeter, ſurrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle ſounded,

And pulpit, drum eccleſiaſtic,
Was beat with fiſt, inſtead of a ſtick:
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was, whoſe very ſight wou'd
Intitle him, Mirrour of knighthood;
That never bow'd his ſtubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right worſhipful on ſhoulder-blade:
Chief of domeſtic Knights and errant,
Either for chartel, or for warrant:
Great on the bench, great in the ſaddle,
That [b] could as well bind o'er, as ſwaddle;
Mighty he was at both of theſe,
And ſtyl'd of war, as well as peace.
(So ſome rats of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wiſe or ſtout.
Some hold the one, and ſome the other;
But howſoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was ſo ſmall, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made ſome take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As MONTAIGNE [c], playing with his cat,
Complains ſhe thought him but an aſs,
Much more ſhe wou'd Sir HUDIBRAS;
(For that's the name our valiant Knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they're miſtaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no ſuch:

We grant altho' he had much wit,
H' was very ſhy of uſing it;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unleſs on holy-days, or ſo,
As men their beſt apparel do.
Beſide, 'tis known he cou'd ſpeak GREEK
As naturally as pigs ſqueek:
That LATIN was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whiſtle:
Being rich in both, he never ſcanted
His bounty unto ſuch as wanted;
But much of either wou'd afford
To many, that had not one word.
For HEBREW roots, altho' they're found
To flouriſh moſt in barren ground,
He had ſuch plenty, as ſuffic'd
To make ſome [d] think him circumcis'd:
And truly ſo he was, perhaps,
Not as a proſelyte, but for claps.
He was in LOGICK a great critick,
Profoundly ſkill'd in [e] analytick;
He cou'd diſtinguiſh, and divide
A hair 'twixt ſouth and ſouth-weſt ſide;
On either which he wou'd diſpute,
Confute, change hands, and ſtill confute;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horſe;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a Lord may be an owl;
A calf an Alderman, a gooſe a Juſtice,
And rooks Committee-men and Truſtees.
He'd run in debt by diſputation,
And pay with ratiocination.



All this by ſyllogiſm, true
In mood and figure, he wou'd do.
For RHETORICK, he cou'd not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope:
And when he happen'd to break off
I'th' middle of his ſpeech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to ſhew why,
And tell what rules he did it by:
Elſe when with greateſt art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk.
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to ſhew't, his ſpeech
In loftineſs of ſound was rich;
A Babyloniſh [f] dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd dreſs
Of patch'd and py-ball'd languages:
'Twas Engliſh cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fuſtian heretofore on ſattin.
It had an odd promiſcuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made ſome think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;
Or [g] CERBERUS himſelf pronounce
A jeaſh of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his ſtock would ne'er be ſpent;
And truly, to ſupport that charge,
He had ſupplies as vaſt and large:
For he cou'd coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words *ſo debas'd* and hard, no ſtone
Was hard enough to touch them on:

e would have ...
n MATHEMATICKS he was greater
Than i TYCHO BRAHE, or ERRA I
'or he, by geometrick ſcale,
Could take the ſize of pots of ale;
Reſolve by ſines and tangents, ſtrai
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wiſely tell what hour o' th' da
The clock does ſtrike, by algebra.
Beſide, he was a ſhrewd PHILOSO
And had read ev'ry text and gloſs
Whate'er the crabbed'ſt author hat
He underſtood b' implicit faith:
Whatever k Sceptick cou'd enquir
For ev'ry why, he had a wherefo
Knew more than forty of them d
As far as words and terms cou'd
All which he underſtood by rote,

Where [m] truth in perſon does appear,
Like words [n] congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As [o] metaphyſic wit can fly.
In ſchool-divinity as able
As [o] he that hight, irrefragable;
A ſecond [p] THOMAS, or at once
To name them all, another DUNCE:
Profound in all the nominal
And real ways beyond them all;
For he a rope of ſand cou'd twiſt
As [q] tough as learned SORBONIST;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for ſcull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurniſhed.
He cou'd raiſe ſcruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve 'em in a trice,
As if divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And ſtab herſelf with doubts profound,
Only to ſhew with how ſmall pain
The ſores of faith are cur'd again;
Altho' by woful proof we find,
They always leave a ſcar behind.
He knew [r] the ſeat of paradiſe,
Cou'd tell in what degree it lies:
And, as he was diſpos'd, cou'd prove it,
Below the moon, or elſe above it.
What ADAM dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her cloſet in his ſide:
Whether the devil tempted her
By a [s] High-dutch interpreter:

If either of them [t] had a navel:
Who firſt [u] made muſick malleable:
Whether the ſerpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all.
All this without a gloſs or comment,
He cou'd unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms ſuch as men ſmatter,
When they throw out and miſs the mati
For his RELIGION it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas preſbyterian true blue,
For he was of that ſtubborn crew
Of errant ſaints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant:
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controverſies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apoſtolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and ſword, and deſolation,
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always muſt be carry'd on,
And ſtill be doing, never done:
As if religion were intended
For nothing elſe but to be mended.
A ſect whoſe chief devotion lies
In odd perverſe antipathies:
In falling out with that or this,
And finding ſomewhat ſtill amiſs:
More peeviſh, croſs, and ſplenetick,
Than dog diſtract, or monkey ſick.
That with more care keep holy-day
The wrong, than others the right way

Compound for ſins they are inclin'd to,
By damning thoſe they have no mind to.
Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
As if they worſhip'd God for ſpight.
The ſelf-ſame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
Free-will they one way diſavow,
Another, nothing elſe allow.
All piety conſiſts therein
In them, in other men all ſin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love moſt tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd-pies, and diſparage
Their beſt and deareſt friend plum-porridge;
Fat pig and gooſe itſelf oppoſe,
And blaſpheme cuſtard thro' the noſe.
Th' apoſtles of this fierce religion,
Like MAHOMET's ♥, were aſs and widgeon.
To whom our Knight, by faſt inſtinct
Of wit and temper, was ſo linkt,
As if hypocriſy and nonſenſe
Had got th' advowſon of his conſcience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inſide, not the outward,
That next of all we ſhall diſcuſs;
Then liſten, Sirs, it follows thus:
His tawny Beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wiſdom and his face;
In cut and dye ſo like a tile,
A ſudden view it wou'd beguile:
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange mix'd with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of ſcepters and of crowns:

With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government;
And tell with hieroglyphick spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like SAMPSON's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Tho' it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the publick downfal.
It was [x] monastick, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state:
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as monarchy shou'd last,
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state;
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned TALIACOTIUS [y], *from*
The brawny part of porter's bum,



Cut ſupplemental noſes, which
Wou'd laſt as long as parent breech;
But when the date of NOCK was out,
Off drop'd the ſympathetic ſnout.
His Back, or rather burthen, ſhow'd,
As if it ſtoop'd with its own load.
For as ÆNEAS [z] bore his ſire
Upon his ſhoulders thro' the fire,
Our Knight did bear no leſs a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back:
Which now had almoſt got the upper-
Hand of his head; for want of crupper.
To poiſe this equally he bore
A paunch of the ſame bulk before,
Which ſtill he had a ſpecial care
To keep well-cramm'd with wholeſome fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country-houſe affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther ſhall dilate upon,
When of his hoſe we come to treat,
The cup-board, where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of ſturdy buff,
And tho' not ſword, yet cudgel-proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his uſe,
Who fear'd no blows, but ſuch as bruiſe.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the ſiege of Bullen;
To old King HARRY ſo well known,
Some writers held they were his own.
Thro' they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheeſe,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood.

For

The one of t' other magazine,
They ſtoutly in defence on't ſtood,
And from the wounded foe drew bl
And 'till th' were ſtorm'd and beat
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.
And tho' Knights Errant, as ſome
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Becauſe when thorough deſarts vaſt
A[illegible]gions deſolate they paſt,
W[illegible]elly-timber above ground,
O[illegible] was not to be found,
Un[illegible]ey graz'd, there's not one
Of t[illegible]proviſion on record;
Which made ſome confidently writ
They had no ſtomachs, but to fight
'Tis falſe: for a ARTHUR wore in
Round table like a farthingal,
On which with ſhirt pull'd out beh

His puiſſant ſword unto his ſide,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd;
With baſket-hilt, that wou'd hold broth,
And ſerve for fight and dinner both:
In it he melted lead for bullets,
To ſhoot at foes, and ſometimes pullets,
To whom he bore ſo fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any ſuch.
The trenchant blade, [b] Toledo truſty,
For want of fighting was grown ruſty,
And ate into itſelf, for lack
Of ſome body to hew and hack.
The peaceful ſcabbard where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt:
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas ſo manful,
And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in caſe,
As if it durſt not ſhew its face.
In many deſperate attempts,
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than ſerjeant BUM invading ſhoulder.
Oft had it ta'en poſſeſſion,
And priſ'ners too, or made them run.
This ſword a dagger had his page,
That was but little for his age:
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
It was a ſerviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging.
When it had ſtabb'd, or broke a head,
It would ſcrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toaſt cheeſe or bacon, tho' it were
To bait a mouſe-trap, 'twould not care.

'Twould make clean ſhoes, and in the
Set leeks and onions, and ſo forth.
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure;
But left the trade c, as many more
Have lately done on the ſame ſcore.
In th' holſters at his ſaddle-bow
Two aged piſtols he did ſtow,
Among the ſurplus of ſuch meat
As in his hoſe he cou'd not get.
Theſe wou'd inveigle rats with th' ſcent,
To forage when the cocks were bent;
And ſometimes catch 'em with a ſnap,
As cleverly as th' ableſt trap.
They were upon hard duty ſtill,
And ev'ry night ſtood centinel,
To guard the magazine i'th' hoſe
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd f
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home ſet forth to fight.
But firſt with nimble active force
He got on th' outſide of his horſe,
For having but one ſtirrup ty'd
T' his ſaddle, on the further ſide,
It was ſo ſhort, h' had much ado
To reach it with his deſp'rate toe.
But, after many ſtrains and heaves,
He got up to the ſaddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' ſeat,
With ſo much vigour, ſtrength and heat
That he had almoſt tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and main,
Which oft he us'd inſtead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting ſteed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to ſay ſomething
Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.
The beaſt was ſturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I wou'd ſay eye, for h' had but one,
As moſt agree, tho' ſome ſay none.
He was well ſtay'd, and in his gate
Preſerv'd a grave, majeſtick ſtate.
At ſpur or ſwitch no more he ſkipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt:
And yet ſo fiery, he wou'd bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the ground:
That CÆSAR's horſe [d], who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half ſo tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground ſo ſoft.
And as that beaſt would kneel and ſtoop
(Some write) to take his rider up:
So HUDIBRAS his ('tis well known)
Wou'd often do to ſet him down.
We ſhall not need to ſay what lack
Of leather was upon his back:
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His ſtrutting ribs on both ſides ſhow'd
Like furrows he himſelf had plow'd:
For underneath the ſkirt of pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he wou'd flurt,
Still as his tender ſide he prick'd
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd kick'd:

That in the adventure [illegible]
Though writers, for more ſtately t
Do call him RALPHO, 'tis all one
And when we can with metre ſafe
We'll call him ſo; if not, plain
(For rhyme the rudder is of verſes
With which, like ſhips, they ſteer the
An equal ſtock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a taylor.
The mighty Tyrian Queen e, tha
With ſubtle ſhreds a tract of land,
Did leave it with a caſtle fair
To his great anceſtor, her heir;
From him deſcended croſs-legg'd
Fam'd for their faith, and warlik
Againſt the bloody canibal,
Whom they deſtroy'd both great
This ſturdy Squire, he had, as w

Like commendation nine-pence crook'd
With---To and from my love---it look'd.
He ne'er conſider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horſe in the mouth:
And very wiſely wou'd lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too.
For ſaints themſelves will ſometimes be,
Of gifts that coſt them nothing, free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd ſnuff,
He cou'd deep myſteries unriddle,
As eaſily as thread a needle.
For as of vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne'er beſide their way;
Whate'er men ſpeak by this new light,
Still they are ſure to be i'th'right.
'Tis a dark-lanthorn of the Spirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it:
A light that falls down from on high,
For ſpiritual trades to cozen by:
An Ignis Fatuus, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themſelves, and ſound
For Chriſtendom, in dirty pond;
To dive like wild-fowl, for ſalvation,
And fiſh to catch regeneration.
This light inſpires and plays upon
The noſe of ſaint, like bag-pipe drone,
And ſpeaks through hollow empty ſoul,
As through a trunk, or whiſp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But ſpirit'al eaves-droppers can hear:

So PHOEBUS, or ſome friendly muſe,
Into ſmall poets ſong infuſe,
Which they at ſecond hand rehearſe
Thro' reed or bag-pipe, verſe for verſe.
Thus RALPH became infallible:
As [g] three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair,
Spoke truth point-blank, tho' unaware.
For MYSTICK LEARNING, wond'rous ab
In [h] magick Taliſman and Cabal,
Whoſe primitive tradition reaches
As far [i] as ADAM's firſt green breeches:
Deep-ſighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of Terra Incognita,
Th' intelligible world, cou'd ſay;
A deep OCCULT PHILOSOPHER,
As learn'd [k] as the wild Iriſh are,
Or Sir AGRIPPA [l], for profound
And ſolid lying much renown'd:
He [m] ANTHROPOSOPHUS, and FLOUD,
And JACOB BEHMEN underſtood:
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That wou'd do neither good nor harm:
In ROSY-CRUCIAN [n] lore as learned,
As he that Vere adeptus earned:
He underſtood the ſpeech of birds
As well as they themſelves do words:
Cou'd tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean:
What Member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry Rope, and walk, knave, wal
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glaſs, like water;

Of ſov'reign pow'r to make men wiſe;
For drop'd in blear thick-ſighted eyes,
They'd make them ſee in darkeſt night,
Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.
By help of theſe (as he profeſs'd)
He had Firſt Matter ſeen undreſs'd:
He took her naked all alone,
Before one rag of Form was on.
The Chaos too he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite thro', or elſe he ly'd:
Not that of paſte-board, which men ſhew
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;
But its great grandſire, firſt o'th' name,
Whence that and REFORMATION came,
Both couſin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble.
But reformation was, ſome ſay,
O'th' younger houſe to puppet-play.
He cou'd foretel whats'ever was
By conſequence to come to paſs;
As death of great men, alterations,
Diſeaſes, battles, inundations;
All this without th' eclipſe o' th' ſun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done,
By inward light, a way as good,
And eaſy to be underſtood.
But with more lucky hit than thoſe
That uſe to make the ſtars depoſe,
Like Knights o' th' poſt, and falſly charge
Upon themſelves, what others forge:
As if they were conſenting to
All miſchiefs in the world men do:
Or, like the devil, did tempt and ſwa
To rogueries, and then betray 'em

They'll ſearch a planet's houſe to knc
Who broke and robb'd a houſe below
Examine VENUS, and the MOON,
Who ſtole a thimble or a ſpoon:
And tho' they nothing will confeſs,
Yet by their very looks can gueſs,
And tell what guilty aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the goc
They'll queſtion MARS, and, by hi
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a clol
Make MERCURY confeſs, and peac
Thoſe thieves which he himſelf did
They'll find, i' th' phyſiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's deſtinies;
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o' th' pill:
Caſt the nativity o' th' queſtion,
And from poſitions to be gueſs'd on
As ſure as if they knew the momen

Thus was th' accompliſh'd Squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge, per'lous ſhrewd.
Never did truſty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours too were of a rate;
And out they ſally'd at the gate.
Few miles on horſeback had they jogged,
But fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a ſad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat;
But e're we venture to unfold
Atchievements ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhou'd, as learned poets uſe,
Invoke th' aſſiſtance of ſome muſe;
However criticks count it ſillier
Than jugglers talking to familiar:
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we ſhall pitch
On one that fits our purpoſe moſt,
Whom therefore thus do we accoſt:
Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didſt inſpire WITHERS, PRYN, and VICKARS,
And force them, tho' it was in ſpite
Of nature, and their ſtars, to write;
Who, as we find in ſullen writs,
And croſs-grain'd works of modern wits,
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praiſes of the author, penn'd
B' himſelf, or wit-inſuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays and wicked rhyme upon't,

All that is left o' th' forked hill,
To make men ſcribble without ſkill;
Canſt make a poet, ſpite of fate,
And teach all people to tranſlate;
Tho' out of languages, in which
They underſtand no part of ſpeech:
Aſſiſt me but this once, I'mplore,
And I ſhall trouble thee no more.
In weſtern clime there is a town,
To thoſe that dwell therein well kno
Therefore there needs no more be ſai
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When w'are, or are not underſtood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market, or of fair;
And to crack'd fiddle, and hoarſe ta
In merriment did drudge and labou
But now a ſport more formidable



ccording to the law of arms,
o keep men from inglorious harms)
hat none preſume to come ſo near
s forty foot of ſtake of bear;
any yet be ſo fool-hardy,
" expoſe themſelves to vain jeopardy;
they come wounded off, and lame,
o honour's got by ſuch a maim;
ltho' the bear gain much, b'ing bound
n honour to make good his ground,
Vhen he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
f any preſs upon him, who 'tis;
ut let's them know, at their own coſt,
hat he intends to keep his poſt.
his to prevent, and other harms,
Vhich always wait on feats of arms,
For in the hurry of a fray,
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
Thither the Knight his courſe did ſteer,
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear;
As he believ'd he was bound to do
n conſcience and commiſſion too.
And therefore thus beſpoke the Squire:
We that P are wiſely mounted higher
Than conſtables in curule wit,
When on tribunal bench we ſit,
Like ſpeculators ſhou'd foreſee,
From Pharos of authority,
Portended miſchiefs farther then
Low Proletarian tything-men.
And therefore being inform'd by bruit,
That dog and bear are to diſpute;
For ſo of late men fighting name,
Becauſe they often prove the ſame;

(For where the firſt does hap to be,
The laſt does coincidere.)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To ſave th' expence of chriſtian blood,
And try if we by mediation
Of treaty and accommodation,
Can end the quarrel, and compoſe
The bloody duel, without blows.
Are not our liberties, our lives,
The laws, religion, and our wives,
Enough at once to lie at ſtake
For cov'nant and the cauſe's ſake?
But in that quarrel dogs and bears,
As well as we, muſt venture their's?
This feud by Jeſuits invented,
By evil counſel, is fomented;
There is a MACHIAVILIAN plot,
(Tho' ev'ry Nare olfact is not)

or what deſign, what intereſt
an beaſt have to encounter beaſt?
hey fight for no eſpouſed cauſe,
rail privilege, fundamental laws,
or for a thorough reformation,
or covenant, nor proteſtation,
lor liberty of conſciences,
ior Lords and Commons ordinances;
lor for the church, nor for church-lands,
o get them in their own no hands;
lor evil Counſellors to bring
o juſtice, that ſeduce the King;
lor for the worſhip of us men,
hough we have done as much for them.
h' Ægyptians worſhipp'd dogs, and for
heir faith made internecine war.
)thers ador'd a rat, and ſome
or that church ſuffer'd martyrdom.
he [a] Indians fought for the truth
)f th' elephant and monkey's tooth:
nd many, to defend that faith,
ought it out mordicus to death:
ut no beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
or man, as for his God, to fight.
hey have more wit, alas! and know
hemſelves and us better than ſo.
ut we, who only do infuſe
he rage in them like [t] Boute-feus;
is our example that inſtils
n them th' infection of our ills.
or, as ſome late philoſophers
ave well obſerv'd, Beaſts, that converſe
With man, take after him, as hogs
et pigs all the year, and bitches dogs.

Juſt



Juſt ſo, by our example, cattle
Learn to give one another battle.
We read in NERO's time, the heathen
When they deſtroy'd the Chriſtian brethren
They ſew'd them in the ſkins of bears,
And then ſet dogs about their ears:
From thence, no doubt, th' invention came
Of this lewd antichriſtian game.
To this, quoth RALPHO, verily
The point ſeems very plain to me:
It is an antichriſtian game,
Unlawful both in thing and name.
Firſt for the name, the word Bear-baitin
Is carnal, and of man's creating:
For certainly there's no ſuch word
In all the ſcripture on record:
Therefore unlawful, and a ſin;
And ſo is (ſecondly) the thing.
A vile aſſembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by ſcripture, than
Provincial, claſſic, national,
Mere human-creature cobwebs all.
Thirdly, It is idolatrous;
For when men run a whoring thus
With their inventions, whatſoe'er
The thing be, whether dog or bear,
It is idolatrous and pagan,
No leſs than worſhipping of DAGON.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, I ſmell a rat;
RALPHO, thou doſt prevaricate:
For though the theſis which thou lay'ſt
Be true ad amuſſim, as thou ſay'ſt;
(For that bear-baiting ſhould appear
Jure divino lawfuller

than

ll.

For 'tis not hard t'imagine whether
O'th' two is worſt, tho' I name neither.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, Thou offer'ſt much
But art not able to keep touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i'th'Adage,
Id eſt, to make a leek a cabbage;
Thou'lt be at beſt but ſuch a bull,
[illegible] cry and no wool;

If animal, both of us may
As juſtly paſs for bears as they;
For we are animals no leſs,
Altho' of different ſpecieſes.
But, RALPHO, this is not fit place,
Nor time to argue out the Caſe:
For now the field is not far off,
Where we muſt give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and ſuch as ſute
Another manner of diſpute.
A controverſy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words:
Which we muſt manage at a rate
Of proweſs and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promiſe,
And all the godly expect from us.
Nor ſhall they be deceiv'd, unleſs

...y to come.
is a valiant a Mamaluke
yclep'd---
re been oft compar'd
, addreſs and beard;
ited ſtout,
cauſe both have fought;
empts as theſe
ry and ſucceſs;
n th' execution,
reſolution.
widow, won
t and putting on
fully, and urging,
s, like a virgin.
: the Phrygian Knight,
ſteel did ſmite
and in-



The ARGUMENT of The SECOND CANTO

The catalogue and character
Of th' enemies beſt men of war;
Whom, in bold harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fidler priſoner,
Conveys him to inchanted caſtle,
There ſhuts him faſt in wooden baſtile.

CANTO II.

THERE was a ſage Philoſopher,
ALEXANDER RO

ich to do the Injur'd right,
ean, in what concerns juſt Fight.
our authors are to blame,
make ſome well-ſounding name
tern, fit for modern knights
py out in frays and fights,
thoſe that a whole ſtreet do raze,
ild a palace in the place,)
never care how many others
kill, without regard of mothers,
ves, or children, ſo they can
up ſome fierce, dead-doing man,
os'd of many ingredient valours,
ke the manhood of nine taylors:
Wild Tartar when he ſpies
n that's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
can kill him, thinks t' inherit
it, his beauty, and his ſpirit:
juſt ſo much he enjoy'd,
another is deſtroy'd.
hen a giant's ſlain in fight,
mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
heavy caſe no doubt,
n ſhould have his brains beat out,
ſe he's tall, and has large bones:
en kill beavers for their ſtones.
s for our part, we ſhall tell
naked truth of what befel;
as an equal friend to both
Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
neither faction ſhall take part,
ive to each his due deſert:
ever coin a formal lye on't,
ke the Knight o'ercome the Giant.

This b'ing profeſt, we've hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
(That is to ſay, whether [x] Tollutation,
As they do term't, or Succuſſation)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no matter how:
Yet ſome from ſubtle hints have got
Myſterious Light, it was a trot.
But let that paſs: They now begun
To ſpur their living Engines on.
For as whipp'd tops, and bandy'd balls,
The Learned hold, are Animals:
So Horſes they affirm to be
Mere Engines made by geometry;
And were invented firſt from engines,
As [y] Indian Britons were from Penguins.
So let them be: and, as I was ſaying,
They their live engines ply'd, not ſtaying
Until they reach'd the fatal champain,
Which th' enemy did then incamp on:
The [z] dire Pharſalian plain, where battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant cattle,
And fierce Auxiliary Men,
That came to aid their brethren,
Who now began to take the field;
As Knight from ridge of ſteed beheld.
For as our Modern Wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much further off; much further he,
Rais'd on his aged beaſt, cou'd ſee:
Yet not ſufficient to deſcry
All poſtures of the enemy;

Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T' obſerve their numbers, and their order:
That, when their motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he ſtopp'd his willing ſteed,
To fit himſelf for martial deed:
Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
Either to give blows, or to ward;
Courage and Steel, both of great force,
Prepar'd for better, or for worſe.
His death-charg'd piſtols he did fit well,
Drawn out from life-preſerving vittle.
Theſe being prim'd, with force he labour'd
To free's ſword from retentive ſcabbard:
And after many a painful pluck,
From ruſty durance he bail'd tuck.
Then ſhook himſelf, to ſee that proweſs
In ſcabbard of his arms ſat looſe;
And rais'd upon his deſp'rate foot,
On ſtirrup-ſide he gaz'd about,
Portending blood, like blazing ſtar,
The beacon of approaching war.
RALPHO rode on with no leſs ſpeed
Than Hugo in the foreſt did:
But far more in returning made,
For now the foe he had ſurvey'd,
Rang'd as to him they did appear,
With Van, Main Battle, Wings, and Rear.
I' the head of all this warlike rabble,
CROWDERO march'd, expert and able.
Inſtead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the warrior's ſtomach come,
Whoſe noiſe whets valour ſharp, like beer
By thunder turn'd to vinegar;

(For

(For if a trumpet ſound, or drum b
Who has not a month's mind to co
A Squeaking Engine he apply'd
Unto his neck, on north-eaſt ſide,
Juſt where the hangman does diſpo
To ſpecial friends, the knot of noo
For 'tis Great Grace, when Stateſme
Diſpatch a friend, let others waſt.
His warped Ear hung o'er the ſwin
Which was but Souſe to Chitterlin
For guts, ſome write, e're they are
Are fit for muſic, or for pudden:
From whence men borrow ev'ry kin
Of minſtrelſy, by ſtring or wind.
His griſly Beard was long and thick
With which he ſtrung his fiddle-ſtic
For he to horſe-tail ſcorn'd to owe,

Eſteem'd more honourable than the other,
And takes place though the younger brother.
Next march'd brave ORSIN, famous for
Wiſe Conduct, and Succeſs in War:
A ſkilful leader, ſtout, ſevere,
Now marſhal to the Champion Bear.
With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
The warrior to the lifts he led;
With ſolemn march, and ſtately pace,
But far more grave and ſolemn face.
Grave [c] as Emperor of Pegu,
Or Spaniſh potentate Don Diego.
This leader was of knowledge great,
Either for charge, or for retreat.
He knew when to fall on Pell-mell.
To fall back and retreat as well.
So Lawyers, left the bear Defendant,
And Plaintiff dog, ſhou'd make an end on't,
Do ſtave and tail with Writs of Error,
Reverſe of Judgment, and Demurrer,
To let them breathe a while, and then
Cry whoop, and ſet them on agen.
As ROMULUS a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd prey
Of many a fierce and bloody fray;
Bred up, where Diſcipline moſt rare is,
In military Garden Paris.
For Soldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, juſt as Weeds do now;
Until ſome ſplay-foot politicians
T' APOLLO offer'd up petitions,
For licenſing a new invention
Th' 'ad found out of an antique Engine,

To root out all the weeds that grow
In public gardens at a blow,
And leave th' herbs ſtanding. Quoth Sir Sun,
My friends, that is not to be done.
Not done! quoth Stateſmen; yes, an't pleaſe ye,
When it is once known, you'll ſay 'tis eaſy.
Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo:
We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.
A Drum! (quoth PHOEBUS) troth that's true,
A pretty invention quaint and new.
But though of voice and inſtrument
We are th' undoubted preſident;
We ſuch loud muſic don't profeſs:
The Devil's maſter of that Office,
Where it muſt paſs, if't be a Drum;
He'll ſign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.
To him apply yourſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his fee.
They did ſo, but it prov'd ſo ill,
Th'ad better let 'em grow there ſtill.
But to reſume what we diſcourſing
Were on before, that is, ſtout ORSIN;
That which ſo oft by ſundry writers
Has been apply'd t' almoſt all fighters
More juſtly may b'aſcrib'd to this,
Than any other warrior, (viz.)
None ever acted both parts bolder,
Both of a chieftain and a ſoldier.
He was of great deſcent, and high
For ſplendor and antiquity,
And from celeſtial origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right line.
Not as the ancient Heroes did,
Who, that their baſe-births might be hid,

(Knc

(Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
And that they came in at a windore)
Made Jupiter himſelf and others
O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
To get on them a race of champions.
(Of which old Homer firſt made Lampoons);
ARCTOPHYLAX in northern ſphere
Was his undoubted anceſtor:
From him his great fore-fathers came,
And in all ages bore his name.
Learned he was in Med'c'nal Lore,
For by his ſide a pouch he wore,
Replete with ſtrange Hermetic Powder,
That wounds nine miles point-blank wou'd ſolder.
By ſkilful Chymiſt with great coſt
Extracted from a rotten poſt;
But of a heav'nlier influence
Than that which mountebanks diſpenſe;
Tho' by Promethean fire made,
As they do quack that drive that trade.
For, as when ſlovens do amiſs
At others doors, by ſtool or piſs,
The learned write, a red-hot ſpit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey miſchief from the dung
Unto the part that did the wrong:
So this did Healing, and as ſure
As that did Miſchief, this would cure.
Thus virtuous ORSIN was endu'd
With learning, conduct, fortitude,
Incomparable: and as the prince
Of *poets, HOMER,* ſung long ſince,
A ſkilful Leech is better far
Than half a hundred Men of War;



So he appear'd, and by his ſkill,
No leſs than dint of ſword, cou'd kill.
The gallant BRUIN march'd next him,
With viſage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin;
Clad in a Mantle della Guerre
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his Noſe, like Indian King,
He wore, for ornament, a Ring;
About his Neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as Heralds cant, and langued,
Or, as the Vulgar ſay, ſharp-fanged.
For as the teeth in beaſts of prey
Are ſwords, with which they fight in fray;
So ſwords, in men of war, are teeth,
Which they do eat their victle with.
He was by birth, ſome authors write,
A Ruſſian, ſome a Muſcovite;
And 'mong the Coſſacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That ſerve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
SCRIMANSKY was his couſin-german,
With whom he ſerv'd, and fed on vermin
And when theſe fail'd, he'd ſuck his claw
And quarter himſelf upon his paws.
And tho' his countrymen the Huns,
Did ſtew their meat between their bums
And th' horſes backs o'er which they ſtradd
And ev'ry man eat up his ſaddle:
He was not half ſo nice as they,
But eat it raw when 't came in's way.

He had trac'd countries far and near,
More than LE BLANC the traveller;
Who writes, He ſpous'd in India,
Of noble houſe, a lady gay,
And got on her a race of worthies,
As ſtout as any upon earth is.
Full many a fight for him between
TALGOL and ORSIN oft had been;
Each ſtriving to deſerve the crown
Of a ſav'd citizen; the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more ſtout
By ſev'ral ſpurs of Neighbourhood,
Church-fellow-Memberſhip, and Blood;
But TALGOL, mortal foe to Cows,
Never got aught of him but blows;
Blows, hard and heavy, ſuch as he
Had lent, repaid with uſury.
Yet TALGOL was of courage ſtout,
And vanquiſh'd oft'ner than he fought:
Inur'd to labour, ſweat and toil,
And like a champion ſhone with oil.
Right many a widow his keen blade,
And many fatherleſs, had made.
He many a Boar and huge Dun-Cow
Did, like another GUY, o'erthrow:
But GUY with him in fight compar'd,
Had like the Boar, or Dun-Cow far'd.
With greater troops of ſheep h' had fought
Than AJAX, or bold DON QUIXOTE:
And many a ſerpent of fell kind,
With wings before, and ſtings behind,
Subdu'd: as poets ſay, long agone
Bold Sir GEORGE, St. GEORGE did the Dragon.

Nor Engine, nor Device Polemic,
Diſeaſe, nor Doctor Epidemic,
Tho' ſtor'd with Deletory Med'cines,
(Which whoſoever took is dead ſince)
E'er ſent ſo vaſt a colony
To both the under worlds as he:
For he was of that noble trade,
That Demi-gods and Heroes made,
Slaughter, and Knocking on the Head;
The trade to which They all were bred;
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but baſe if mean.
The former rides in triumph for it;
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
For daring to profane a thing
So ſacred with vile bungling.
Next theſe the brave MAGNANO came,
MAGNANO, great in Martial Fame.
ORSIN he wag'd fight-

nsform himſelf in colour,
devil as a collier:
ypocrites in ſhow
ſaints, or crow to crow.
LIKE ENGINES he was author,
quick diſpatch of ſlaughter:
n, Blunderbuſs, and Saker,
inventor of, and maker:
ret, and the Kettle-Drum
om his invention come.
firſt that e'er did teach
and how to ſtop a Breach.
bore with iron Pike,
If wou'd thruſt, the other ſtrike:
their forces he had join'd,
to turn his parts behind.
LLA lov'd, TRULLA more bright
iſh'd armour of her knight:
ago, ſtout and tall,
of France, or Engliſh MALL.
s both of wind and limb,
: and thin ſhe follow'd him,
venture h' undertook,
him or it forſook.
of wall, or hedge ſurprize,
i' th' hazard and the prize:
quarters up, or forage,
rſelf with matchleſs courage,
bout in fight more buſily,
Amazonian dame Pentheſile.
ugh ſome criticks here cry ſhame,
ur authors are to blame,
ht of all Philoſophers,
no Females ſtout, but bears;

And heretofore did ſo abhor
That Women ſhould pretend to war;
They wou'd not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt dame
To ſwear [f] by HERCULES's name)
Make feeble Ladies, in their works,
To fight like Termagants and Turks:
To lay their native arms aſide,
Their modeſty, and ride aſtride;
To run a-tilt at men, and wield
Their naked tools in open field;
As ſtout [g] ARMIDA, bold THALESTRIS,
And ſhe that wou'd have been the miſtreſs
Of [h] GUNDIBERT; but he had grace,
And rather took a country laſs:
They ſay, 'tis falſe, without all ſenſe,
But of pernicious conſequence
To government, which they ſuppoſe
Can never be upheld in proſe:
Strip nature naked to the ſkin,

He had a Weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull-hide Shield wou'd pierce,
And cut it in a thouſand pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece his,
With whom his black-thumb'd anceſtor
Was comerade in the ten years war:
For when the reſtleſs Greeks ſat down
So many years, before Troy town,
And were renown'd, as HOMER writes,
For Well-ſoal'd Boots, no leſs than fights;
They ow'd that glory, only to
His anceſtor, that made them ſo.
Faſt friend he was to REFORMATION,
Until 'twas worn quite out of faſhion.
Next rectifier of wry LAW,
And wou'd make three to cure one flaw.
Learned he was and could take note,
Tranſcribe, collect, tranſlate and quote.
But PREACHING was his chiefeſt talent,
Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and ſtickle,
Like ram, or bull, at Conventicle:
For diſputants, like Rams and Bulls,
Do fight with Arms that ſpring from Sculls.
Laſt COLON came, bold man of war,
Deſtin'd to blows by fatal ſtar;
Right expert in Command of Horſe,
But cruel, and without remorſe.
That which of CENTAUR long ago
Was ſaid, and has been wreſted to
Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his Horſe were of a piece.
One ſpirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame vigour, fury, wroth:

Yet he was much the rougher part,
And always had a harder heart;
Although his horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on man's fleſh, as fame goes,
Strange food for horſe! and yet, alas,
It may be true, for Fleſh is Graſs.
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able
Than HERCULES to clean a Stable;
As great a Drover, and as great
A critic too, in Hog or Neat.
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cauſe ſhe wanted Fother
And Provender, wherewith to feed
Himſelf, and his leſs cruel Steed.
It was a queſtion whether he
Or's Horſe were of a family
More worſhipful: 'Till Antiquaries
(After th' 'ad almoſt por'd out their ey
Did very learnedly decide

men and maſtiffs; ſome to fight
ame and honour, ſome for ſight.
d now the field of death, the Liſts,
ere enter'd by antagoniſts,
And blood was ready to be broach'd;
When HUDIBRAS in haſte approach'd,
With Squire and weapons to attack 'em:
But firſt thus from his Horſe beſpake 'em,
What Rage, O Citizens! what fury
Doth to theſe dire actions hurry?
What! OEſtrum, what phrenetic mood
Makes you thus laviſh of your blood,
While the proud Vies your trophies boaſt
And unreveng'd walks-----ghoſt?
What towns, what garriſons might you
With hazard of this blood ſubdue,
Which now y'are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable fray?
Shall SAINTS in civil bloodſhed wallow
Of Saints, and let the CAUSE lie fallow?
The Cauſe, for which we fought and ſwore
So boldly, ſhall we now give o're?
Then becauſe quarrels ſtill are ſeen
With oaths and ſwearings to begin,
The SOLEMN LEAGUE and COVENANT,
Will ſeem a mere God-dam-me rant:
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as drunkards that fall out.
For as we make war For The King
Againſt Himſelf, the ſelf-ſame thing.
Some will not ſtick to ſwear we do
For God, and for Religion too;
For if Bear-baiting we allow,
What good can Reformation do?

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The blood and treaſure, that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are theſe the fruits o' th' PROTESTATION,
The Prototype of Reformation,
Which all the Saints, and ſome, ſince Martyn
Wore [k] in their hats like wedding garters,
When 'twas [l] reſolv'd by either Houſe
Six Members quarrel to eſpouſe?
Did they, for this, draw down the rabble,
With zeal, and noiſes formidable;
And make all Cries about the town
Join throats to cry the Biſhops down?
Who having round begirt the Palace,
(As once a month they do the Gallows)
As Members gave the ſign about,
Set up their throats with hideous ſhout.
When Tinkers bawl'd aloud to ſettle
Church-Diſcipline, for patching Kettle:
No Sow-gelder did blow his horn
To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform.
The Oyſter-Women lock'd their fiſh up,
And trudg'd away, to cry, No Biſhop.
The Mouſe-trap Men laid Save-alls by,
And 'gainſt Ev'l Counſellors did cry.
Botchers left old cloaths in the lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church.
Some cry'd the Covenant, inſtead
Of Pudding-pies, and Ginger-bread.
And ſome for Brooms, old Boots and Shoe
Baul'd out to Purge the Common-Houſe:
Inſtead of Kitchen-ſtuff, ſome cry,
A Goſpel-preaching Miniſtry;
And ſome for Old Suits, Coats, or Cloa
No Surplices nor Service-Book.

A'

A ſtrange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to Reformation.
And is this all? Is this the end
To which theſe Carr'ngs on did tend?
Hath Public Faith, like a young heir,
For this tak'n up all ſorts of ware,
And run in't every tradeſman's book,
'Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke?
Did Saints, for this, bring in their Plate:
And crowd as if they came too late?
For when they thought the Cauſe had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin Piſs-pots, Bowls, and Flaggons,
Int' Officers of Horſe and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Muſquetteers
Stamp Beakers, Cups, and Porringers?
A Thimble, Bodkin, and a Spoon,
Did ſtart up living men, as ſoon
As in the furnace they were thrown,
Juſt like the Dragon's Teeth b'ing ſown.
Then was the Cauſe of gold and plate,
The Brethren's off'rings, conſecrate,
Like th' Hebrew Calf, and down before it
The ſaints fell proſtrate to adore it:
So ſay the Wicked----and will you
Make that [m] ſarcaſmus ſcandal true,
By running after dogs and bears,
Beaſts more unclean than calves or ſteers?
Have Pow'rful Preachers ply'd their tongues,
And laid themſelves out and their lungs:
Us'd all means, both direct and ſiniſter,
I' th' pow'r of Goſpel-preaching Miniſter?
Have they invented Tones to win
The Women, and make them draw in

The

ne men, as Indians with a female
ame elephant inveigle the Male?
lave they told Prov'dence what it muſt do;
Whom to avoid, and whom to truſt to?
Diſcover'd th' Enemy's deſign,
And which way beſt to countermine?
Preſcrib'd what ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?
Told it the News o' th' laſt expreſs,
And after good or bad ſucceſs,
Made Prayers, not ſo like petitions,
As Overtures and Propoſitions,
(Such as the Army did preſent
To their Creator, th' Parliament)
In which they freely will confeſs,
They will not, cannot Acquieſce,
Unleſs the Work be carry'd on
Unleſs the way they have begun,

mis, omnibus nervis,
advance the Cauſe's ſervice?
all now be thrown away,
t inteſtine fray?
iat in the Cov'nant ſwore,
of us to run before
ſtill in Reformation,
; and Bears a diſpenſation?
Diſſenting Brethren reliſh it?
l Malignants ſay? videlicet,
man ſwore to do his beſt,
and perjure all the reſt?
he devil take the hin'moſt:
this race is like to win moſt.
y our bus'neſs, to reform
:h and ſtate, is but a Worm;
cribe, unſight, unſeen,
known church diſcipline,
: elſe, but before-hand
, and after underſtand?
we ſwore to carry on
nt Reformation,
; to the pureſt mode
es beſt reform'd abroad,
we elſe but make a vow
know not what, nor how?
ee of us will agree
r what churches theſe ſhou'd be.
deed in the ſelf-ſame caſe
rs that ſwore Et cætera's;
rench League, in which men vow'd
) the laſt drop of blood.
lers will be thrown upon
and Work we carry on.



If we permit men to run headlong
T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam;
Rather than Goſpel-Walking times,
When ſlighteſt ſins are greateſt crimes.
But we the matter ſo ſhall handle,
As to remove that odious ſcandal:
In Name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This feud, but keep the peace between
Your Brethren and your Countrymen;
And to thoſe places ſtraight repair
Where your reſpective dwellings are.
But to that purpoſe firſt ſurrender
The FIDLER, as the prime offender,
Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and engineer of miſchief;
That makes diviſion between friends,
For profane and malignant ends.
He and that engine of vile noiſe,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall (dictum factum) both be brought
To Condign Puniſhment, as they ough
This muſt be done, and I would fain ſe
Mortal ſo ſturdy as to gain-ſay:
For then I'll take another courſe,
And ſoon reduce you all by force.
This ſaid, he clapp'd his hand on ſwo
To ſhew he meant to keep his word.
But TALGOL, who had long ſuppreſ
Inflamed wrath in glowing breaſt,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as flame in furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him: thou Vermin wre
As e'er in meaſled pork was hatched;

Thou Tail of worſhip, that doſt grow
On rump of juſtice as of cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen luggage
O' th' ſelf, old ir'n, and other baggage,
With which thy ſteed of bones and leather
Has broke his wind in halting hither;
How durſt th', I ſay, adventure thus
T'oppoſe thy lumber againſt us?
Could thine impertinence find out
No work t'employ itſelf about,
Where thou, ſecure from wooden blow
Thy buſy vanity might'ſt ſhow?
Was no diſpute a-foot between
The Caterwauling Brethren?
No ſubtle queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe out-o'-their wits, and thoſe i'th'wrong;
No prize between thoſe combatants
O' th' times, the Land and Water-Saints;
Where thou might'ſt ſtickle without hazard
Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard;
And not for want of bus'neſs come
To us to be ſo troubleſome,
To interrupt our better ſort
Of diſputants, and ſpoil our ſport?
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-purſe, nor Burglary abroad?
No Stolen Pig, nor Plunder'd Gooſe,
To tie thee up from breaking looſe?
No Ale unlicens'd, broken Hedge,
For which thou Statute might'ſt alledge,
To keep thee buſy from foul evil,
And ſhame due to thee from the devil?
Did no Committee ſit, where he
Might cut out journey-work for thee?

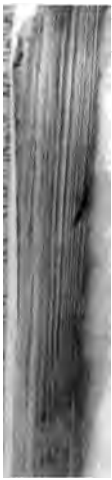


And ſet th' a taſk, with Subornation,
To ſtitch up Sale and Sequeſtration,
To cheat, with Holineſs and Zeal,
All parties and the common-weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be
Or ſent th' on buſ'neſs any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' haſt brain enough in ſkull
To keep itſelf in lodging whole,
And not provoke the rage of ſtones,
And cudgels to thy hide and bones;
Tremble, and vaniſh, while thou may'
Which I'll not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.
At this the Knight grew high in' wroth
And lifting hands and eyes up both,
Three times he ſmote on ſtomach ſtout
From whence at length theſe words brok
Was I for this entitled SIR,
And girt with truſty ſword and ſpur,
For fame and honour to wage battle,
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?
Not all that pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up veal;
Nor all thy tricks and ſleights to cheat,
And ſell thy carrion for good meat;
Not all thy magic to repair
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware,
Make nat'ral appear thy work,
And ſtop the gangreen in ſtale pork;
Not all that force that makes thee prou
Becauſe by bullock ne'er withſtood;
Though arm'd with all thy cleavers,
And axes made to hew down lives,

Shall ſave or help thee to evade
The hand of juſtice, or his blade,
Which I, her ſword-bearer, do carry,
For civil deed and military.
Nor ſhall theſe words of venom baſe,
Which thou haſt from their native place,
Thy ſtomach, pump'd to fling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the ſame throat ſhalt devour 'em,
Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor ſhall it e'er be ſaid, that Wight
With Gantlet blue, and Baſes white,
And round blunt Truncheon by his ſide,
So great a man at arms defy'd
With words far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel ſtir mood.
Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
But men with hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty rage he ſnatch'd
His gun-ſhot, that in holſters watch'd;
And bending cock, he levell'd full
Againſt th' outſide of TALGOL's ſkull;
Vowing that he ſhou'd ne'er ſtir further,
Nor henceforth cow or bullock murther.
But PALLAS came in ſhape of ruſt,
And 'twixt the ſpring and hammer thruſt
Her Gorgon ſhield, which made the cock
Stand ſtiff, as t'were transform'd to ſtock.
Mean while fierce TALGOL gath'ring might,
With rugged truncheon, charg'd the Knight;
But he with Petronel upheav'd,
Inſtead of ſhield, the blow receiv'd.
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of fight,

With ſtomach huge as [illegible]
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon;
The truſty cudgel did oppoſe
Itſelf againſt dead-doing blows,
To guard its leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itſelf again.
And tho' the ſword (ſome underſto
In force had much the odds of wo
'Twas nothing ſo; both ſides were
So equal, none knew which was v
For wood, with Honour b'ing en
Is ſo implacably enrag'd;
Though iron hew and mangle ſore
Wood wounds and bruiſes Honou
And now both Knights were out
Tir'd in the hot purſuit of death;
Whilſt all the reſt amaz'd ſtood ſt

Mean while th' incomparable COLON,
To aid his friend, began to fall on;
Him RALPH encounter'd, and ſtraight grew
A diſmal combat 'twixt them two:
Th'one arm'd with metal, th'other with wood,
This fit for bruiſe, and that for blood.
With many a ſtiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree, and old iron rang;
While none that ſaw them cou'd divine
To which ſide conqueſt would incline,
Until MAGNANO, who did envy
That two ſhould with ſo many men vie,
By ſubtle ſtratagem of brain
Perform'd what force cou'd ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thiſtles grew on barren ground,
In haſte he drew his weapon out,
And having cropp'd them from the root,
He clapp'd them underneath the tail
Of ſteed, with pricks as ſharp as nail.
The angry beaſt did ſtraight reſent
The wrong done to his fundament;
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beſide his ſenſe,
Striving to diſengage from thiſtle,
That gaul'd him ſorely under his tail:
Inſtead of which, he threw the pack
Of Squire, and baggage from his back;
And blund'ring ſtill with ſmarting rump,
He gave the Knight's ſteed ſuch a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did ſtoop,
And ſate on further ſide aſlope.
This TALGOL viewing, who had now
By ſleight eſcap'd the fatal blow,



He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching foe by nearer foot,
He lifted with ſuch might and ſtreng
As would have hurl'd him thrice his l
And daſh'd his brains (if any) out;
But MARS, that ſtill protects the St
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear, upon whoſe ſoft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell
The friendly rug preſerv'd the groun
And headlong Knight, from bruiſe or
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of Cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt; our's far'd as wel
In body, though his mighty ſpirit,
B'ing heavy, did not ſo well bear it.

It griev'd him to the guts, that they
For whom h' had fought ſo many a fray,
And ſerv'd with loſs of blood ſo long,
Shou'd offer ſuch inhumane wrong;
Wrong of Unſoldier-like Condition;
For which he flung down his Commiſſion:
And laid about him, till his noſe
From thrall of ring and cord broke looſe.
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Through thickeſt of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew,
Some he o'erran, and ſome o'erthrew,
But took none; for by haſty flight
He ſtrove t' eſcape purſuit of Knight:
From whom he fled with as much haſte
And dread, as he the rabble chas'd.
In haſte he fled, and ſo did they,
Each and his fear'a ſeveral way.
CROWDERO only kept the field,
Not ſtirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded ſore,
I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One ſide of him, not that of bone;
But much it's better, th' wooden one.
He ſpying HUDIBRAS lie ſtrow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, ſuppoſed wound,
And loſs of urine, in a ſwound,
In haſte he ſnatch'd the wooden limb
That hurt in th' ankle lay by him,
And fitting it for ſudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For getting up on ſtump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,

Vowing to be reveng'd for
Of Crowd and Skin upon the
Sole author of all detriment
He and his fiddle underwen
But RALPHO (who had n
T' adventure Reſurrection
From heavy ſquelch, and ha
Upon his legs, with ſprained
Looking about, beheld Pern
Approaching Knight from f
He ſnatch'd his Whinyard u
When he was falling off his
(As rats do from a falling
To hide itſelf from rage of
And wing'd with ſpeed and
To reſcue Knight from blac
Which e're he cou'd atchiev
The leg encounter'd twice a

And HUDIBRAS, or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oke,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows, as that of wood?
Cou'd not the whipping-poſt prevail
With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying ſcourge thy ſkin,
And ankle free from iron gin?
Which now thou ſhalt--but firſt our care
Muſt ſee how HUDIBRAS doth fare.
This ſaid, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And ſet him on his bum upright:
To rouze him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his noſe, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breaſt, as if 't had been
To rais'd the ſpirits lodg'd within.
They, waken'd with the noiſe, did fly
From inward room, to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the caſement,
Look'd out, but yet with ſome amazement.
This gladded RALPHO much to ſee,
Who thus beſpoke the Knight: quoth he,
Tweaking his noſe, You are, great Sir,
A Self-denying Conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the churches yet,
If you will give yourſelf but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthineſs, is fled,
All, ſave CROWDERO, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd Cauſe undertake:
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be diſpos'd, as you think meet,

Either

Either for life, or death, or ſale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail.
For one wink of your pow'rful eye
Muſt ſentence him to live or die;
His Fiddle is your proper purchaſe,
Won in the ſervice of the Churches;
And by your doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd.
For though ſucceſs did not confer
Juſt title on the conqueror;
Though Diſpenſations were not ſtrong
Concluſions, whether right or wrong;
Although Out-goings did confirm,
And Owning were but a meer term:
Yet as the Wicked have no right
To th' Creature, though uſurp'd by might,
The property is in the Saint,
From whom th' injuriouſly detain 't;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horſes, whores and dice,
Their riots, revels, maſks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fidlers, paraſites;
All which the Saints have Title to,
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their Due.
What we take from them is no more
Than what was our's by right before.
For we are their true Landlords ſtill,
And they our Tenants but at will.
At this the Knight began to rouze,
And by degrees grow valorous.
He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none
Of all his foes remain, but one,
He ſnatch'd his weapon that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him:

Vow'

Vowing to make CROWDERO pay
For all the reſt that ran away.
But RALPHO now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withſtood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty ſpirit
Is rais'd too high: this Slave does merit
To be the hangman's buſ'neſs, ſooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his deſtruction: I that am
A Nothingneſs in Deed and Name,
Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit carcaſe,
Or ill intreat his fiddle or caſe:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot

But, Sir, 'twou'd wrong your valo
To ſay it needs, or fears a crutch
Great Conquerors greater glory ga
By foes in triumph led, than ſlain
The laurels that adorn their brow
Are pull'd from living, not dead
And living foes: the greateſt fame
Of cripple ſlain can be but lame.
One half of him's already ſlain,
The other is not worth your pain;
Th' Honour can but on one ſide li
As Worſhip did, when y'were dubb'
Wherefore I think it better far,
To keep him priſoner of war;
And let him faſt in bonds abide,
At Court of Juſtice to be try'd;
Where if h' appear ſo bold or craft
There may be Danger in his Safet
If any Member there diſlike

And only do what they call Juſt,
The Cauſe would quickly fall to duſt.
This we among ourſelves may ſpeak;
But to the Wicked or the Weak,
We muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection-Truths, ſuch as theſe are.
This ſaid, the high outrageous mettle
Of Knight began to cool and ſettle.
He lik'd the Squire's advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the buſ'neſs done:
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
CROWDERO's hands on rump behind,
And to its former place and uſe,
The wooden member to reduce:
But force it take an Oath before,
Ne'er to bear Arms againſt him more.
RALPHO diſpatch'd with ſpeedy haſte,
And having ty'd CROWDERO faſt,
He gave Sir Knight the end of cord
To lead the captive of his ſword
In triumph, whilſt the Steeds he caught,
And them to further ſervice brought.
The Squire in ſtate rode on before,
And on his nut-brown whinyard bore
The Trophee-Fiddle and the Caſe,
Leaning on ſhoulder like a mace.
The Knight himſelf did after ride,
Leading CROWDERO by his ſide;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like boat againſt the tide and wind.
Thus grave and ſolemn they march on,
Until quite thro' the town th' had gone,
At further end of which there ſtands
An ancient Caſtle, that commands

Th' adjacent parts; in all the fabr
You ſhall not ſee one ſtone, nor a l
But all of wood, by pow'rful ſpell
Of Magic, made impregnable:
There's neither iron-bar nor gate,
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor gra
And yet men Durance there abide,
In Dungeon ſcarce three inches wid
With roof ſo low, that under it
They never ſtand, but lie or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that whoſo is in,
Is to the middle-leg in priſon;

That done, they ope the Trap-door-gate,
And let CROWDERO down thereat,
CROWDERO making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in penſive place.
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the ſurvivor of his feet:
But th' other, that had broke the peace
And head of Knighthood, they releaſe,
Though a Delinquent falſe and forged,
Yet b'ing a Stranger, he's enlarged;
While his comrade, that did no hurt,
Is clapp'd up faſt in priſon for't.
So, Juſtice, while ſhe winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence ſometimes.

HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of The THIRD *CANTO.*

The ſcatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the place; the Knight does ſally,
And is made Priſ'ner: Then they ſeize
Th' inchanted Fort by Storm, releaſe
CROWDERO, *and put the Squire in's place;*
I ſhould have firſt ſaid HUDIBRAS.

r HUDIBRAS, who thought h' had won
he field, as certain as a gun,
nd having routed the whole troop,
Vith victory was Cock-a-hoop:
hinking h' had done enough to purchaſe
Thankſgiving-Day among the Churches;
Wherein his mettle and brave worth
Might be explain'd by Holder-forth,
And regiſter'd by fame eternal,
In deathleſs pages of Diurnal:
Found in few minutes to his coſt,
He did but count without his Hoſt:
And that a Turn-ſtile is more certain,
Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted Rout,
O'erthrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the horror of their fear
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear,
(All but the Dogs, who in purſuit
Of the Knight's victory ſtood to't,
And moſt ignobly fought to get
The honour of his blood and ſweat)
Seeing the coaſt was free and clear
O' th' conquer'd and the conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' Rear,
Finding their number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe retreat,
Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
But wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to fortune, and with haſte
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd;



Retiring ſtill, until he
H' had got the advant
And then as valiantly
To check the foe, an
Leaving no art untry
Of warrior ſtout and
Until, in ſpight of hc
He gain'd a paſs, to l
On better terms, and
Of the proud foe. W
He bravely charg'd, a
Forc'd their whole bo
But ſtill their numbers
He found himſelf at le
And all evaſions ſo ur
To ſave himſelf for b
That he reſolv'd, rath
To die with honour i

...w the Maſtives, charging home,
...lows and handy-gripes were come:
...ile manfully himſelf he bore,
...nd ſetting his right-foot before,
He rais'd himſelf to ſhew how tall
His perſon was above them all.
This equal ſhame and envy ſtirr'd
In th' enemy, that one ſhould beard
So many warriors, and ſo ſtout,
As he had done, and ſtav'd it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his arms,
And yield on honourable terms.
Enraged thus, ſome in the rear
Attack'd him, and ſome ev'ry where,
Till down he fell: yet falling fought,
And, being down, ſtill laid about:
As WIDDRINGTON in doleful dumps,
Is ſaid to fight upon his ſtumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,
If TRULLA and CERDON, in the nick,
To reſcue him had not been quick:
For TRULLA, who was light of foot,
As ſhafts which long-field Parthians ſhoot,
(But not ſo light as to be born
Upon the ears of ſtanding corn,
Or trip it o'er the water quicker
Than witches, when their ſtaves they liquor,
As ſome report) was got among
The foremoſt of the martial throng:
There pitying the vanquiſh'd Bear,
She call'd to CERDON, who ſtood near,
Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
Shall we (quoth ſhe) ſtand ſtill Hum Drum,

And

And ſee ſtout Bruin all alone,
By numbers baſely overthrown?
Such feats already h' has atchiev'd,
In ſtory not to be-believ'd;
And 'twould to us be ſhame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.
I would (quoth he) venture a limb
To ſecond thee, and reſcue him:
But then we muſt about it ſtraight,
Or elſe our aid will come too late;
Quarter he ſcorns, he is ſo ſtout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This ſaid, they wav'd their weapons
About their heads, to clear the grour
And, joining forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
Turn'd tail again and ſtraight begun
As if the Devil drove, to run.
Mean while th' approach'd th' place whe

For as an Auſtrian Archduke once
Had one Ear (which in Ducatoons
Is half the Coin) in battle par'd
Cloſe to his head; ſo Bruin far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other ſide,
Like ſcriv'ner newly crucify'd:
Or like the late ſcorrected leathern
Ears of the Circumciſed Brethren.
But gentle TRULLA, into th' ring
He wore in's noſe, convey'd a ſtring,
With which ſhe march'd before, and led
The warrior to a graſſy bed,
As authors write, in a cool ſhade,
Which eglantine and roſes made;
Cloſe by a ſoftly murm'ring ſtream,
Where Lovers us'd to loll, and dream.
There leaving him to his repoſe,
Secured from purſuit of foes,
And wanting nothing but a ſong,
And a well-tun'd Theorbo hung
Upon a bough, to eaſe the pain
His tugg'd ears ſuffer'd; with a ſtrain
They both drew up, to march in queſt
Of his great Leader, and the reſt.
For ORSIN (who was more renown'd
For ſtout maintaining of his ground
In ſtanding fight, than for purſuit,
As being not ſo quick of foot)
Was not long able to keep pace
With others that purſu'd the chace;
But found himſelf left far behind,
Both out of *heart and* out of wind:
Griev'd to behold his Bear purſu'd
So baſely by a Multitude;

And

And like to fall, not by the proweſs,
But numbers of his coward foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout HERCULES for loſs of HYLAS:
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his ſad regret.
He beat his breaſt, and tore his hair,
For loſs of his dear Crony Bear:
That Eccho, from the hollow ground,
His doleful wailings did reſound
More wiſtfully, by many times,
Than in ſmall poets ſplay-foot rhimes,
That makes her, in their ruthful ſtories,
To anſwer to int'rogatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
To things of which ſhe nothing knows;
And when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis wreſted to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin?

Or if thou haſt no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet ſhame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grudge to ſpend his blood in
His honour's cauſe? Quoth ſhe, A Puddin.
This ſaid, his grief to anger turn'd,
Which in his manly ſtomach burn'd;
Thirſt of Revenge, and Wrath, in place
Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the Authors of his woe
Should equal Vengeance undergoe;
And with their bones and fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd, and his Bear.
This b'ing reſolv'd, with equal ſpeed
And rage he haſted to proceed
To action ſtraight, and giving o're
To ſearch for Bruin any more,
He went in queſt of HUDIBRAS;
To find him out where-e'er he was;
And, if he were above ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But ſcarce had he a furlong on
This reſolute adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that crew
Whom HUDIBRAS did late ſubdue.
Honour, Revenge, Contempt and Shame
Did equally their breaſts inflame.
'Mong theſe the fierce MAGNANO was,
And TALGOL, foe to HUDIBRAS:
CERDON and COLON, warriors ſtout,
And *reſolute, as ever fought*;
Whom furious ORSIN thus beſpoke:
Shall we (quoth he) thus baſely brook

The

I for the warning gave my I
Nor did I turn my back for I
O' th' raſcals, but Loſs of m
Which now I'm like to unde
For whether theſe fell wound
He has receiv'd in fight, are
Is more than all my ſkill can
Nor do I know what is beco
Of him, more than the Pope
But if I can but find them ou
That caus'd it (as I ſhall no
Where-e'er th' in hugger-mu
I'll make them rue their hanc
And wiſh that they had rathe
To pull the Devil by the Bea
Quoth CERDON, Noble OR
Great reaſon to do as thou ſa
And ſo has ev'ry body here.

Myſelf, and TRULLA made a ſhift
To help him out at a dead lift;
And, having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's ſafe enough:
There let him reſt; for if we ſtay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.
This ſaid, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the ſame deſign:
And forthwith put themſelves in ſearch
Of HUDIBRAS upon their march.
Where leave we them a while to tell
What the victorious Knight befel:
For ſuch, CROWDERO being faſt
In dungeon ſhut, we left him laſt.
Triumphant Laurels ſeem'd to grow
No where ſo green as on his brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conquering toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring Caſtle by
To reſt his body, and apply
Fit med'cines to each glorious bruiſe
He got in fight, Reds, Blacks, and Blues,
To mollify th' uneaſy pang
Of ev'ry honourable bang,
Which be'ng by ſkilful midwife dreſt,
He laid him down to take his reſt.
But all in vain. H' had got a Hurt
O' th' inſide, of a deadlier ſort,
By CUPID made, who took his ſtand
Upon a Widow's Jointure Land,
(For he, in all his am'rous battels,
No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)
Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an arrow at the Knight;

The ſhaft againſt a rib did glance,
And gall him in the Purtenance.
But time had ſomewhat 'ſwag'd his pain,
After he found his ſuit in vain.
For that proud dame, for whom his ſoul
Was burnt in's belly like a coal,
(That belly that ſo oft did ake,
And ſuffer griping for her ſake,
Till purging Comfits and Ants-eggs
Had almoſt brought him off his legs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe Raſcallion,
That r old Pyg-- (what d' y' call him) malic
That cut his miſtreſs out of ſtone,
Had not ſo hard a-hearted one.
She had a thouſand Jadiſh tricks,
Worſe than a mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one croſs-grain'd Freak the

Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or like a Tumbler, that does play
His game, and look another way,
Until he ſeize upon the coney:
Juſt ſo he does by Matrimony.
But all in vain; her ſubtle ſnout
Did quickly wind his meaning out;
Which ſhe return'd with too much ſcorn,
To be by man of honour born:
Yet much he bore, until the diſtreſs
He ſuffer'd from his ſpightful miſtreſs
Did ſtir his ſtomach, and the pain
He had endur'd from her diſdain,
Turn'd to regret ſo reſolute
That he reſolv'd to wave his ſuit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play leaſt in ſight.
This reſolution b'ing put on,
He kept ſome months, and more had done;
But being brought ſo nigh by Fate,
The Victory he atchiev'd ſo late
Did ſet his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to diſcontinu'd hope,
That ſeem'd to promiſe he might win
His Dame too, now his hand was in;
And that his valour, and the honour
H' had newly gain'd, might work upon her:
Theſe reaſons made his mouth to water
With am'rous longings to be at her.
Quoth he, unto himſelf, who knows
But *this brave Conqueſt* o'er my foes
May reach her Heart, and make that ſtoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop?

If nothing can oppugn Love,
And Virtue invious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too?
But thou bring'ſt Valour too and Wit,
Two things that ſeldom fail to hit.
Valour's a Mouſe-trap, Wit a Gin,
Which Women oft are taken in.
Then, HUDIBRAS, why ſhould'ſt thou
To be, that art a conqueror?
Fortune th' Audacious doth juvare,
But lets the Timidous miſcarry.
Then while the honour thou haſt got
Is ſpick and ſpan new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadſt beſt,
And truſt thy fortune with the reſt.
Such thoughts as theſe the Knight di

That done, a while they made a Halt,
To view the ground, and where t' aſſault:
Then call'd a Council, which was beſt,
By Siege or Onſlaught, to inveſt
The enemy; and 'twas agreed,
By Storm and Onſlaught to proceed.
This b'ing reſolv'd, in comely ſort
They now drew up t' attack the fort;
When HUDIBRAS, about to enter
Upon another-gate's adventure,
To RALPHO call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching ſtorm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the Care
Of Angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thruſt him on a danger,
To which he was an utter ſtranger;
That Foreſight might, or might not blot
The Glory he had newly got;
Or to his Shame it might be ſed,
They took him napping in his bed:
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in Sciences profound.
His Courſer ſcarce he had beſtri'd,
And RALPHO that on which he rid,
When ſetting ope the Poſtern Gate,
Which they thought beſt to ſally at,
The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the field.
This ſomewhat ſtartled the bold Knight,
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected ſight.
The bruiſes of his bones and fleſh
He thought began to ſmart afreſh:
Till recollecting wonted courage,
His fear was ſoon converted to rage,



And thus he ſpoke: The Cowar
Whom we but now gave Quarter
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appe
As if they had out-run their fears
The glory we did lately get,
The Fates command us to repeat
And to their Wills we muſt ſuccu
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our door
This is the ſame numeric crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue;
The ſelf-ſame Individuals, that
Did run, as Mice do from a Cat
When we courageouſly did wield
Our martial weapons in the field
To tug for victory: And when
We ſhall our ſhining blades agen
Brandiſh in terror o'er our heads,
They'll ſtraight reſume their wont
Fear is an Ague, that forſakes

Mean while the Foe, with equal rage
And ſpeed, advancing to engage,
Both parties now were drawn ſo cloſe,
Almoſt to come to handy-blows:
When ORSIN firſt let fly a ſtone
At RALPHO; not ſo huge a one
As that which DIOMED did maul
ÆNEAS on the bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have ſent him to another world,
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which Saints Twice Dipt are deſtin'd to.
The danger ſtartled the bold Squire,
And made him ſome few ſteps retire.
But HUDIBRAS advanc'd to's aid,
And rouz'd his ſpirits half diſmay'd:
He wiſely doubting leſt the ſhot
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a diſtance gall, preſs'd cloſe,
To come pell-mell to handy-blows,
And, that he might their aim decline,
Advanc'd ſtill in an oblique line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till breaſt to breaſt he had got nigher;
As expert warriors uſe to do,
When hand to hand they charge their foe.
This order the advent'rous Knight,
Moſt Soldier-like, obſerv'd in fight,
When Fortune (as ſhe's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the foe began to ſtickle.
The more ſhame for her Goody-ſhip
To give ſo near a friend the ſlip.
For COLON, chuſing out a ſtone,
Levell'd ſo right, it thump'd upon

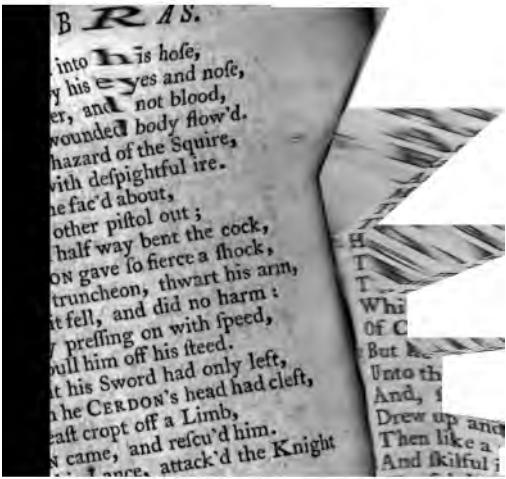
So did the Knight, and with one
The tricker of his piſtol draw.
The gun went off: And, as it w
Still fatal to ſtout HUDIBRAS,
In all his feats of arms, when lea
He dreamt of it, to proſper beſt;
So now he far'd: the ſhot let fly
At random 'mong the enemy,
Pierc'd TALGOL's Gabberdine, an
Upon his ſhoulder, in the paſſing,
Lodg'd in MAGNANO's brais Hab
Who ſtraight A Surgeon cry'd, A
He tumbled down, and, as he fell
Did Murther, Murther, Murther
This ſtartled their whole body ſo,
That if the Knight had not let go
His arms, but been in warlike pli

) push'd up to HUDIBRAS,
HEDON where MAGNANO was;
riving to confirm his party
hout encouragements, and hearty.
th RALPHO, Courage, valiant Sir,
les Revenge and Honour ſtir
ſpirits up; once more fall on,
ſhatter'd foe begins to run:
if but half ſo well you know
uſe your victory, as ſubdue,
y durſt not, after ſuch a blow
you have given them, face us now;
from ſo formidable a ſoldier
fled like crows when they ſmell powder:
rice have they ſeen your ſword aloft
w'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft.
recollect
ſhock't.

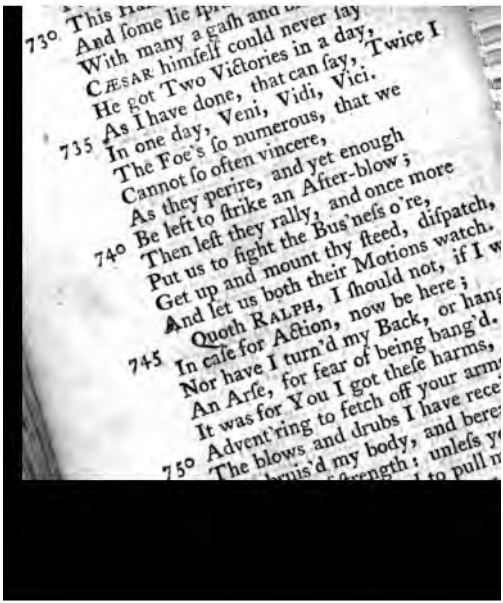
With mortal Criſis doth portend
My days to appropinque an end;
I am for Action now unfit,
Either of Fortitude or Wit;
Fortune my Foe begins to frown,
Reſolv'd to pull my ſtomach down.
I am not apt, upon a wound
Or trivial baſting, to deſpond:
Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail;
For if I thought my Wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd time enough as yet
To make an honourable Retreat;
'Twere the beſt courſe: but if they find
We fly, and leave our arms behind,
For them to ſeize on; the Diſhonour,
And Danger too, is ſuch, I'll ſooner
Stand to it boldly, and take Quarter,
To let them ſee I am no Starter.
[illegible] the trade of war, no feat
[illegible] retreat:



: led his warlike ſteed,
g plac'd him right, with ſpeed
gain to ſcale the beaſt;
SIN, who had newly dreſt
y Scar upon the ſhoulder
)L, with Promethean Powder,
was ſearching for the ſhot
MAGNANO on the ſpot,
ſturdy Squire aforeſaid
to climb up his horſe-ſide;
cure, and laying hold
ırms, with courage bold,
'Tis now no time to dally,
ıy begin to rally:
: are unhurt and whole
nd happy Man be's Dole.
d, like to a thunderbolt
ith fury to th' aſſault,
' Enemy to attack
reach'd his horſe's back.
vas mounted now, and gotten
: his beaſt with active Vau'ting,
his body to recover
ınd caſt his right leg over;
SIN, ruſhing in, beſtow'd
and Man ſo heavy a load,
was ſtartled, and begun
nd fling like mad, and run,
ıe tough Squire like a ſack,
ing RICHARD, on his back:
bling, he threw him down,
'd, and caſt into a ſwoon.
le the Knight began to rouſe
es of his wonted proweſs:


B RAS.
into his hose,
y his eyes and nose,
er, and not blood,
wounded body flow'd.
hazard of the Squire,
vith despightful ire.
e fac'd about,
other pistol out;
half way bent the cock,
ON gave so fierce a shock,
truncheon, thwart his arm,
t fell, and did no harm:
y pressing on with speed,
ull him off his steed.
t his Sword had only left,
n he CERDON's head had cleft,
ast cropt off a Limb,
N came, and rescu'd him.
lance, attack'd the Knight

He might the ruffled foe infeſt.
This b'ing reſolv'd, he ſpurr'd his ſteed,
To run at ORSIN with full ſpeed,
While he was buſy in the care
Of CERDON's wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the part apply'd remedy:
And, ſeeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up and ſtood upon his guard.
Then like a warrior right expert
And ſkilful in the martial art,
The ſubtle Knight ſtraight made a halt,
And judg'd it beſt to ſtay th' aſſault,
Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
And then in order to retire;
Or, as occaſion ſhould invite,
With forces join'd renew the fight.
RALPHO by this time diſentranc'd,
Upon his Bum himſelf advanc'd,
Though ſorely bruis'd; his limbs all o're
With ruthleſs bangs were ſtiff and ſore.
Right fain he would have got upon
His feet again, to get him gone;
When HUDIBRAS to aid him came,
Quoth he, (and call'd him by his Name)



onourable far, Servare
, than ſlay an Adverſary ;
one we oft to-day have done,
other ſhall diſpatch anon :
though th' art of a Diff'rent C
not leave thee in the lurch.
ſaid, he jogg'd his good ſteed
teer'd him gently toward the S
bowing down his body, ſtretch'
nd out, and at RALPHO reach'
TRULLA, whom he did not n
him like lightening behind.
been long in ſearch about
NO's wound, to find it out ;
d find none, nor where the ſhot
ſo ſtartled him, was got.
g found the worſt was paſt,
her own work at laſt,
ge of the Priſoners,
all Feats of Arms was her's ;
o plunder RALPH ſhe flew,
DIBRAS his hard fate drew
him ; for, as he bow'd
n up, ſhe laid a load
heavy, and plac'd ſo well,
ide, that down he fell.
idrel baſe, (quoth ſhe) or die ;
nine, and Liberty ;
ink'ſt I took thee tardy,
ſume to be ſo hardy,
tune o'er a-freſh,
tle to thy fleſh,
baggage now my Right ;
the heart to try't,

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I'll lend thee back thyſelf a while,
And once more, for that carcaſs vile,
Fight upon Tick---quoth HUDIBRAS,
Thou offer'ſt nobly, valiant Laſs,
And I ſhall take thee at thy word.
Firſt let me riſe, and take my ſword:
That ſword which has ſo oft this day
Through ſquadrons of my foes made wa
And ſome to other worlds diſpatch'd,
Now with a feeble Spinſter match'd
Will bluſh with blood ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no Honour's to be gain'd.
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this,
Conſider whilſt thou may'ſt, what 'tis
To interrupt a Victor's courſe,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial force:

To pay all back with uſury,
Which long ſhe fail'd not of; for now
The Knight with one dead-doing blow
Reſolving to decide the fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning ſlight
Avoiding it, the force and weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,
As almoſt ſway'd him to the ground;
No ſooner ſhe th' advantage found,
But in ſhe flew; and ſeconding
With home-made thruſt the heavy ſwing,
She laid him flat upon his ſide;

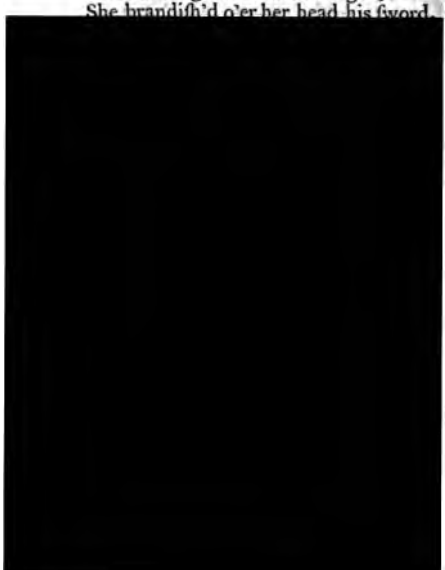


A Man of War to damn his ſoul
In baſely breaking his Parole!
And when, before the fight, th' ha
To give no quarter in cold blood
Now thou haſt got me for a Tartar
To make m' againſt my will take c
Why doſt not put me to the ſword,
But cowardly fly from thy word?
Quoth HUDIBRAS, the Day's t
Thou and thy Stars have caſt me d
My laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy conqu'ring bro
My loſs of Honour's great enough
Thou need'ſt not brand it with a ſ
Sarcaſms may eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt renown:
I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.

The reſt, thy Life and Limbs once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I reſtore.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, it is too late
For me to treat, or ſtipulate;
What thou command'ſt, I muſt obey.
Yet thoſe whom I expugn'd to-day,
Of thine own party, I let go,
And gave them Life and Freedom too;
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their Parol,
Whom I took priſ'ners in this quarrel.
Quoth TRULLA, whether thou or they
Let one another run away,
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave CROWDERO Quarter too?
CROWDERO, whom in Irons bound,
Thou baſely threw'ſt into LOB's Pound,
Where ſtill he lies, and with regret
His gen'rous bowels rage and fret.
But now thy Carcaſs ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchang'd for him.
This ſaid, the Knight did ſtraight ſubmit,
And laid his Weapons at her feet.
Next he diſrob'd his Gaberdine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.
She took it, and forthwith diveſting
The Mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jeſting,
Take that, and wear it for my ſake;
Then threw it o'er his ſturdy back.
And as [a] the FRENCH we conquer'd once,
Now give us laws for Pantaloons,
The *Length of* Breeches, and the Gathers,
Port-Cannons, Perriwigs, and Feathers;
Juſt ſo the proud inſulting Laſs
Array'd and dighted HUDIBRAS.

Mea

Mean while the other Champions, ye
In hurry of the fight diſperſt,
Arriv'd, when TRULLA won the day,
To ſhare in th' Honour and the Prey,
And out of HUDIBRAS his hide
With vengeance to be ſatisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden ſhow'r,
But TRULLA thruſt herſelf between,
And ſtriding o'er his back agen,
She brandiſh'd o'er her head his ſword,





Then mounted both upon their horſes,
But with their Faces to the Arſes,
ORSIN led HUDIBRAS's beaſt,
And TALGOL that which RALPHO preſt;
Whom ſtout MAGNANO, valiant CERDON,
And COLON waited as a guard on;
All uſh'ring TRULLA in the rear,
With th' Arms of either Priſoner.
In this proud order and array
They put themſelves upon their way,
Striving to reach th' inchanted Caſtle,
Where ſtout CROWDERO in durance lay ſtill,
Thither with greater ſpeed, than Shows
And Triumph over conquer'd foes
Do uſe t' allow; or than the Bears,
Or Pageants borne before Lord-Mayors
Are wont to uſe, they ſoon arriv'd
In order, ſoldier-like contriv'd;
Still marching in a warlike poſture,
As fit for Battle as for Muſter.
The Knight and Squire they firſt unhorſe,
And bending 'gainſt the Fort their force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the Magical Redoubt.
MAGNAN' led up in this adventure,
And made Way for the reſt to enter.
For he was ſkilful in Black Art,
No leſs than he that built the Fort:
And with an Iron Mace laid flat
A Breach, which ſtraight all enter'd at:
And in the wooden dungeon found
CROWDERO laid upon the ground.
Him they releaſe from durance baſe,
Reſtor'd t' his Fiddle and his Caſe,

And



And liberty, his thirſty Rage
With luſcious Vengeance to aſſwage:
For he no ſooner was at large,
But TRULLA ſtraight brought on the charge
And in the ſelf-ſame Limbo put
The Knight and Squire, where he was ſhut
Where leaving them in Hockley i' th' Hole
Their bangs and durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted Manſion to know ſorrow,
In the ſame order and array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.
But HUDIBRAS, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To Fortune, or be ſaid to droop;
Chear'd up himſelf with ends of verſe,
And ſayings of philoſophers.
Quoth he, th' one half of man, his Mind
Is, ſui Juris, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the heels,
Whate'er the other Moiety feels.
'Tis not reſtraint or liberty,
That makes Men Priſoners or free;
But perturbations that poſſeſs
The Mind, or Æquanimities.
The whole World was not half ſo wide
To ALEXANDER, when he cry'd,
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a paultry narrow Tub to
DIOGENES; who is not ſaid
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and ſob,
Becauſe h' had ne'er another Tub.
The Ancients make two ſev'ral kinds
Of proweſs in Heroic Minds,



The Active, and the Paſſive valiant;
Both which are pari libra gallant:
For both to give blows, and to carry,
In Fights are equi neceſſary:
But in Defeats, the Paſſive ſtout
Are always found to ſtand it out
Moſt deſp'rately, and to out-doe
The Active, 'gainſt a conqu'ring foe.
Tho' we with Blacks and Blues are ſuggill'd,
Or, as the vulgar ſay, are cudgell'd:
He that is valiant and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can loſe no Honour by't.
Honour's a Leaſe for Lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal Tenant: 'tis a chattel
Not to be forfeited in battel.
If he, that in the Field is ſlain,
Be in the Bed of Honour lain;
He that is beaten may be ſaid
To lie in Honour's Truckle-Bed.
For as we ſee th' eclipſed Sun
By mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Then when, adorn'd with all his light,
He ſhines in ſerene ſky moſt bright:
So Valour, in a low eſtate,
Is moſt admir'd and wonder'd at.
Quoth RALPH, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none, that ſee how here we ſit,
Will judge us overgrown with wit.
As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
A Carnal Hour-glaſs, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to ſay,

1065

But not how much; ſo w
Know you to charge, bu
For who without a Cap a
Having ſubdu'd a Bear ar
And might with honour
Would put it to a ſecond
A politic exploit, right fi
For Preſbyterian Zeal and
Quoth HUDIBRAS, tha
RALPHO, thou always ha
When thou at any thing
Thou mak'ſt Preſbytery t
To take the height on't,
To what degree it is pro
Whats'ever will not with
Thy Light jump right, tho
As if Preſbytery were a ſt
To fize whats'ever's to be
Doſt not remember how th
Thou to my beard waſt b
That thou coud'ſt prove B
With Synods, Orthodox
Do, if thou can'ſt, for I
And dare thee to 't with a



For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
Do differ only in a meer word.
Both are but ſev'ral Synagogues
Of Carnal Men, and Bears and Dogs:
Both Antichriſtian Aſſemblies,
To miſchief bent as far's in them lies:
Both ſtave and tail, with fierce conteſts,
The one with Men, the other Beaſts.
The diff'rence is, the one fights with
The Tongue, the other with the Teeth;
And that they bait but Bears in this,
In th' other Souls and Conſciences;
Where Saints themſelves are brought to ſtake
For Goſpel-Light, and Conſcience ſake;
Expos'd to Scribes and Preſbyters,
Inſtead of Maſtive Dogs and Curs,
Than whom th' have leſs humanity,
For theſe at Souls of Men will fly.
This to the prophet did appear,
Who in a Viſion ſaw a Bear,
Prefiguring the beaſtly rage
Of Church-Rule, in this latter age:
As is demonſtrated at full
By him that baited the Pope's Bull.
Bears naturally are beaſts of prey,
That live by rapine; ſo do They.
What are their Orders, Conſtitutions,
Church-Cenſures, Curſes, Abſolutions,
But ſev'ral myſtick chains they make,
To tie poor chriſtians to the ſtake,
And then ſet heathen Officers,
Inſtead of Dogs, about their ears?
For to Prohibit and Diſpence;
To find out or to make Offence;

Of Hell and Heaven to diſpoſe,
To play with ſouls at faſt and looſe;
To ſet what characters they pleaſe,
And Mulcts on Sin or Godlineſs;
Reduce the church to Goſpel-Order,
By Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murther;
To make Preſbytery ſupreme,
And Kings themſelves ſubmit to them;
And force all people, though againſt
Their Conſciences, to turn Saints;
Muſt prove a pretty thriving trade,
When Saints Monopoliſts are made.
When pious frauds and holy ſhifts
Are Diſpenſations and Gifts,
Their Godlineſs becomes mere ware,
And ev'ry Synod but a fair.
Synods are Whelps of th' Inquiſition,
A mungrel Breed of like pernicion.

From whom the Inſtitution came,
When church and ſtate they ſet on flame,
And worn by them as Badges then
Of Spiritual Warfaring men)
Judge rightly if Regeneration
Be of the Neweſt Cut in faſhion.
Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,
That Grace is founded in Dominion.
Great Piety conſiſts in Pride;
To Rule is to be Sanctify'd:
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o'er the body and the ſoul,
Is the moſt perfect Diſcipline
Of Church-rule, and by Right Divine.
Bell and the Dragon's Chaplains were
More moderate than theſe by far:
For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat;
But theſe will not be fobb'd off ſo;
They muſt have wealth and power too,
Or elſe with blood and deſolation
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
Sure theſe themſelves from Primitive
And Heathen Prieſthood do derive,
When Butchers were the only Clerks,
Elders and Preſbyters of Kirks:
Whoſe Directory was to Kill;
And ſome believe it is ſo ſtill.
The only diff'rence is, that then
They ſlaughter'd only Beaſts, now Men.
For then to ſacrifice a Bullock,
Or now and then a Child to Moloch,
They count a vile Abomination,
But not to ſlaughter a whole Nation.



Preſbytery does but tranſlate
The Papacy to a Free State;
A Common-wealth of Popery
Where ev'ry Village is a See
As well as Rome, and muſt n
A Tithe-Pig Metropolitan;
Where ev'ry Preſbyter and De
Commands the Keys for cheef
And ev'ry Hamlet's governed
By's Holineſs, the Church's F
More haughty and ſevere in's
Than GREGORY and BONIFA
Such church muſt (ſurely) be
With many heads: for if we
What in th' Apocalypſe we fi
According to th' Apoſtle's mi
'Tis That the Whore of Bab



And manners: can pronounce a Saint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When ſupercilioufly he ſifts
Through coarſeſt boulter other's Gifts;
For all men live and judge amiſs,
Whoſe Talents jump not juſt with his.
He'll lay on Gifts with hands, and place
On dulleſt noddle Light and Grace,
The manufacture of the Kirk;
Thoſe paſtors are but th' handy-work
Of his mechanic paws, inſtilling
Divinity in them by feeling;
From whence they ſtart up Choſen Veſſels,
Made by contact, as men get Meazles.
x So Cardinals, they ſay, do grope
At th' other End the new-made Pope.
Hold, hold, quoth HUDIBRAS, Soft Fire,
They ſay, does make ſweet Malt. Good Squire,
Feſtina lente, not too faſt;
For Haſte (the proverb ſays) makes Waſte.
The quirks and cavils thou doſt make
Are falſe, and built upon miſtake.
And I ſhall bring you, with your pack
Of Fallacies, t' Elenchi back;
And put your arguments in mood
And figure, to be underſtood.
I'll force you by right Ratiocination
To leave your y Vitilitigation,
And make you keep to th' queſtion cloſe,
And argue Dialectic: s.
The queſtion then, to ſtate it firſt,
Is, Which is Better, or which Worſt,
Synods or Bears? Bears I avow
To be the Worſt, and Synods thou.



But to make good th'
Thou ſay'ſt th' are rea
If ſo, not worſt; for i
Why then, tantundem
For if they are the ſar
Neither is better, neitl
But I deny they are t
More than a maggot:
That both are animali
I grant, but not ratio
For though they do a
Specific difference we
And can no more ma
Than prove my horſe
That ſynods are bear
Thou doſt affirm; bu
And thus I prove it,
Whats'ver aſſembly's
To cenſure, curſe, al

Or that his ſnout and ſpacious ears
Do hold proportion with a bear's.
A bear's a ſavage beaſt, of all
Moſt ugly and unnatural;
Whelp'd without form, until the dam
Has lick'd it into ſhape and frame:
But all thy Light can ne'er evict,
That ever ſynod-man was lick'd;
Or brought to any other faſhion,
Than his own will and inclination.
But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugn thyſelf and ſenſe; that is,
Thou would'ſt have preſbyters to go
For bears and dogs, and bearwards too:
A ſtrange chimera of beaſts and men,
Made up of pieces heterogene;
Such as in nature never met
In eodem ſubjecto yet.
Thy other arguments are all
Suppoſures, hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid; which I know when
And where, thou ſtol'ſt from other men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
Are all but plagiary ſhifts:)
And is the ſame that Ranter ſaid,
Who, arguing with me, broke my head,
And tore a handful of my beard.
The ſelf-ſame cavils then I heard,
When, b'ing in hot diſpute about
This controverſy, we fell out;
And what thou know'ſt I anſwer'd then,
Will ſerve to anſwer thee again.

Quoth

Quoth RALPHO, Nothing but th' abuſe
Of Human Learning you produce;
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A trade of knowledge, as repletes
As others are with fraud and cheat:
An art t'incumber Gifts and Wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes Light unactive, dull, and trouble
Like little DAVID in SAUL's doublet:
A cheat that ſcholars put upon
Other men's reaſon and their own;
A Fort of error, to enſconce
Abſurdity and ignorance,
That renders all the avenues
To truth impervious and abſtruſe,
By making plain things, in debate,
By art, perplex'd, and intricate:
For nothing goes for Senſe, or Light,
That will not with old rules jump rig
As if rules were not in the ſchools
Deriv'd from truth, but truth from
This pagan, heatheniſh invention
Is good for nothing but contention
For as, in ſword-and-buckler fight
All blows do on the target light:
So, when men argue, the great'ſt
O' th' conteſt falls on terms of ar
Until the fuſtian ſtuff be ſpent,
And then they fall to th' argum
Quoth HUDIBRAS, friend R
Out-run the conſtable at laſt:
For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſeleſs as untr



147 m *Where Truth*, &c.] Some Authors have r
taken Truth for a real Thing, when it is nothing bu
right Method of putting thoſe Notions or Images
Things (in the Underſtanding of Man) into the ſ
State and Order, that their Originals hold in Natu
and therefore *Ariſtotle* ſays, *Unumquodque ſicut ſe h*
ſecundum eſſe, ita ſe habet ſecundum veritatem. Met. L
148 n *Like Words congeal'd*, &c.] Some report,
in *Nova Zembla*, and *Greenland*, Men's Words are w
be frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be he

151 *In School-Divinity as able,*
As o be that Hight, Irrefragable, &c.]

Here again is another Alteration of three or four Li
as I think, for the worſe.

Some ſpecific Epithets were added to the Title of ſ
famous Doctors, as *Angelicus, Irrefragabilis, Subtilis,*
Vide *Voſſii Etymolog. Baillet Jugemens de Sçavans,*
Poſſevin's Apparatus.

153 p *A Second* THOMAS, *or at once,*
To name them all, another DUNCE.

Thomas Aquinas, a *Dominican* Friar, was born
1224, ſtudied at *Cologne* and *Paris*. He new mode
the School-divinity, and was therefore called the *A*
lic Doctor, and *Eagle of Divines*. The moſt illuſtr
Perſons of his Time were ambitious of his Friend
and put a high Value on his Merits, ſo that they
fered him Biſhopricks, which he refuſed with as m
Ardor as others ſeek after them. He died in the
tieth Year of his Age, and was canonized by
John XII. We have his Works in eighteen Volu
ſeveral Times printed.

Johannes Dunſcotus was a very learned Man,
lived about the End of the Thirteenth, and Beg
of the Fourteenth Century. The *Engliſh* and *Sco*
which of them ſhall have the Honour of h



THE

NOTES *to Part* I. (

1 WHEN civil [a] dudgeon, *&c.*] D
made the Alterations in the
this Poem, I know not, but they are certai
for the worſe; and I cannot believe the
have changed a Word ſo proper in that pl
on is, for that of Fury, as it is in the laſ
take in Dudgeon, is inwardly to reſent ſ
Affront, a Sort of Grumbling in the Gizz
is previous to actual Fury.

24 [b] *That could as well,* &c.] Bind ov

it in the Annotations upon *Horace*, wrote by my thy and learned Friend, Mr. *William Baxter*, the it Reſtorer of the Ancient, and Promoter of Modern rning.

Hor. Sat. 9. Sermon Lib. I.

tis; quia pellicula imminuti ſunt; quia Moſes Rex Iaevum, cujus Legibus regnntur, negligentia [illegible] *licinaliter exfectus eſt, & ne ſolus eſſet notabilis, omnes cuncidi voluit.* Vet. Schol. Vocem [illegible] quæ in- ia Librarii exciderat repoſuimus ex conjectura, uti & ſicinaliter *exfectus* pro *medicinalis effectus* quæ nihil nt. Quis miretur ejuſmodi convicia homini Epicureo ne Pagano excidiſſe? Jure igitur Henrico Glareano iboli Organum videtur. Etiam Satyra Quinta hæc bet: *Conſtat omnia miracula certa ratione fieri, de qui- Epicurei prudentiſſime diſputant.*

66 e *Profoundly ſkill'd*, &c.] *Analytic* is a Part of *Lo-*, that teaches to decline and conſtrue *Reaſon*, as *ammar* does *Words*.

93 f *A Babyloniſh*, &c.] A Confuſion of Languages, ch as ſome of our Modern *Virtuoſi* uſed to expreſs mſelves in.

103 g *Or* CERBERUS *himſelf*, &c.] *Cerberus*; a me which Poets give a Dog with three Heads, which y feigned Door-keeper of Hell, that careſſed the un- tunate Souls ſent thither, and devoured them that uld get out again; yet *Hercules* tied him up, and de him follow. This Dog with three Heads denotes Paſt, the Preſent, and the Time to come; which eive, and as it were devour all Things. *Hercules* got better of him, which ſhews that Heroic Actions always victorious over Time, becauſe they are pre- t in the Memory of Poſterity.

115 h *That had the*, &c.] *Demoſthenes*, who is ſaid to e a *Defect in his* Pronunciation, which he cured by *to ſpeak* with little Stones in his Mouth.

[illegible] *Than* TYCHO BRAHE, &c.] Tycho Brache w

toring of loſt Members, but gives you Cuts of Inſtruments and Ligatures he made uſe of from hence our Author *(cum Poetica Licentia)* n his *Simile*.

For as ÆNEAS, *&c.*] *Æneas* was the Son of s and *Venus*; a *Trojan*, who after long Travels into *Italy*, and after the Death of his Father-in- *Latinus*, was made King of *Latium*, and reign Years; his Story is too long to inſert here, an fore I refer you to *Virgil*'s *Æneids*. *Troy* being in Aſhes, he took his aged Father *Anchiſes* upon his k, and reſcued him from his Enemies. But being ſollicitous for his Son and Houſhold Gods, he loſt his e *Creuſa*; which Mr. *Dryden* in his excellent Tran on thus expreſſeth:

Haſte, my dear Father ('tis no Time to wait,
[illegible] my Shoulders with a willing Freight.
[illegible] ſhall be my Care,

and Colonel *Pride* had been both

æsar's *Horſe, who, as Fame goes,*
s upon his Feet and Toes.

had a Horſe with Feet like a Man's.
ſigni; pedibus prope humanis, & in mo-
unguli fiſſis. Suet. *in* Jul. Cap. 61.

e mighty Tyrian *Queen, that gain'd*
th ſubtle Shreds a Tract of Land.

een of *Carthage*, who bought as much Land
compaſs with an Ox's Hyde, which ſhe cut
thongs, and cheated the Owner of ſo much
ſerved her to build *Carthage* upon.
the bold, &c.] *Æneas*, whom *Virgil* reports
lden Bough for a Paſs to Hell; and Taylor
lace Hell, where they put all they ſteal.
ſe three, &c.] Read the Great *Geogrdphical*
, under that Word.
e Magick, &c.] *Taliſman* is a Device to de-
art of Vermin, by caſting their Images in Me-
eciſe Minute, when the Stars are perfectly in-
them all the Miſchief they can. This has
mented by ſome Modern *Virtuoſi*, upon Rats,
Fleas, and found as (they affirm) to produce
with admirable Succeſs.
Lully interprets *Cabal*, out of the *Arabic*, to
ntia ſuperabundans; which his Commenta-
us Agrippa, by over-magnifying, has rendered
rfluous Foppery.
far as, &c.] The Author of *Magia Ada-*
mica endeavours to prove the Learning of the ancient
e derived from that Knowledge which God
ght Adam in *Paradiſe*, before the Fall.

535

786. t *The Rage*, &c.] *Boute-feus* and therefore it were uncivil to ſuppoſ ſon (eſpecially of Quality) ignorant of . to need an Expoſition.

903. u *'Tis ſung*, &c.] *Mamaluke'* Militia of the *Sultans* of *Ægypt*; it or *Soldier*; they were commonly Cap amongſt the *Chriſtians*, and inſtructed pline, and did not marry; their Pow beſides that the *Sultans* were choſen they diſpoſed of the moſt important O dom; they were formidable about 200 *Selem*, *Sultan* of the *Turks*, routed their *Sultan*, near *Aleppo*, 1516, and the Empire of the *Mamalukes*, whic Years. *Paulus Jovius*, &c.

No Queſtion but the Rhime to *Ma* Sir *Samuel Luke*, of whom in the Pref

913. w *Honour is like*, &c.] Our *E* not impertinent to this Purpoſe:

He that woos a Maid, muſt ſeldom cc
Be he that woos a Widow, muſt woo i
He that woos a Maid, muſt feign, ly
But he that woos a Widow, muſt dow

of Sorbon. Claud. Hemeraus de Acad. *Pa*-
an. in Annal.

He knew, &c.] There is nothing more ridicu-
the various Opinions of Authors about the
radiſe: Sir *Walter Raleigh* has taken a great
ins to collect them, in the Beginning of his
the World; where thoſe, who are unſatisfied,
lly informed.

By a High-dutch, *&c.*] *Goropius Becanus* en-
to prove, that *High-dutch* was the Language
and *Eve* ſpoke in *Paradiſe.*

If either of, &c.] *Adam* and *Eve* being made,
conceived and formed in the Womb, had no
ſome learned Men have ſuppoſed, becauſe
no need of them.

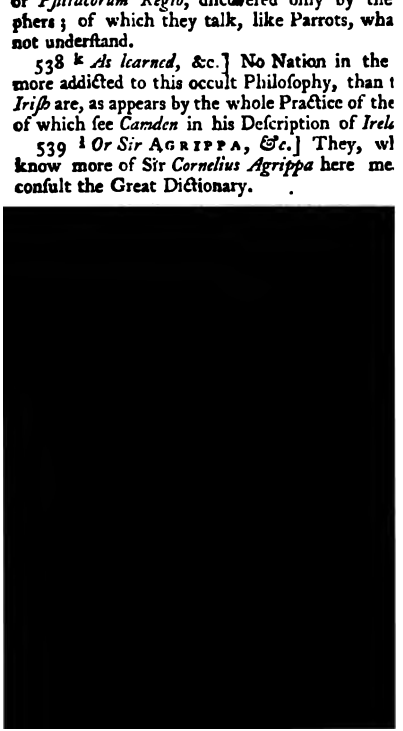
Who firſt made, &c.] Muſick is ſaid to be in-

535 *And much of* Terra Incognita,
The intelligible World, cou'd ſay.

The intelligible World is a kind of *Terra* or *Pſittacorum Regio*, diſcovered only by the phers; of which they talk, like Parrots, wha not underſtand.

538 [k] *As learned*, &c.] No Nation in the more addicted to this occult Philoſophy, than t *Iriſh* are, as appears by the whole Practice of the of which ſee *Camden* in his Deſcription of *Irel*

539 [l] *Or Sir* AGRIPPA, *&c.*] They, wh know more of Sir *Cornelius Agrippa* here me conſult the Great Dictionary.



This *Vickars* was a Man of as great Intereſt and A
thority in the late *Reformation*, as *Pryn*, or *Withers*, a
as able a Poet: He tranſlated *Virgil*'s *Æneids* into
horrible *Traveſty* in earneſt, as the *French Scaroon*
in *Burleſque*, and was only outdone in his Way by
Politic Author of *Oceana*.

714 p *We that are*, &c.] This Speech is ſet dow
as it was delivered by the Knight, in his own Wor
But ſince it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry
admit of Humour, but all Men are obliged to ſpe
wiſely alike, and too much of ſo extravagant a Folly wo
become tedious and impertinent; the reſt of his H
rangues have only his Senſe expreſſed, in other Wo
unleſs in ſome few Places, where his own Words co
not be ſo well avoided.

753 q *In bloody*, &c.] *Cynarctomachy* ſignifies noth
in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, t
both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in ſuch W
very great Knowledge is contained: And our Kni
as one, or both, of thoſe, was of the ſame Opinion.

758. r *Or Force*, &c.] Another of the ſame K
which, though it appear ever ſo learned and profou
means nothing elſe but the Weeding of Corn.

777 s *The* Indians *fought for the Truth*
Of th' Elephant *and* Monkey's *Tooth.*

The Hiſtory of the White Elephant and the Monk
Tooth, which the *Indians* adored, is written by M
le Blanc. This Monkey's Tooth was taken by the
tugueſe from thoſe that worſhipped it, and though
offered a vaſt Ranſom for it, yet the Chriſtians
perſuaded by their Prieſts rather to burn it. But as
as the Fire was kindled, all the People preſent were
able to endure the horrible Stink that came from it
if the Fire had been made of the ſame Ingredients,
which Seamen uſe to compoſe that Kind of Gra
which they call *Stinkards*.

786. t *The Rage*, &c.] *Boute-feus* is a *French* Word, and therefore it were uncivil to ſuppoſe any *Engliſh* Perſon (eſpecially of Quality) ignorant of it, or ſo ill-bred as to need an Expoſition.

903. u *'Tis ſung*, &c.] *Mamaluke*'s the Name of the Militia of the *Sultans* of *Ægypt*; it ſignified a *Servant* or *Soldier*; they were commonly Captives, taken from amongſt the *Chriſtians*, and inſtructed in Military Diſcipline, and did not marry; their Power was great, for, beſides that the *Sultans* were choſen out of their Body, they diſpoſed of the moſt important Offices of the Kingdom; they were formidable about 200 Years, 'till at laſt *Selem*, *Sultan* of the *Turks*, routed them, and killed their *Sultan*, near *Aleppo*, 1516, and ſo put an End to the Empire of the *Mamalukes*, which had laſted 2[illegible] *Paulus Jovius*, &c.

[illegible]hime to *Mamaluke*. was an

er *gratis*; the whole Narrative is

to *Part* I. *Canto* II.

is to say, whether Tollutation, *they do term't, or* Succuſſation.

Succuſſation are only *Latin* Words, for otting, though I believe both were na- e old *Romans*; ſince I never read, they Tramel, or any other Art, to pace their

an Britons, &c.] The *American Indians* d they have, with a white Head, a *Pen-* ſignifies the ſame Thing in the *Britiſh* n whence (with other Words of the ſame Authors have endeavoured to prove, That ns are originally derived from the *Britons*. e *dire*, &c.] *Pharſalia* is a City of *Theſſaly*, the Battle won by *Julius Cæſar* againſt *Pom-* eat, in the neighbouring Plains, in the 607th *ome*, of which read *Lucan*'s *Pharſalia*. Chiron, *the*, &c.] *Chiron*, a *Centaur*, Son to d *Phillyris*, living in the Mountains, where, uch given to Hunting, he became very knowing irtues of Plants, and one of the moſt famous Phy- of his Time. He imparted his Skill to *Æſculapi-* was afterwards *Apollo*'s Governor, until being ed by *Hercules*, and deſiring to die, *Jupiter* placed 1 Heaven, where he forms the Sign of *Sagittarius*, e *Archer*.

133 b *In* Staffordſhire, *where virtuous Worth*
Does raiſe the Minſtrelſy, not Birth, &c.

The

The whole Hiſtory of this ancient Ceremony read at large in Dr. *Plot*'s Hiſtory of *Staffordſhi* the Town *Tutbury*.

155 [c] *Grave as*, &c.] For the Hiſtory read *Mandelſa* and *Olearius*'s Travels.

172 [d] *In military*, &c.] *Paris Garden*, in *Sa* took its Name from the Poſſeſſor.

231. *Though by*, &c.] Promethean *Fire*. *P* was the Son of *Iapetus*, and Brother of *Atlas*, ing whom the Poets have feigned, that having fi ed Men of the Earth and Water, he ſtole Fire fr ven to put Life into them; and that, having the pleaſed *Jupiter*, he commanded *Vulcan* to tie Mount *Caucaſus* with iron Chains, and that a ſhould prey upon his Liver continually; but the the Story is, That *Prometheus* was an Aſtrologer, ſtant in obſerving the Stars upon that Mountain, among other Things, he found the Art of mak either by the Means of a Flint, or by contra Sun-beams in a Glaſs. *Bochart* will have *Mar*

ſpous'd in India,
Houſe, a Lady gay.

lane, of a *Bear* that married a King's
re ſtrange than many others, in moſt
ſs with Allowance; for if they ſhould
t what is poſſible, or probable, they
ave loſt their Labour, and obſerved no-
ey might have done as well at Home.

MAGIC *he was deeply read,*
he that made the Brazen-Head;
profoundly ſkill'd in the Black Art;
ENGLISH MERLIN *for his Heart.*

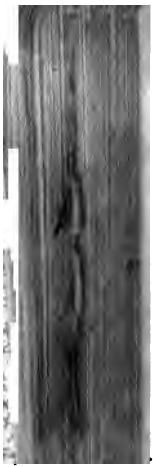
s and Merlin; ſee *Collier*'s Dictionary.
JOAN, *&c.*] Two notorious Women; the
m here by the Name of *Mall Cutpurſe.*
n the Amazonian, *&c.*] *Penthefile*, Queen of
s, ſucceeded *Orythia*; ſhe carried Succours to
, and, after having given noble Proofs of her
was killed by *Achilles*. *Pliny* ſaith, it was ſhe
ted the Battle-Ax. If any one deſire to know
he *Amazons*, let him read Mr. *Sanſon*.

85 f *They wou'd not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt Dame,*
To ſwear by HERCULES's *Name.*)

old Romans had particular Oaths for Men and
n to ſwear by, and therefore *Macrobius* ſays, *Viri*
ſtorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per
lem; *Ædepol autem juramentum erat tum mulieri-*
quam viris commune, &c.

93 g *As ſtout*, &c.] Two formidable Women at
s, in Romances, that were cudgelled into Love by
r Gallants.

95 h *Of* GUNDIBERT, *&c.*] Gundibert is a feigne-
fame, made uſe of by Sir *William d'Avenant*, in his fa-
s Epic Poem, ſo called; wherein you may find alſo
that



that of his Miſtreſs. This Poe
Author to be an Imitation of the
ing divided into five Books, as th
the *Canto*'s to be parallel of the
rence, that this is delivered Nar
loguewiſe. It was uſhered int
Preface written by Mr. *Hobbes*,
of our beſt Poets, *viz.* Mr.
which, one would have though
ſufficient Defence and Protection
Notwithſtanding which, four er
(two of which were Sir *John*
publiſhed ſeveral Copies of Ver
credit, under this Title, *Certai*
ral of the Author's Friends, to be
Edition of Gundibert, *in* 8*vo*. *L*
were as wittily anſwered by the
The Incomparable Poem of Gund
Wit Combat of four Eſquires, Cl
and Jack-Pudding: printed in

ours, and favouring the late Tumults; but the Houſe voted againſt the Arreſt of their Perſons or Papers; whereupon the King having preferred Articles againſt five Members, he went with his Guard to the Houſe to demand them; but they, having Notice, withdrew.

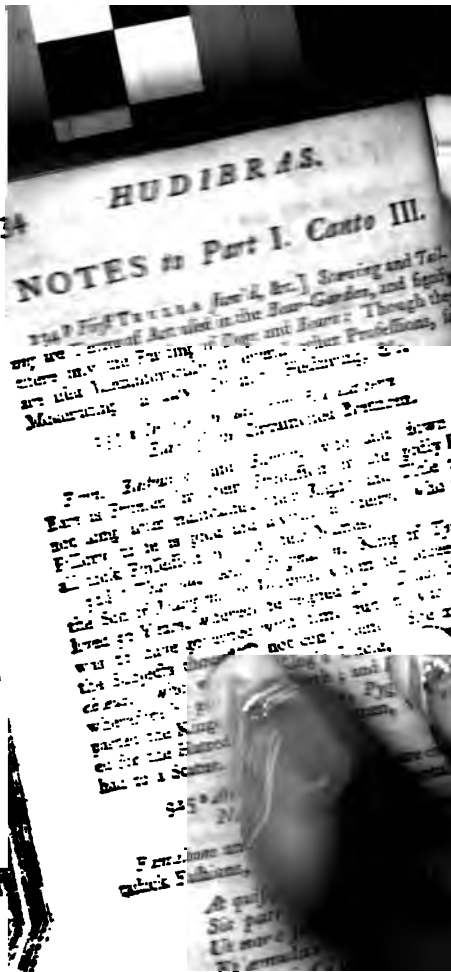
578 m *Make that,* &c.] Abuſive or inſulting had been better, but our Knight believed the learned Language more convenient to underſtand in, than his own Mother-Tongue.

650 n *And is indeed the ſelf-ſame Caſe*
With theirs that ſwore t' Et cætera's.

The Convocation, in one of the ſhort Parliaments, at uſhered in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Night-Errants) made an Oath to be taken by the Clergy, for obſerving Canonical Obedience; in which they joined their Brethren, out of the Abundance of their Conſciences, to ſwear to Articles with &c.

652 o *Or the* French League, *in which Men vow'd*
To fight to the laſt Drop of Blood.

The holy *League* in *France,* deſigned and made for the Extirpation of the *Proteſtant Religion,* was the *Original,* of which the *Solemn League and Covenant* here was (with Difference only of Circumſtances) moſt faithfully tranſcribed. Nor did the Succeſs of both differ more than the Intent and Purpoſe; for after the Deſtruction of vaſt Numbers of People of all Sorts, both ended with the Murder of two Kings, whom they had both ſworn to defend: And as our Covenanters ſwore every Man, to one before another in the Way of Reformation; ſo the *French* in the holy *League,* to fight to the laſt Drop of Blood.


HUDIBRAS.
NOTES to Part I. Canto III.

Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus eſſe nititur,
Sic Dii jubete, fiat ex Gallo Capus.

Thomas More.

Gallus is a River in *Phrygia*, riſing out of the Mountains of *Celenæ*, and diſcharging itſelf into the River *Sangar*, the Water of which is of that admirable Quality, that being moderately drank, it purges the Brain, and cures Madneſs; but largely drank, it makes men frantick. *Pliny*, *Horatius*.

1123 [s] A learned Divine in King *James*'s Time, wrote a Polemick Work againſt the Pope, and gave it that unlucky Nick-name of *The Pope's Bull baited*.

1166 [u] *Canonical* Cravat, *&c.*] *Smectymnus* was a Club of five Parliamentary Holders-forth; the Characters whoſe Names and Talents were by themſelves expreſſed, in that ſenſeleſs and inſignificant Word: They wore Handkerchiefs about their Necks for a Note of Diſtinction (as the Officers of the Parliament-Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into carnal Cravats. About the Beginning of the Long Parliament, in the Year 1641, the Five wrote a Book againſt Epiſcopacy and the Common-Prayer, to which they all ſubſcribed their Names; *Stephen Marſhal. Edmund Calamy. Thomas Young.*

NOTES to Part I. Canto III.

1349 *First* TRULLA *flaw'd*, &c.] *Stawing* and *Tail*-ing are Terms of Art uſed in the *Bear-Garden*, and ſignify there only the Parting of *Dogs* and *Bears*: Though the are uſed Metaphorically in ſeveral other Profeſſions, ſ Moderating; as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, &c.

1539 *Or like the late corrected leathern Ears of the* Circumciſed Brethren.

Pryn, *Baſtwick*, and *Burton*, who laid down Ears as Proxies for their Profeſſion of the godly long after maintained their Right and Title as good and lawful, as theirs, who

Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus eſſe nititur,
Sic Dii jubete, fiat ex Gallo Capus!

Thomas More.

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Prayer, to which they all ſubſcribed their Names;
Stephen Marſhal, *Edmund Calamy*, *Thomas Young*,
hew Newcomen, *William Spurſtow*, and from thence
and their Followers were called *Smectymnians*. They
markable for another pious Book, which they wrote
Time after that, intitled, *The King's Cabinet un-*
, wherein all the chaſte and endearing Expreſſions,
e Letters that paſſed betwixt his Majeſty King
es I. and his Royal Conſort, are by theſe painful
urers in the Devil's Vineyard, turned into Burleſque
idicule: Their Books were anſwered with as much
neſs and Genteelneſs of Expreſſion, and as much
ing and Honeſty, by the Reverend Mr. Symonds,
deprived Clergyman, as theirs was ſtuffed with
Spleen, and raſcally Invectives.

1249 x *So Cardinals, the*
At t'other End the

This relates to the Story of Pope *Joan* VIII. *Platina* saith she was but born at *Mentz*; who, having a Man, travelled with her Paramour made such Progress in Learning the met with few that could Death of Pope *Leo* IV, she was but being got with Child by Travel came upon her between St. *Clement*'s, as she was going and died upon the Place, Month, and four Days, and any Pomp. He owns, that Popes decline going through and that to avoid the like E[vil] [Chair], his

HUDIBRAS.

PART II.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST *CANTO.*

The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being caſt illegally in Priſon;
Love brings his Action on the Caſe,
And lays it upon HUDIBRAS.
How he receives the Lady's Viſit,
And cunningly ſollicits his Sute,
Which ſhe defers; yet on Parole,
Redeems him from th' inchanted Hole.

CANTO I.

BUT now, t'obſerve a Romantick method,
Let bloody Steel a while be ſheathed,
And all thoſe harſh and rugged ſounds
Of Baſtinado's, Cuts, and Wounds,
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle ſtile,
To let our reader breathe a-while:

In which that we may be as brief a
Is poſſible, by way of Preface,
Is't not enough to make one ſtrang
That ſome Men's Fancies ſhould ne
But make all people do, and ſay,
The ſame things ſtill the ſelf-ſame
Some Writers make all Ladies pur
And Knights purſuing like a Whi
Others make all their Knights, in
Of jealouſy, to loſe their wits;
Till drawing Blood o' th' Dames, lik
Th' are forthwith cur'd of their ca
Some always thrive in their Amou

That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend,
In which he found th' event, no leſs
Than other times, beſide his gueſs.
There is a tall long-ſided Dame,
(But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,
That like a thin Camelion boards
Herſelf on Air, and eats her Words:
Upon her ſhoulders Wings ſhe wears
Like hanging ſleeves, lin'd through with Ears,
And Eyes, and Tongues, as Poets liſt,
Made good by deep Mythologiſt.
With theſe ſhe through the welkin flies,
And ſometimes carries Truth, oft Lyes;
With Letters hung like eaſtern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furtheſt regions;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of Lying, to inform the nation;
And by their public uſe to bring down
The rate of Whetſtones in the kingdom.
About her neck a Packet-Male,
Fraught with Advice, ſome freſh, ſome ſtale,
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And Cows of Monſters brought to bed;
Of Hail-ſtones big as Pullets eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
A Blazing-ſtar ſeen in the Weſt,
By ſix or ſeven men at leaſt:
Two Trumpets ſhe does ſound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones;
But whether both with the ſame wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one ſounds vilely, th' other well;

And therefore vulgar Authors name
The one Good, the other Evil Fame.
This tattling Goſſip knew too well,
What miſchief HUDIBRAS befell;
And ſtraight the ſpiteful tidings bears
Of all, to th' unkind Widow's ears.
DEMOCRITUS ne'er laugh'd ſo loud,
To ſee Bauds carted through the crowd,
Or Funerals with ſtately pomp,
March ſlowly on in ſolemn dump,
As ſhe laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as ſides, was like to crack.
She vow'd ſhe would go ſee the Sight,
And viſit the diſtreſſed Knight:
To do the office of a neighbour,
And be a Goſſip at his labour:
And from his wooden jayl, the ſtocks,
To ſet at large his fetter-locks.

And by him, in another hole,
In Affliſted RALPHO, Cheek by Joul:
She came upon him in his Wooden
Magician's Circle, on the ſudden,
As Spirits do t' a conjurer,
When in their dreadful ſhapes th' appear.
No ſooner did the Knight perceive her,
But ſtraight he fell into a fever,
Inflam'd all over with diſgrace,
To be ſeen by her in ſuch a place;
Which made him hang his head, and ſcoul,
And wink, and goggle like an Owl:
He felt his brains begin to ſwim,
When thus the dame accoſted him:
This place (quoth ſhe) they ſay's inchanted,
And with Delinquent Spirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in chains, and ſcourg'd,
Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like perſons I have ſeen ſomewhere.
Some have miſtaken blocks and poſts
For Spectres, Apparitions, Ghoſts,
With ſaucer-eyes, and horns; and ſome
Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:
But if our eyes are not falſe glaſſes,
That give a wrong account of faces;
That Beard and I ſhould be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and inchanted;
For though it be diſfigur'd ſomewhat,
As if 't had lately been in combat,
It did *belong to* a worthy Knight,
How'e'r this Goblin is come by't.
When HUDIBRAS the Lady heard,
Diſcourſing thus upon his Beard,

And

And ſpeak with ſuch reſpect and ho:
Both of the beard, and the beard's
He thought it beſt to ſet as good
A face upon it, as he cou'd,
And thus he ſpoke: Lady, your brig
And radiant Eyes are in the right;
The Beard's th' identic beard you k
The ſame numerically true:
Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himſelf.
O heavens! quoth ſhe, can that b
I do begin to fear 'tis you:
Not by your individual whiſkers,
But by your dialect and diſcourſe,
That never ſpoke to man or beaſt
In notions vulgarly expreſt.
But what malignant ſtar, alas!
Has brought you both to this ſad pa

afraid they are worſe handled;
, i' th' rear, your beard the van led:
e uneaſy bruiſes make
t for company to ake,
worſhipful a Friend
ory ſet, at the wrong end.
HUDIBRAS, this thing call'd Pain,
e learned Stoicks maintain)
ſimpliciter, nor good;
ly as 'tis underſtood,
deceitful, and may feign,
in counterfeiting pain
groſs Phænomena's,
it oft miſtakes the caſe.

Quoth ſhe, I grant it is in vain
For one that's baſted, to feel Pain,
Becauſe the Pangs his Bones endure,
Contribute nothing to the cure:
Yet Honour hurt is wont to rage
With Pain no med'cine can aſſwage.
Quoth he, that Honour's very ſqueamiſh,
That takes a baſting for a blemiſh:
For what's more hon'rable than Scars,
Or Skin to tatters rent in Wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a Cudgel's of by th' blow:
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A ſhoe be Spaniſh or Neat's Leather;
And yet have met, after long running,
With ſome whom they have taught that cu
[illegible] beſt way about, t' o'ercome, [nii

ſes, humbly bows,
s for the princely blows;
nly proud, and boaſting
at Rib-Roaſting.
ier proves moſt manful,
word, endures the Anvil;
more formidable,
lour's malleable:
a Baſtinado,
rom his own ſhadow:
now in Durance faſt,
ty baſely caſt,
ge, Parole refus'd,
by the enemy us'd;
a ſhut, paſt hope



For if I thought your Nat'ral Ta
Of Paſſive Courage were ſo gall
As you ſtrain hard to have it th
I could grow Amorous, and Do
When HUDIBRAS this language
He prick'd up's ears, and ſtrok'd
Thought he, this is the Lucky l
Wines work, when Vines are ir
This Criſis then I'll ſet my reſt
And put her boldly to the Queſt
Madam, what you wou'd ſee
Shall be to all the World made
How I've been Drubb'd, and witl
And Magnanimity I bear it;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll ſtake myſelf down againſt y
And if I fail in Love or Troth,



Have you not power to entertain,
And render Love for Love again;
As no Man can draw in his Breath
At once, and force out Air beneath?
Or do you love yourſelf ſo much,
To bear all Rivals elſe a grutch?
What Fate can lay a greater curſe
Than you upon yourſelf would force?
For Wedlock without Love, ſome ſay,
Is but a Lock without a Key.
It is a Kind of Rape to Marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it Raviſhment,
But b'ing againſt the Mind's Conſent?
A Rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a Woman.
Why are you Fair, but to entice us
To Love you, that you may deſpiſe us?
But though you cannot Love, you ſay,
Out of your own Fanatick Way,
Why ſhould you not at leaſt allow
Thoſe that Love you, to do ſo too?
For, as you fly me, and purſue
Love more averſe, ſo I do you;
And am by your own Doctrine taught
To practiſe what you call a Fault.
Quoth ſhe, If what you ſay is true,
You muſt fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
In Love and Preaching, that muſt ſway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to Love,
Is to forbid my Pulſe to move,
My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a Fit) to hickup:

Command me to piſs out the Moon,
And 'twill as eaſily be done.
Love's power's too great to be withſtood
By feeble humane Fleſh and Blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hect'ring kill-cow HERCULES;
Transform'd his Leager-Lion's ſkin
T' a Petticoat, and made him ſpin;
Seiz'd on his Club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble Diſtaff, and a Spindle.
'Twas he that made Emperors Gallants
To their own Sifters, and their Aunts;
Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
To play with Pages at leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
And flux'd the Houſe of many a Burgeſs:
Made thoſe, that repreſent the Nation,
Submit, and ſuffer Amputation:
And all the Grandees o' the Cabal
Adjourn to Tubs, at Spring and Fall.
He mounted Synod-Men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-Lane, and Little Sodom;
Made 'em curvet, like Spaniſh Jenets,
And take the Ring at Madam Bonnets.
'Twas he that made e Saint FRANCIS do
More than the devil could tempt him to,
In cold and froſty weather grow
Enamour'd of a wife of Snow;
And though ſhe were of rigid temper;
With melting Flames accoſt, and tempt her
Which after in Enjoyment quenching,
He hung a Garland on his Engine.
Quoth ſhe, If Love have theſe effects
Why is it not forbid our Sex?



Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For Diabolical and Wicked?
And ſung, as out of tune, againſt,
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
I find, I've greater reaſon for it,
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, theſe ſad effects
Spring from your Heatheniſh neglects
Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourſelves with equal ſcorns;
And thoſe who worthy Lovers ſlight,
Plagues with prepoſt'rous appetite:
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a Town-Bull for her Sweet:
And from her greatneſs ſtoop ſo low,
To be the rival of a cow:
Others to proſtitute their great Hearts,
To be Baboons and Monkeys Sweet-hearts:
Some with the Dev'l himſelf in League grow
By's Repreſentative a Negro.
'Twas this made Veſtal-Maids love-ſick,
And venture to be bury'd quick:
Some by their Fathers, and their Brothers,
To be made Miſtreſſes and Mothers.
'Tis this that proudeſt Dames enamours
On Lackquies, and Valets des Chambres;
Their haughty Stomachs overcomes,
And makes 'em ſtoop to dirty Grooms;
To ſlight the World, and to diſparage
Claps, Iſſue, Infamy, and Marriage.
Quoth ſhe, theſe Judgments are ſevere,
Yet ſuch as I ſhould rather bear,
Than truſt men with their Oaths, or prove
Their Faith and Secreſy in Love.

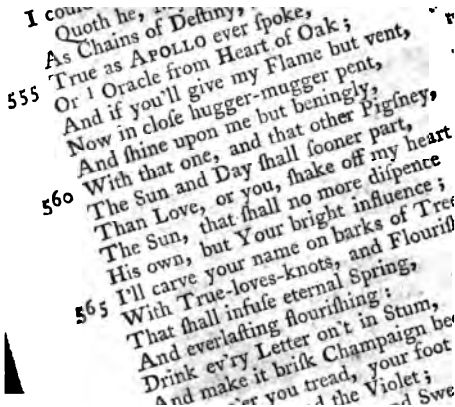
To rob the Heart, ...
Steals out again a cloſer way,
Which whoſoever can diſcover,
He's ſure (as he deſerves) to ſuffer.
Love is a fire, that burns, and ſparkles
In Men, as nat'rally as in Charcoals,
Which ſooty Chymiſts ſtop in holes
When out of wood they extract coles;
So Lovers ſhould their Paſſions choak,
That, tho' they burn, they may not ſmoak.
'Tis like that ſturdy Thief, that ſtole
And dragg'd Beaſts backwards into's Hole
So Love does Lovers; and us men
Draws by the tails into his den;
That no Impreſſion may diſcover,
And trace, t' his Cave, the wary Lover.
But if you doubt I ſhould reveal
What you entruſt me under Seal,
... cloſe, and virtuous,

it will win his Dame, muſt do
ve does, when he bends his Bow:
one hand thruſt the Lady from,
vith the other pull her home.
:, quoth he, Wealth is a great
ative to am'rous heat:
ll Philters, and high Diet,
nakes Love rampant, and to fly out:
leauty always in the flower,
buds and bloſſoms at fourſcore:
at by which the Sun and Moon,
ir own Weapons, are out-done:
nakes Knights Errant fall in trances,
y about 'em in Romances:
irtue, Wit, and Worth, and all
nen Divine and Sacred call:
hat is Worth in any Thing,
much Money as 'twill bring?
at but Riches is there known,
man can ſolely call his own;
ch, no creature goes his half,
it be to [h] Squint and Laugh?
nfeſs, with Goods and Land,
e a Wife at ſecond Hand;
ch you are: Nor is't your perſon
mach's ſet ſo Sharp and Fierce on;
(your better part) your Riches,
y enamour'd heart bewitches;
your fortune but poſſeſs,
tle your perſon how you pleaſe,
s it o'er in Truſt to th' Devil,
find me Reaſonable and Civil.
ſhe, I like this plainneſs better,
ſe Mock-Paſſion, Speech, or Lette

Or any feat of Qualm or Sowning,
But Hanging of yourſelf, or Drowning;
Your only way with me to break
Your mind, is Breaking of your neck:
For as when Merchants break, o'erthrown
Like Nine-pins, they ſtrike others down;
So, that would break my Heart, which done
My tempting Fortune is your own.
Theſe are but trifles: ev'ry Lover
Will damn himſelf over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a leſs worthy Miſtreſs ſake:
Yet th' are the only Ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd Realities of Love;
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, This Way's too rough
For more Experiment and Proof.

And Merchants, vent'ring through the Main,
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.
This is the way I adviſe you to;
Truſt me, and ſee what I will do.
Quoth ſhe, I ſhould be loth to run
Myſelf all th' hazard, and you none,
Which muſt be done, unleſs ſome Deed
Of your's aforeſaid do preceed;
Give but yourſelf one gentle Swing
For Trial, and I'll cut the String:
Or give that rev'rend Head a maul,
Or two, or three, againſt a wall,
To ſhew you are a man of mettle,
And I'll engage myſelf to Settle.
Quoth he, My Head's not made of Braſs,
As Friar [i] BACON's Noddle was:
Nor (like the [k] Indian's Skull) ſo tough,
That, Authors ſay, 'twas Muſket-Proof;
As yet on any new Adventure,
As it had need to be to enter:
You ſee what bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new Feats, be cur'd.
But if that's all you ſtand upon,
Here ſtrike me Luck, it ſhall be done.
Quoth ſhe, The Matter's not ſo far gone
As you ſuppoſe; Two Words t' a Bargain;
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given downright proof;
And yet 'tis no fantaſtic Pique
I have to Love, nor coy Diſlike:
'Tis no implicit, nice Averſion
T' your Converſation, Mein, or Perſon,
But a juſt fear, leſt you ſhould prove
Falſe, and perfidious in Love:

For


I cou
Quoth he,
As Chains of Deſtiny,
True as Apollo ever ſpoke,
Or 1 Oracle from Heart of Oak;
And if you'll give my Flame but vent,
Now in cloſe hugger-mugger pent,
And ſhine upon me but beningly,
With that one, and that other Pigſney,
The Sun and Day ſhall ſooner part,
Than Love, or you, ſhake off my heart
The Sun, that ſhall no more diſpence
His own, but Your bright influence;
I'll carve your name on barks of Tre
With True-loves-knots, and Flouriſ
That ſhall infuſe eternal Spring,
And everlaſting flouriſhing:
Drink ev'ry Letter on't in Stum,
And make it briſk Champaign be
r you tread, your foot
the Violet;
d Swe



For you will find it a hard Chapture,
To catch me with Poetic Rapture,
In which your Maſtery of Art
Doth ſhew itſelf, and not your Heart:
Nor will you raiſe in mine Combuſtion,
By dint of high Heroic Fuſtion:
She that with Poetry is won,
Is but a Deſk to write upon;
And what men ſay of her, they mean
No more, than on the thing they lean.
Some with Arabian Spices ſtrive
T' embalm her cruelly alive;
Or Seaſon her, as French Cooks uſe
Their Haut-gouſts, Bouillies, or Ragouſts:
Uſe her ſo barbarouſly ill,
To grind her Lips upon a Mill,
Until the Facet Doublet doth
Fit their Rhimes rather than her mouth;
Her Mouth compar'd to an Oyſter's, with
A Row of Pearl in't, ſtead of Teeth.
Others make Poſies of her Cheeks,
Where Red and Whiteſt Colours mix;
In which the Lilly, and the Roſe,
For Indian Lake, and Ceruſe goes.
The Sun, and Moon, by her bright Eyes
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the Skies,
Are but Black Patches, that ſhe wears,
Cut into Suns, and Moons, and Stars:
By which Aſtrologers as well,
As thoſe in Heav'n above, can tell
What ſtrange events they do forcſhow
Unto her under-world below.
Her Voice, the Muſic of the Spheres,
So loud, it deafens mortals ears;

As wiſe Philoſophers have thought;
And that's the Cauſe we hear it not.
This has been done by ſome, who thoſe,
Th' ador'd in Rhime, would kick in Pro
And in thoſe Ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiouſly they ſung:
That have the hard Fate to write beſt
Of thoſe ſtill that deſerve it leaſt;
It matters not how Falſe, or Forc'd,
So the Beſt things be ſaid o' th' Worſt;
It goes for nothing when 'tis ſaid
Only the Arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a Swan or Gooſe
They level at: So Shepherds uſe
To ſet the ſame Mark on the Hip,
Both of their Sound and Rotten Sheep:
For Wits that carry Low or Wide,
Muſt be aim'd higher, or beſide



T' allay your mettle, all agog
Upon a Wife, the heavi'r clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler fate,
That for a bruis'd or broken pate,
Has freed you from thoſe Knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd Brow:
But if no dread can cool your courage,
From vent'ring on that dragon, Marriage;
Yet give me quarter, and advance
To nobler aims your puiſſance:
Level at Beauty, and at Wit;
The faireſt mark is eaſieſt hit.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, I'm beforehand
In that already, with your command;
For where does Beauty and high Wit
But in your Conſtellation meet?
Quoth ſhe, What does a Match imply,
But Likeneſs and Equality?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' yoke-fellow of your Wit:
Nor take one of ſo mean deſerts,
To be the partner of your Parts;
A Grace, which if I cou'd believe,
I've not the conſcience to receive.
That Conſcience, quoth HUDIBRAS,
Is mis-inform'd; I'll ſtate the caſe:
A man may be a legal Doner
Of any thing, whereof he's Owner;
And may confer it where he liſts,
I' th' judgment of all Caſuiſts:
Then wit, and parts, and valour may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By thoſe that are Proprietors;
As I may give, or ſell my Horſe.

Quoth ſhe, I grant the Caſe is true,
And proper, 'twixt your Horſe and you;
But whether I may Take, as well
As you may give away, or ſell?
Buyers you know are bid beware;
And worſe than thieves Receivers are.
How ſhall I anſwer Hue and Cry,
For a Roan-Gelding, twelve hands high,
All ſpurr'd and ſwitch'd, a Lock on's Hoof,
A ſorrel Mane? Can I bring proof,
Where, when, by whom, and what y'were ſold
And in the open market toll'd for?
Or ſhould I take you for a Stray,
You muſt be kept a year and day,
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' Pound,
Where, if y' are ſought, you may be found
And in the mean time I muſt pay
For all your provender and hay

Next it appears, I am no Horſe;
That I can argue and diſcourſe;
Have but two Legs, and ne'er a Tail.
Quoth ſhe, That nothing will avail;
For ſome [m] Philoſophers, of late here,
Write, men have four Legs by Nature,
And that 'tis cuſtom makes them go
Erroneouſly upon but two;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
B' a Boy that loſt himſelf in a wood,
And [o] growing down t' a Man, was wont
With wolves upon all four to hunt.
As for your reaſons drawn from Tails,
We cannot ſay they're true, or falſe,
Till you explain yourſelf, and ſhow
B' Experiment 'tis ſo or no.
Quoth he, If you'll join Iſſue on't,
I'll give you ſatisfactory account;
So you will promiſe, if you loſe,
To ſettle all, and be my Spouſe.
That never ſhall be done (quoth ſhe)
To one that wants a Tail, by me:
For Tails by nature ſure were meant,
As well as Beards for ornament:
And though the Vulgar count them homely,
In Men or Beaſt they are ſo comely,
So Gentee, Alamode, and handſome,
I'll never marry Man that wants one;
And till you can demonſtrate plain,
You have one equal to your Mane,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a Horſe,
E're I'll take you for better or worſe.
The Prince of CAMBAY's daily food
Is Aſp, and Baſiliſk, and Toad;

Which makes him have ſo ſtrong a breath,
Each night he ſtinks a Queen to death;
Yet I ſhall rather lie in's arms
Than yours, on any other Terms.
Quoth he, What Nature can afford,
I ſhall produce, upon my word;
And if ſhe ever gave that Boon
To man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean, by poſtulate illation,
When you ſhall offer juſt Occaſion;
But ſince y' have yet deny'd to give
My Heart, your Priſ'ner, a reprieve,
But made it ſink down to my Heel,
Let that at leaſt your pity feel;
And for the ſufferings of your Martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter;
And by Diſcharge, or Main-prize, grant
Deliv'ry from this baſe Reſtraint.

And I'd be loth to have you break
An ancient Cuſtom for a Freak,
Or Innovation introduce
In place of things of antique uſe;
To free your Heels by any courſe,
That might b' unwholſome to your Spurs:
Which if I ſhould conſent unto,
It is not in my pow'r to do;
For 'tis a ſervice muſt be done ye,
With ſolemn previous Ceremony;
Which always has been us'd t' untie
The Charms of thoſe who here do lie:
For as the ancients heretofore
To Honour's Temple had no door
But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
So from this Dungeon, there's no way
To honour'd freedom, but by paſſing
That other virtuous School of Laſhing,
Where Knights are kept in narrow liſts,
With wooden Lockets 'bout their wriſts;
In which they for a while are Tenants,
And for their Ladies ſuffer Penance:
Whipping, that's Virtue's Governeſs,
Tutreſs of Arts and Sciences;
That mends the groſs miſtakes of Nature,
And puts new Life into dull Matter;
That lays foundation for Renown,
And all the Honours of the Gown.
This ſuffer'd, they are ſet at large,
And freed with honourable diſcharge:
Then in their Robes, the Penitentials
Are ſtraight preſented with Credentials,
And in their way attended on
By Magiſtrates of ev'ry town:

And all Reſpect and Charges paid
They're to their ancient Seats con
Now if you'll venture, for my Sak
To try the toughneſs of your Bacl
And ſuffer (as the reſt have done)
The laying of a Whipping on;
(And may you proſper in your ſui
As you with equal Vigour do't)
I here engage myſelf to looſe ye,
And free your heels from Caperde
But ſince our Sex's modeſty
Will not allow I ſhould be by,
Bring me, on Oath, a fair account
And Honour too, when you have
And I'll admit you to the place,
You claim as due, in my good gr
If Matrimony and Hanging go

Who would not rather ſuffer Whipping,
Than ſwallow Toaſts of Bits of Ribbin?
Make wicked Verſes, Treats, and Faces,
And ſpell Names over, with Beer-Glaſſes?
Be under vows to hang and die
Love's ſacrifice, and all a Lie?
With China-oranges, and Tarts,
And whining Plays, lay baits for hearts?
Bribe Chamber-Maids with Love and Money,
To break no roguiſh Jeſts upon ye?
For Lillies limn'd on cheeks, and roſes,
With painted perfumes, hazard Noſes?
Or vent'ring to be briſk and wanton,
Do penance in a Paper Lanthorn?

And after in the Seſſions-Court,
Where Whipping's judg'd, had honour for't:
This ſwear you will perform, and then
I'll ſet you from th' inchanted den,
And the magician's circle clear.
Quoth he, I do profeſs and ſwear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never ſee you mine.
Amen (quoth ſhe) then turn'd about,
And bid her Squire let him out.
But e're an Artiſt could be found
T' undo the charms, another bound,
The Sun grew low, and left the ſkies,
Put down (ſome write) by Ladies eyes:
The Moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from ſight,
(Myſterious Veil, of brightneſs made,
That's both her luſtre and her ſhade)
And in the lanthorn of the night,
With ſhining horns hung out her light;
For darkneſs is the proper ſphere,
Where all falſe glories uſe t' appear.
The twinkling Stars began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd luſtre,
While Sleep the weary'd world reliev'd,
By counterfeiting death reviv'd.
His whipping Penance, till the morn,
Our Vot'ry thought it beſt t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a work
Of ſuch importance in the dark,
With erring haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do't in th' open face of day:
And in the mean time, go in queſt
Of next Retreat to take his Reſt.

U D I B R A S.

PART II.

The ARGUMENT of the SECOND *CANTO.*

The Knight *and* Squire *in hot Diſpute,*
Within an ace of falling out,
Are parted with a ſudden Fright
Of ſtrange Alarm, and ſtranger Sight;
With which adventuring to ſtickle,
They're ſent away in naſty pickle.

CANTO II.

'TIS ſtrange how ſome Mens Tempers ſuit
(Like Bawd and Brandy) with Diſpute,
That for their own Opinions ſtand faſt
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt;
That keep their Conſciences in caſes,
As Fidlers do their Crowds and Baſes;
Ne'er to be us'd but when the'yre bent
To play a fit for Argument:

Mak

Make true and falſe, unjuſt and ju
Of no uſe but to be diſcuſt;
Diſpute and ſet a Paradox,
Like a ſtrait boot upon the ſtocks,
And ſtretch it more unmercifully,
Than HELMONT, MONTAIGN,
So th' ancient [n] Stoicks in their P
With fierce diſpute maintain'd the
Beat out their brains in fight and
To prove that Virtue is a Body;
That [o] Bonum is an Animal,
Made good with ſtout Polemic Bra
In which, ſome hundreds on the p
Were ſlain outright, and many a
Retrench'd of noſe, and eyes, and
To maintain what their Sect aver
All which the Knight and Squire
Had like t' have ſuffer'd for their

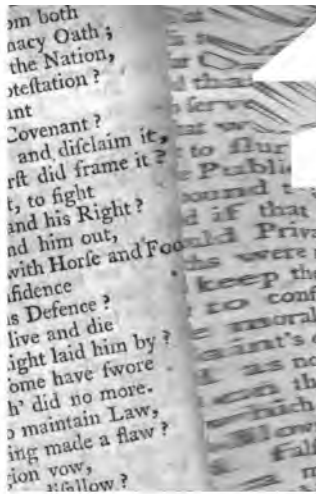


nd their time and wits on,
ertinent description,
ith much ado) to horſe,
aſtle bent their courſe,
to the Dame before
lipping duly ſware:
rriv'd, and half unharneſt,
a work in earneſt,
nd paus'd upon the ſudden,
ſerious forehead plodding,
v Scruple in his Head,
e ſcratch'd, and after ſaid;
e direct infringing
I ſhould ware this ſwinging,
e ſworn to bear, forbear,
uivocation ſwear;
: be a leſſer Sin,
rn, than act the thing,
l ſubtle Points, which muſt,
y Conſcience, be diſcuſt;
rr a tittle, may
inite make way:
e I deſire to know
nt, e're we further go.
PHO, Since you do injoin 't,
e upon the point;
own part, do not doubt
ive may be made out.
ate the Caſe aright,
mage of our light;
: Whether 't be a Sin
curry your own Skin,
ſs, than to forbear,
are forſworn, forſwear.

But firſt, o' th' firſt: The Inward Man,
And Outward, like a Clan and Clan,
Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing:
Not that they really cuff, or fence,
But in a Spiritual Myſtic Senſe;
Which to miſtake, and make 'em ſquabble
In literal fray's abominable:
'Tis heatheniſh, in frequent uſe
With Pagans, and Apoſtate Jews,
To offer ſacrifice of Bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their Idols:
And mungril Chriſtians of our Times,
That expiate leſs with greater Crimes,
And call the foul Abomination
Contrition and Mortification



Then when they ſtrive for place, 'tis fit
The weaker veſſel ſhould ſubmit:
Although your Church be oppoſite
To ours, as Black-Friars are to White,
In rule and order: yet I grant
You are a Reformado Saint;
And what the Saints do claim as due,
You may pretend a title to:
But Saints, whom Oaths and Vows oblige,
Know little of their Privilege;
Further (I mean) than carrying on
Some ſelf-advantage of their own:
For if the Dev'l, to ſerve his turn,
Can tell truth, why the Saints ſhould ſcorn,
When it ſerves theirs, to ſwear and lye;
I think there's little reaſon why:
Elſe h' has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 'twere Impiety to ſay.
W'are not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely, at all to ſwear;
But to ſwear idly, and in vain,
Without Self-intereſt or Gain:
For breaking of an Oath and Lying,
Is but a kind of Self-denying,
A Saint-like Virtue, and from hence
Some have broke Oaths by Providence:
Some, to the Glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themſelves, and broke their word:
And this the conſtant Rule and Practice
Of all our late Apoſtles Acts is.
Was not the Cauſe at firſt begun
With *Perjury*, and carried on?
Was there an Oath the Godly took,
But in due time and place they broke?





And after turn'd out the whole Houſe-full
Of Peers, as dang'rous, and unuſefull?
So CROMWELL with deep Oaths, and Vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' Houſe,
Vow'd that the Red-Coats would diſband,
Ay marry wou'd they, at their command;
And troll'd them on, and ſwore, and ſwore,
Till th' Army turn'd them out of Door:
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That Oaths and Swearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant,
To ſerve for an Expedient:
What was the Public Faith found out for,
But to flur men of what they fought for?
The Public Faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' obſerve, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Should Private Faith have ſuch a tye?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than Law,
To keep the Good and Juſt in awe,
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
Like moral cattle in a pinfold.
A Saint's of th' Heav'nly Realm a Peer;
And as no Peer is bound to ſwear,
But on the Goſpel of his Honour,
Of which he may diſpoſe, as Owner;
It follows, though the thing be Forgery,
And falſe, th' Affirm, it is no Perjury,
But a mere Ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing, but a Form of ſpeech;
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere ſaluting of the Book.
Suppoſe the Scriptures are of force,
They're but Commiſſions of courſe,

And Saints have freedom to digr
And vary from 'em, as they plea
Or miſ-interpret them by Private
Inſtructions, to all Aims they dri
Then why ſhould we ourſelves al
And curtail our own Priviledge i
Quakers (that, like to Lanthorns,
Their light within 'em) will not
Their Goſpel is an Accidence,
By which they conſtrue Conſcienc
And hold no Sin ſo deeply red,
As that of breaking Priſcian's he
(The Head and Founder of their
That ſtirring Hats held worſe tha
Theſe thinking th' are oblig'd to
In ſwearing, will not take an Oa
Like Mules. who if th' have not



Is't not ridiculous, and nonſence,
A Saint ſhould be a ſlave to Conſcience?
That ought to be above ſuch fancies,
As far, as above Ordinances?
She's of the Wicked, as I gueſs,
B' her Looks, her Language, and her Dreſs:
And though, like Conſtables, we ſearch,
For falſe wares, one another's Church;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No Faith is to the Wicked due;
For Truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a Pearl for Carnal Swine.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew
Thoſe Myſteries and Revelations;
And therefore Topical Evaſions
Of ſubtle Turns and Shifts of Sence,
Serve beſt with th' Wicked for pretence,
Such as the learned Jeſuits uſe,
And Preſbyterians for excuſe
Againſt the Proteſtants, when th' happen
To find their Churches taken napping:
As thus: A breach of Oath is Duple,
And either way admits a Scruple,
And may be, ex parte of the Maker,
More criminal than th' injur'd Taker;
For he that ſtrains too far a Vow,
Will break it, like an o'er-bent Bow:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for Convenience took it:
A broken Oath is, quatenus Oath,
As found t' all purpoſes of Troth,
As broken Laws are ne'er the worſe,
Nay, till th' are broken have no force.

What's Juſtice to a Man, or Laws,
That never comes within their claws?
They have no Pow'r, but to admoniſh,
Cannot controul, coerce, or puniſh,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Thoſe only that do make 'em ſuch.
Beſide, no Engagement is allow'd
By men in Priſon made, for good;
For when they're ſet at liberty,
They're from th' Engagement too ſet free.
The Rabbins write, when any Jew
Did make to God, or Man, a Vow,
Which afterward he found untoward,
And ſtubborn to be kept, or too hard;
Any three other Jews o' th' Nation
Might free him from the Obligation:

And have no Pow'r at all, nor Shift,
To help itſelf at a dead lift?
Why ſhould not Conſcience have Vacation
As well as other Courts o' th' nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint Appearance and Retorn;
And make as nice diſtinction ſerve
To ſplit a caſe, as thoſe that carve,
Invoking Cuckolds names, hit joints;
Why ſhould not Tricks as ſlight, do points?
Is not th' High-Court of Juſtice ſworn
To judge that Law that ſerves their Turn?
Make their own Jealouſies High-Treaſon,
And fix 'em whomſoe'er they pleaſe on?
Cannot the Learned Council there
Make Laws in any ſhape appear?
Mould 'em as Witches do their clay,
When they make Pictures to deſtroy?
And vex 'em into any Form
That fits their purpoſe to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confeſs,
Impeach of Treaſon, whom they pleaſe,
And moſt perfidiouſly condemn
Thoſe that engag'd their Lives for them?
And yet do nothing in their own Senſe,
But what they ought by Oath and Conſcience,
Can they not juggle, and with ſlight
Conveyance, play with Wrong and Right;
And ſell their Blaſts of Wind as dear,
As Lapland Witches bottled Air?
Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe and Grudge,
The ſame caſe ſev'ral ways adjudge?
As Seamen, with the ſelf-ſame Gale,
Will ſev'ral different courſes ſail;

As when the Sea breaks o'er its b
And overflows the level grounds,
Thoſe Banks and Damms, that li
Did keep it out, now keep it in :
So when Tyrannical Uſurpation
Invades the freedom of a nation,
The Laws o' th' Land that were i
To keep it out, are made defend it
Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man ſw
What makes beſt for him in his an
Is not the winding up Witneſſes
And nicking more than half the b
For Witneſſes, like Watches, go
Juſt as they're ſet, too faſt or ſlow
And where, in Conſcience, they're
'Tis ten to one that ſide is caſt.

ıt ſerve to clear
ım ne'er the near.
hat glaſſy bubble,
oſophers ſuch trouble,
rt crack'd, the whole does fly,
crack'd, to find out why.
HO, Honour's but a word
nly in a Lord:
is but a Huff,
ı, inſtead of proof;
ın, looks big and ſwells,
d juſt nothing elſe.
he) be what it will,
ld's opinion ſtill.
not wiſe that run
azard, they may ſhun;

This precious brother having ſlain
In times of peace, an Indian,
(Not out of malice, but mere zeal
Becauſe he was an Infidel)
The mighty TOTTIPOTTYMOY
Sent to our Elders an Envoy;
Complaining ſorely of the breach
Of League, held forth by brother
Againſt the Articles in force
Between both Churches, his and c
For which he crav'd the Saints to
Into his hands, or hang th' Offen
But they maturely having weigh'c
They had no more but him o' th'
(A man that ſerv'd them in a dou
Capacity, to Teach, and Cobble)
Reſolv'd to ſpare him; yet to do



Quoth RALPHO, You miſtake the matter,
For in all Scruples of this nature,
No man includes himſelf, nor turns
The Point upon his own concerns.
As no man of his own ſelf catches
The Itch, or amorous French Aches:
So no man does himſelf convince,
By his own Doctrine, of his Sins:
And though all cry down ſelf, none means
His ownſelf in a literal Senſe:
Beſide, it is not only Foppiſh,
But Vile, Idolatrous and Popiſh;
For one man, out of his own Skin,
To friſk and whip another's Sin:
As Pedants out of School-Boys breeches
Do claw and curry their own itches.
But in this caſe it is profane,
And ſinful too, becauſe in vain:
For we muſt take our Oaths upon it,
You did the Deed, when I have done it.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, that's anſwer'd ſoon;
Give us the Whip, we'll lay it on.
Quoth RALPHO, That we may ſwear true,
'Twere properer that I whip'd you:
For when with your Conſent 'tis done,
The Act is really your own.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, It is in vain
(I ſee) to argue 'gainſt the grain;
Or, like the ſtars, incline men to
What they're averſe themſelves to do:
For when Diſputes are weary'd out,
'Tis Intereſt ſtill reſolves the doubt:
But ſince no reaſon can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your Duty;

For ſo it is, howe'er you mi
As e're we part, I ſhall evin
And Curry (if you ſtand out
You will or no, your ſtubbor
Canſt thou refuſe to bear thy
I' th' publick Work, baſe as
To higgle thus, for a few bl
To gain thy Knight an opul
Whoſe Wealth his Bowels ye
Merely for th' Intereſt of the
And when he has it in his cl
Will not be hide-bound to th
Nor ſhalt thou find him a Cu
If thou diſpatch it without gr
If not, reſolve before we go,
That you and I muſt pull a
Y' had beſt (quoth RALPHO)



how, in Arms and Politicks,
ve worſted all your holy tricks;
your party with Intregue,
our Grandees down a Peg;
l'd th' Army and Caſhier'd
Legion SMEC adher'd;
eer Utenſil o' your Church,
left it in the Lurch;
to build up our own,
w' had done with't, pull'd it down;
your Rabbins of the Synod,
d their Cannons with a Why-not:
nod Men, that were rever'd
face, and Depth of Beard)
ſſic Mode prov'd a maggot,
ctory an Indian Pagod;
rn'd their Diſcipline like a kitten,
they'd been ſo long a ſitting;
t as a Holy Cheat
it of date, and obſolete,
ie Saints of the firſt Graſs,
ng Foles of Balaam's Aſs.
the Knight grew high in Chafe,
ng furiouſly on RALPH,
led and look'd pale with Ire,
s firſt, then red as fire.
quoth he) been ta'n in Fight,
r ſo many Moons lain by't?
ien all other means did fail,
een exchang'd for Tubs of Ale?
hey thought me worth a Ranſome
re *conſid*'rable and handſome,
eir *own* Sakes, and for fear
e *not* ſafe when I was there;

Now to be baffled by a Scoundrel,
An upſtart Sect'ry, and a Mungrel;
Such as breed out of peccant Humours
Of our own Church, like wens, or tumours,
And like a Maggot in a Sore,
Wou'd that, which gave it Life, devour;
It never ſhall be done or ſaid:
With that he ſeiz'd upon his Blade;
And RALPHO too, as quick and bold,
Upon his Baſket-hilt laid hold,
With equal Readineſs prepar'd
To draw and ſtand upon his Guard:
When both were parted on the ſudden,
With hideous Clamour, and a loud one,
As if all ſorts of Noiſe had been
Contracted into one loud Din:
Or that ſome Member to be choſen.



ey might diſtinguiſh diff'rent Noiſe
Horns, and Pans, and Dogs, and Boys,
d Kettle-Drums, whoſe ſullen Dub
unds like the hooping of a Tub.
t when the Sight appear'd in view,
ey found it was an Antique Show;
Triumph, that, for pomp and ſtate,
l proudeſt Romans emulate:
: as the Aldermen of Rome
eir Foes at Training overcome,
d not enlarging Territory,
s ſome miſtaken write in Story)
ng mounted in their beſt array,
on a Carr, and who but they?
d follow'd with a world of Tall-Lads,
at merry Ditties troll'd, and Ballads,
d ride with many a Good-morrow,
ying, Hey for our Town through the Bur-
when this Triumph drew ſo nigh, [rough;
ey might particulars deſcry,
ey never ſaw two things ſo pat,
all reſpects, as this and that.
ſt, He that led the Cavalcate,
ore a Sow-gelder's Flagellate,
which he blew as ſtrong a Levet,
well-fee'd Lawyer on his Breviate;
hen over one another's Heads
ey charge (three Ranks at once) like Sweads.
xt Pans, and Kettles of all Keys,
om Trebles down to double Baſe.
d after them, upon a Nag,
at might paſs for a forehand Stag,
Cornet rode, and on his ſtaff
mock diſplay'd did proudly wave:

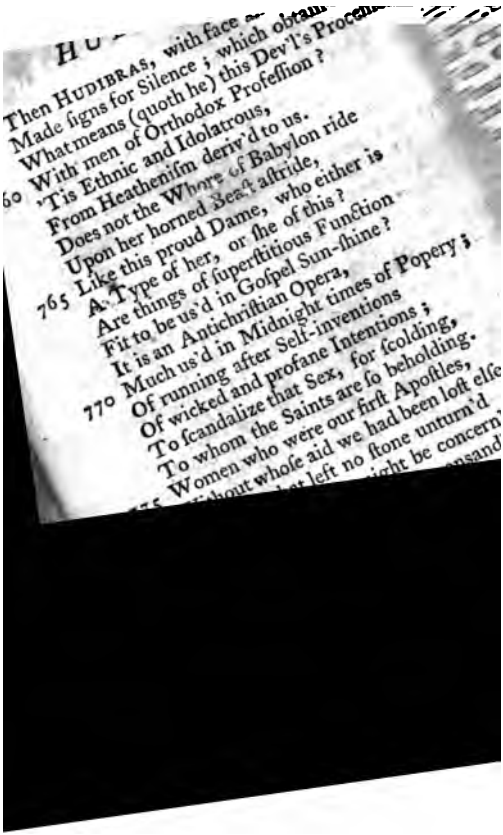
Next one upon a pair of Pannier
Full fraught with that, which for
Shall here be nameleſs, mixt wi
Which he diſpens'd among the
And buſily upon the crowd
At random round about beſtow'
Then mounted on a horned Ho
One bore a Gauntlet and Gilt S
Ty'd to the Pummel of a long
He held reverſt, the Point turn
Next after, on a raw-bon'd Ste
The Conqueror's Standard-bea
And bore aloft before the Cham
A Petticoat diſplay'd, and ran
Near whom the Amazon triun
Beſtrid her beaſt, and on the I
Sate Face to Tail, and Bum t

was both Madam, and a Don,
NERO's SPORUS, or Pope JOAN;
at fit periods the whole rout
their Throats with clamorous Shout.
Knight transported, and the Squire,
p their weapons, and their ire;
HUDIBRAS, who us'd to ponder
uch sights with judicious wonder,
ld hold no longer to impart
Animadversions, for his heart.
quoth he, in all my life till now
e'er saw so prophane a Show;
is a Paganish Invention,
hich Heathen writers often mention:
nd he who made it, had read GOODWIN,
r ROSS, or CÆLIUS RHODOGINE,
With all the Grecian SPEEDS and STOWS,
That best describe those ancient Shows;
And has observ'd all fit Decorums
We find describ'd by old Historians:
For as the Roman Conqueror,
That put an End to foreign War,
Ent'ring the Town in Triumph for it,
r Bore a Slave with him, in his chariot:
So this insulting Female Brave,
Carries behind her here, a Slave:
And as the ancients long ago,
When they in field defy'd the foe,
Hung out their Mantles Della Guerre,
So her proud Standard-bearer here,
Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner,
A Tyrian-Petticoat for Banner.
Next Links, and Torches, heretofore
Still borne before the Emperor.

And

And as, in Antique Triumphs, Eggs
Were borne for myſtical Intregues;
There's one in Truncheon, like a Lad
That carries Eggs too, freſh or addle
And ſtill at random, as he goes,
Among the Rabble-rout beſtows.
Quoth RALPHO, You miſtake the
For all th' Antiquity you ſmatter,
Is but a Riding, us'd of courſe,
When the Grey Mare's the better Ho
When o'er the Breeches greedy Wo
Fight to extend their vaſt Dominion
And in the cauſe impatient Grizel
Has drubb'd her Huſband with Bull's
And brought him under Covert-Bar
To turn her Vaſſal with a Murrain
When Wives their Sexes ſhift like

il, or run away,
Blows give up the day;
er e're th' Assault,
an's Fortune, but his Fault;
Men of Honour less
Adversity of Success:
nto such this shew
d Petticoats is due.
leffer Profanation,
e Romans call'd Ovation:
tion was allow'd
eft purchas'd without blood;
:cree those lesser shows,
y gotten without blows,
f sharp hard Words, which some
le with, and overcome;
ounted in a Chair-Curule,
Moderns call a Cuckling-Stool,
proudly to the River's side,
er the Waves in Triumph ride;
ukes of VENICE, who are said
driatick Sea to wed;
ave a gentler Wife than those
hom the State decrees those Shows.
oth are Heathenish, and come
th' Whores of Babylon, and Rome;
by the Saints should be withstood,
Antichristian and Lewd;
d we, as such, should now contribute
r utmost struglings to prohibite.
This said, they both advanc'd, and rod
Dog-Trot through the bawling crowd,
ttack the Leader, and still prest,
they approach'd him, Breast to Breast:
Then




PART II. CANTO
Rub'd down the Teachers, tir'd a
With holding forth for Parliamen
Pamper'd and edify'd their Zeal
With Marrow Puddings many a
Enabled them, with ſtore of Me
On controverted Points to eat;
And cram'd 'em till their Guts
With Cawdle, Cuſtar
What have they done, or wha
That might advance the Cauſe
March'd Rank and File, with D
T' intrench the City for Defe
Rais'd Rampiers with their o
To put the Enemy to Stand
From Ladies down to Oyſt
Labour'd like Pioneers in
Faln to their Pick-axes, a
And help'd the Men to d
Have not the Handmaids
Choſe of their Members a
For raiſing of a Commo
Out of their Wages to r
And do they not as Tr
To judge what Officers
Have they ----? At t
Hit him directly o'er t
And, running down
With Orange-tawny
But Beard and Slime
The Wound the lef
Then be that on the
Let fly on th' othe
And, quickly char
In RALPHO's Fac
S.
and hand,
ich obtain'd,
s Dev'l's Proce
rofeſſion?
s,
to us.
abylon ride
ſtride,
who either is
this?
Function
n-ſhine?
s of Popery;
s;
ding,
ng.
elſe;
d
rn'd:
dWhiſtles,
dPiſtols:
earts,
s;
rd Shifts
ilfer,

The Knight was ſtartled with the Smell,
And for his Sword began to feel:
And RALPHO, ſmother'd with the Stink,
Graſp'd his; when one that bore a Link,
O' th' ſudden clapp'd his flaming Cudgel,
Like Linſtock, to the Horſe's Touch-hole;
And ſtreight another, with his Flambeaux,
Gave RALPHO's o'er the Eye a damn'd blow.
The Beaſts began to kick, and fling,
And forc'd the rout to make a ring:
Through which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from further fray:
And though diſorder'd in retreat,
Each of them ſtoutly kept his ſeat:
For quitting both their Swords and Reins,
They graſp'd with all their Strength the Mane
And to avoid the Foe's purſuit,
With ſtumping mut their cattle to't.

And doubtleſs have been chew'd with teet
Of ſome that had a ſtinking breath ;
Elſe when we put it to the puſh,
They had not giv'n us ſuch a bruſh :
But as thoſe Pultroons that fling durt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt ;
So all the Honour they have won,
Or we have loſt, is much at one.
'Twas well we made ſo reſolute
A brave retreat, without purſuit ;
For if we had not, we had ſped
Much worſe, to be in Triumph led ;
Than which the Ancients held no ſtate
Of Man's Life more unfortunate.
But if this bold Adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the Widow's Ear,
It may, being deſtin'd to aſſert
Her Sex's Honour, reach her Heart.
And as ſuch homely treats (they ſay)
Portend good Fortune, ſo this may.
u VESPASIAN being dawb'd with durt,
Was deſtin'd to the Empire for't ;
And from a Scavinger did come
To be a mighty Prince in Rome :
And why may not this foul Addreſs
Preſage in Love the ſame ſucceſs ?
Then let us ſtreight, to cleanſe our Wo
Advance in queſt of neareſt Ponds ;
And after (as we firſt deſign'd)
Swear I've perform'd what ſhe enjoin'd.



HUDIB

PART

The ARGUM

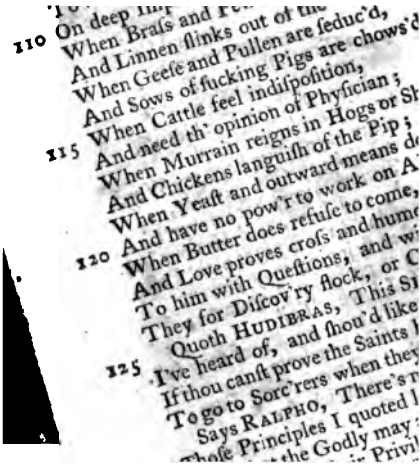
The THIRD C

The Knight, *with var*
To win the Lady *goes i*
Of SIDROPHEL, *the* R

[illegible] rout,
As with a ſingle Hair pull'd out.
Others believe no Voice t' an Organ
So ſweet as Lawyer's in his Bar-gown;
Until with ſubtle Cobweb-cheats,
Th' are catch'd in knotted Law, like Nets:
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir, the more they're tangled;
And while their Purſes can diſpute,
There's no end of th' immortal Suit.
Others ſtill gape t' anticipate
The cabinet-deſigns of Fate;
Apply to Wizards, to foreſee
What ſhall, and what ſhall never be;
And, as thoſe vultures do forebode,
Believe events prove bad or good.
A Flam more ſenſeleſs than the roguery
Of old Aruſpicy and Aug'ry.
[illegible]

(And RALPHO got a cock-horſe too
Upon his Beaſt, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the Widow's houſe,
T' acquit himſelf, and pay his Vows;
When various Thoughts began to buſtle,
And with his inward Man to juſtle.
He thought what Danger might accrue,
If ſhe ſhould find he ſwore untrue:
Or if his Squire, or he ſhould fail,
And not be punctual in their Tale;
It might at once the ruin prove
Both of his Honour, Faith, and Love.
But if he ſhould forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his Vow
And that he durſt not now for ſhame
[illegible] in Court to try his Claim.

hen I ſhall appear in Court,
ad my Cauſe, and anſwer for't,
the Judge do partial prove,
will become of Me and Love?
in our Account we vary,
at in Circumſtance miſcarry;
f ſhe put me to ſtrict Proof,
make me pull my Doublet off,
ſhew, by evident Record
rit on my Skin, I've kept my Word,
ow can I e'er expect to have her,
aving demurr'd unto her Favour?
ut Faith, and Love, and Honour loſt,
ſhall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Poſt.
Beſide, that ſtripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by Argument;
And juſtify I have a Tail,
And that way, too, my Proof may fail.
Oh! that I cou'd enucleate,
And ſolve the Problems of my Fate;
Or find by Necromantick Art,
How far the Deſt'nies take my part;
For if I were not more than certain
To win, and wear her, and her Fortune,
I'd go no farther in this Courtſhip,
To hazard Soul, Eſtate, and Worſhip;
For though an Oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou haſt prov'd) yet 'tis profane,
And ſinful, when men ſwear in vain.
Quoth RALPH, not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning man, hight SIDROPHEL,
That deals in Deſtiny's dark Counſels,
And ſage Opinions of the Moon ſells;

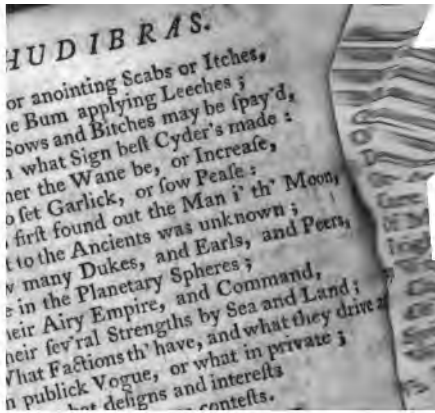


s not he, within a year,
threescore of 'em in one Shire?
mly for not being drown'd,
me for sitting above ground,
e days and nights, upon their breeches,
feeling Pain, were hang'd for Witches.
some for putting Knavish Tricks
Green Geese, and Turky-Chicks,
'igs, that suddenly deceast
griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;
o after prov'd himself a Witch,
d made a rod for his own breech.
d not the Devil appear to MARTIN
UTHER in Germany, for certain:
nd wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,
ut MARTIN was too politick?
Did he not help the x Dutch to purge
At ANTWERP their Cathedral Church?
y Sing catches to the Saints at MASCON,
And tell them all they came to ask him?
z Appear'd in divers shapes to KELLY,
And speak i' th' Nun of LOUDON's belly?
a Meet with the Parliament's Committee,
At WOODSTOCK on a perf'nal treaty?
b At SARUM take a Cavalier
I' th' Cause's service Prisoner:
As WITHERS in immortal rhime
Has registher'd to after-time?
Do not our great Reformers use
This SIDROPHEL to forebode News;
To write of Victories next year,
And Castles taken yet i' th' Air?
Of Battles fought at Sea, and Ships
Sunk two Years hence, the last Eclipse?

A total

The Moon for fundamental Laws;
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat decl
Againſt the Book of Common-Pray'
The Scorpion take the Proteſtation,
And Bear engage for Reformation?
Made all the Royal Stars recant,
Compound and take the Covenant?
Quoth HUDIBRAS, The caſe is cl
The Saints may 'mploy a Conjurer
As thou haſt prov'd it by their Practi
No Argument like Matter of Fact is
And we are beſt of all led to
Men's Principles, by what they do.
Then let us ſtraight advance in queſ
Of this profound Gymnoſophiſt.
And as the Fates, and he adviſe,
Purſue, or wave this Enterprize.

To climb the Wheel, but all in vain;
His own Weight brings him down again;
And ſtill he's in the ſelf-ſame place
Where at his ſetting out he was:
So in the Circle of the Arts,
Did he advance his nat'ral parts;
Till falling back ſtill, for retreat,
He fell to Juggle, Cant, and Cheat:
For as thoſe Fowls that live in Water
Are never wet, he did but ſmatter:
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His Underſtanding ſtill was clear,
Yet none a deeper Knowledge boaſted,
Since old c HOGG BACON, and BOB GROSTED.
Th' Intelligible Word he knew;
And all, men dream on't, to be true;
That in this World there's not a Wart
That has not there a counterpart;
Nor can there on the Face of Ground
An individual Beard be found,
That has not, in that Foreign Nation,
A fellow of the ſelf-ſame Faſhion;
So cut, ſo colour'd, and ſo curl'd,
As thoſe are in th' Inferior World.
H' had read DEE's Prefaces before,
The DEV'L, and EUCLID, o're and o're;
And all the Intrigues 'twixt him and KELLY,
LESCUS and th' EMPEROR wou'd tell ye:
But with the Moon was more familiar
Than e'er was Almanack well-willer;
Her Secrets underſtood ſo clear,
That ſome believ'd he had been there;
Knew when ſhe was in the fitteſt Mood,
For cutting Corns, or letting Blood;


HUDIBRAS.

or anointing Scabs or Itches,
ie Bum applying Leeches;
Sows and Bitches may be spay'd,
n what Sign best Cyder's made:
ner the Wane be, or Increase,
o set Garlick, or sow Pease:
first found out the Man i' th' Moon,
t to the Ancients was unknown;
w many Dukes, and Earls, and Peers,
s in the Planetary Spheres;
heir Airy Empire, and Command,
heir sev'ral Strengths by Sea and Land;
What Factions th' have, and what they drive a
n publick Vogue, or what in private;
hat designs and interests
contests.

ne on purpoſe to be taken,
t th' expence of Cheeſe or Bacon;
ute-ſtrings he would counterfeit
ts that crawl on diſh of Meat:
Moles and Spots on any place
Body, by the Index Face:
loſt Maiden-Heads, by ſneezing,
eaking Wind of Dames, or Piſſing;
Warts and Corns, with application
ſed'cines to th' Imagination;
pt Agues into Dogs, and ſcare
h Rhimes the Tooth-ach and Catarrh:
os evil Spirits away by dint
Cickle, Horſe-ſhoe, Hollow-ſtint;
t Fire out of a Walnut-ſhell,
hich made the Roman Slaves rebel;
nd fire a Mine in China here,
ſith ſympathetic Gun-powder.
e knew whatſ'ever's to be known,
t much more than he knew, would own.
hat Med'cine 'twas that PARACELSUS
uld make a Man with, as he tells us:
hat figur'd Slates are beſt to make
a watry ſurface Duck or Drake;
hat Bowling-ſtones, in running race
on a Board, have ſwifteſt pace;
hether a Pulſe beat in the black
ſt of a dappled Louſe's back:
Syſtole or Diaſtole move
ickeſt when he's in Wrath, or Love;
hen two of them do run a Race,
hether they gallop, trot, or pace:
w many Scores a Flea will jump,
his own Length, from head to rump;

Which



Which * SOCRATES and CHAEREPHON,
In vain, aſſay'd ſo long agon;
Whether his Snout a perfect Noſe is,
And not an Elephant's Proboſcis;
How many diff'rent Speciefes
Of Maggots breed in rotten Cheeſe;
And which are next of kin to thoſe
Engender'd in a Chandler's noſe;
Or thoſe not ſeen, but underſtood,
That live in Vinegar and Wood.
A paultry Wretch he had, half-ſtarv'd
That him in place of Zany ſerv'd,
Hight WHACHUM, bred to daſh and draw,
Not Wine, but more unwholeſome Law;
To make 'twixt Words and Lines huge Ga
Wide as Meridians in Maps;
To ſquander Paper, and ſpare Ink,
Or cheat Men of their Words, ſome think.
From this, by merited degrees,
He'd to more high Advancement riſe;
To be an Under-Conjurer,
Or Journeyman Aſtrologer:
His Buſineſs was to pump and wheedle,
And men with their own Keys unriddle,
To make them to themſelves give Anſwer
For which they pay the Necromancers;
To fetch and carry Intelligence,
Of whom, and what, and where, and when
And all Diſcoveries diſperſe
Among th' whole Pack of Conjurers;
What Cut-purſes have left with them,
For the right Owners to redeem:
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themſelves, and th' Art repute;



Draw Figures, Schemes, and Horoſcop
Of Newgate, Bridewell, Brokers ſhops,
Of Thieves aſcendant in the Cart;
And find out all by rules of Art:
Which way a Serving-man, that's run
With Cloaths or Money away, is gone
Who pick'd a Fob at Holding-forth,
And where a Watch, for half the worth
May be redeem'd; or ſtolen Plate
Reſtor'd at conſcionable rate.
Beſide, all this, he ſerv'd his Maſter
In quality of Poetaſter:
And Rhimes appropriate could make
To ev'ry Month i' th' Almanack;
When Terms begin and end could tell,
With their Returns in Doggerel:
When the Exchequer opes and ſhuts,
And Sowgelder with ſafety cuts;
When Men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will;
When uſe, and when abſtain from Vice
Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.
And as in Priſon mean Rogues beat
Hemp, for the Service of the Great;
So WHACHUM beats his dirty Brains,
T' advance his Maſter's Fame and Gain
And, like the Devil's oracles,
Put into Dogg'rel Rhimes his Spells,
Which, over ev'ry Month's blank page
I' th' Almanack, ſtrange Bilks preſage.
He would an Elegy compoſe
On Maggots ſqueez'd out of his Noſe;
In Lyrick Numbers write an Ode on
His Miſtreſs, eating a Black-puddin:



I have been the Name of such a one
Those two together long had liv'd,
In Mansion prudently contriv'd;
Where neither Tree nor House could
The free Detection of a Star;
And nigh an ancient Obelisk
Was rais'd by him, found out by F
On which was written not in Words,
But Hieroglyphic mute of Birds,
Many rare pithy Saws concerning
The Worth of Astrologic Learning
From top of this there hung a Rope,
To which he fasten'd Telescope;
The Spectacles with which the Stars
He reads in smallest Characters.
It happen'd as a Boy, one Night,
Did fly his Tarsel of a Kite;

ıg-wing'd Hawk that flies,
d of Paradiſe,
ırtlet, has no Legs,
ıng ones, nor lays Eggs;
ſix yards long, Milk-white,
which, there hung a Light,
nthorn made of Paper,
ıke a ſtar did appear.
HEL by chance eſpy'd,
ıazement ſtaring wide,
ıoth he, what dreadful Wonder,
ears in Heaven yonder?
and without a Beard!
ıt ne'er before appear'd?
'tis not in the Scrowl
e Beaſts, and Fiſh, and Fowl,
ch, like Indian Plantations,
ıed ſtock the Conſtellations;
: that drawn for ſigns have bin,
louſes where the Planets inn.
be ſupernatural,
; it be that Cannon-ball
ſhot i' th' Air point-blank upright,
ɔrne to that prodigious height,
earn'd Philoſophers maintain,
r came backwards down again;
in the Airy Region yet,
gs like the Body of MAHOMET:
f it be above the ſhade,
t by the Earth's round bulk is made,
; probable it may from far
pear no Bullet, but a Star.
This ſaid, he to his Engine flew,
uc'd near at hand, in open View,

And rais'd it 'till it levell'd right
Againſt the Glow-worm Tail of
Then peeping thro', Bleſs us! (
It is a Planet now I ſee;
And, if I err not, by his prope
Figure, that's like Tobacco-ſto
It ſhould be Saturn: yes, 'tis cl
'Tis Saturn, but what makes hir
He's got between the Dragon's
And farther Leg behind o' th' W
Pray Heav'n divert the fatal On
For 'tis a Prodigy not common
And can no leſs than the Work
Or Nature's Funeral portend.
With that he fell again to pry,
Thro' Perſpective more wiſtfully
When by Miſchance the fatal S
That kept the tow'ring Fowl on
Breaking, down fell the Star:



Feat fell out, not long before
night, upon the forenam'd ſcore,
ſt of SIDROPHEL advancing,
ow in proſpect of the Manſion:
n he diſcov'ring, turn'd his Glaſs,
found far off, 'twas HUDIBRAS.
HACHUM (quoth he) look yonder, ſome
ry, or uſe our art, are come:
one's the learned Knight; ſeek out,
d pump 'em what they come about.
HACHUM advanc'd, with all Submiſſ'neſs
accoſt 'em, but much more their Bus'neſs t
e held a Stirrup while the Knight
rom Leathern Bare-bones did alight;
nd taking from his hand the bridle,
pproach'd the dark Squire to unriddle:
le gave him firſt the Time o' th' Day,
And welcom'd him, as he might ſay:
He aſk'd him whence he came, and whither
Their Bus'neſs lay? Quoth RALPHO, hither.
Did you not loſe?---Quoth RALPHO, nay;
Quoth WHACHUM, Sir, I meant your Way!
Your Knight---Quoth RALPHO, is a Lover
And Pains intolerable doth ſuffer:
For Lovers Hearts are not their own Hearts
Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and ſo forth downward
What Time?--Quoth RALPHO, Sir, too lor
Three years it off and on has hung----
Quoth he, I meant what Time o'the Day
Quoth RALPHO, between ſeven and eight
Why then (quoth WHACHUM) my ſmall
Tells me, the Dame has a hard Heart;
Or great Eſtate---Quoth RALPH, a Joint
Which makes him have ſo hot a Mind

Mean while the Knight was making Water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the Wizard ſteps in,
To give him ſuitable Reception;
But kept his Buſ'neſs at a Bay,
Till WHACHUM put him in the Way;
Who having now, by RALPHO's Light,
Expounded th' Errand of the Knight;
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whiſper in the Conj'rer's ear,
Which he prevented thus: What was't,
Quoth he, that I was ſaying laſt,
Before theſe Gentlemen arriv'd?
Quoth WHACHUM, Venus you retriev'd,
In oppoſition with Mars,
And no benigne friendly Stars

I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you ſpake your Buſ'neſs too.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, make that appear,
And I ſhall credit whatſoe'er
You tell me after, on your Word,
Howe'er unlikely, or abſurd.
You are in Love, Sir, with a Widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three years has rid your Wit
And Paſſion, without drawing Bit:
And now your Buſ'neſs is to know
If you ſhall carry her or no.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, You're in the right,
But how the Devil you come by't,
I can't imagine; for the Stars,
I'm ſure, can tell no more than a Horſe;
Nor can their Aſpects (though you pore
Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' Oracle of Sieve and Sheers;
That turns as certain as the Spheres:
But if the Devil's of your Counſel,
Much may be done, my noble Don:el;
And 'tis on his account I come,
To know from you my fatal Doom.
Quoth SIDROPHEL, if you ſuppoſe,
Sir Knight, that I am one of thoſe,
I might ſuſpect, and take the Alarm,
Your Buſ'neſs is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong Sow by the Ear;
For I aſſure you, for my Part,
I only deal by Rules of Art;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Concluſions of Aſtrology:

But only Cant,
Quoth he, Whatever others Seem
I underſtand your Metonymy:
Your Words of ſecond-hand Intent.
When Things by wrongful Names you
The myſtick Senſe of all your Term
That are, indeed, but Magick Char
To raiſe the Devil, and mean one t
And that is down-right Conjuring
And in itſelf more warrantable,
Than Cheat, or Canting to a Rabb
Or putting Tricks upon the Moon,
Which by Confed'racy are done.
Your ancient Conjurers were wont
To make her from her Sphere diſm
And to their Incantations ſtoop,
They ſcorn'd to pore thro' Teleſco
Or idly play at Bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy, or fair weathe
Which ev'ry Almanack can tell
Perhaps, as learnedly, and well

Others, with Characters and Words,
Catch 'em, as Men in Nets do Birds;
And ſome with Symbols, Signs, and Tricks
Engrav'd with Planetary Nicks,
With their own Influences will fetch 'em
Down from their Orbs, arreſt, and catch 'em
Make 'em depoſe and anſwer to
All Queſtions, e're they let them go.
[h] BUMBASTUS kept a Devil's Bird
Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,
That taught him all the cunning pranks,
Of paſt and future Mountebanks.
KELLY did all his Feats upon
The Devil's Looking-glaſs, a Stone;
Where playing with him at Bo-Peep,
He ſolv'd all Problems ne'er ſo deep.

All that they do, and all they a
Quoth HUDIBRAS, alas! what
Whether 'twas ſaid by TRISMEG
If it be Nonſenſe, falſe, or myſt
Or not intelligible, or ſophiſtick
'Tis not Antiquity, nor Author,
That makes Truth Truth, al
'Twas he that put her in the Pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it:
And as he eats his Sons, juſt ſo
He feeds upon his Daughters to
Nor does it follow, 'cauſe a Her
Can make a Gentleman, ſcarce a
To be deſcended of a Race,
Of ancient Kings, in a ſmall ſp
That we ſhould all Opinions hol
Authentic, that we can make o
Quoth SIDROPHEL. It is no t

Of ſtrange turns, in the World's affairs
Foreſeen b' Aſtrologers, Soothſayers,
Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacks,
And ſome that have writ Almanacks?
[l] The MEDIAN Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter
Had piſt all ASIA under Water,
And that a Vine, ſprung from her Haunches,
O'erſpread his Empire with its branches:
And did not Soothſayers expound it,
As after by th' Event he found it?
[m] When CÆSAR in the Senate fell,
Did not the Sun eclips'd foretel,
And, in Reſentment of his Slaughter,
Look'd pale for almoſt a year after?
[n] AUGUSTUS, having b' Overſight
Put on his left Shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been ſlain that Day,
By Soldiers mutin'ing for Pay.
Are there not Myriads of this ſort,
Which Stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all Countries,
When Crows and Ravens croak upon trees?
[o] The Roman Senate, when within
The City Walls an Owl was ſeen,
Did cauſe their Clergy, with Luſtrations,
(Our Synod calls Humiliations)
The round-fac'd Prodigy t'avert
From doing Town or Country hurt:
And if an Owl have ſo much pow'r,
Why ſhould not Planets have much more?
That in a Region far above
Inferior Fowls of the Air move,
And ſhould ſee further, and foreknow
More than their Augury below?

Though

Can ſpeak th [illegible]
Have we not lately, in the [illegible]
Found a New World, to the Old unknown
Diſcover'd Sea and Land, COLUMBUS
And MAGELLAN cou'd never compaſs?
Made Mountains with our Tubes appear,
And Cattle grazing on 'em there?
Quoth HUDIBRAS, You lie ſo ope,
That I, without a Teleſcope,
Can find your Tricks out, and deſcry
Where you teli Truth, and where you Ly
For P ANAXAGORAS, long agon,
Saw Hills, as well as you, i' th' Moon:
And held the Sun was but a piece
Of Red-hot Iron, as big as Greece;
Believ'd the Heav'ns were made of Stone,
Becauſe the Sun had voided one:
And rather than he would recant
[illegible]'d Baniſhment.

What Science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What Revelations, or Religions,
That are not in our native Regions?
Are sweating Lanthorns, or Screen-Fans,
Made better there, than th'are in France?
Or do they teach to sing and play
Th' Gitter there a newer way?
Can they make Plays there, that shall fit
The publick Humour, with less Wit?
Write witty Dances, quainter Shows,
Or fight with more ingenious Blows?
Or does the Man i'th' Moon look big,
And wear a huger Perriwig,
New in his Gate, or Face, more Tricks
Than our own Native Lunaticks?
But if w' out-do him here at Home,
What Good of your Design can come?
Is Wind i'th' Hypocondries pent,
Or hurt'n Blast if downward sent;
But if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new Light and Prophecy:
So when your Speculations tend
Above their just and useful End,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle Dreams and Fancies,
And favour strongly of the Ganzas.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral Cause,
Why on a Sign no Painter draws
The Full-Moon ever, but the Half;
Resolve that with your JACOB's Staff;
Or why Wolves raise a Hubbub at her,
And Dogs howl when she shines in Water

A



And I ſhall freely give my Vote,
You may know ſomething more remote?
At this deep SIDROPHEL look'd wiſe,
And ſtaring round with Owl-like eyes,
He put his Face into a Poſture
Of Sapience, and began to bluſter:
For having three Times ſhook his Head
To ſtir his Wit up, thus he ſaid:
Art has no mortal Enemies
Next Ignorance, but Owls and Geeſe;
Thoſe conſecrated Geeſe in Orders,
That to the Capitol were Warders:
And being then upon Patrol,
With Noiſe alone beat off the Gaul:
Or thoſe Athenian Sceptick Owls,
That will not credit their own Souls;
Or any Science underſtand,
Beyond the Reach of Eye or Hand:
But meas'ring all Things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:
Thoſe Whole-ſale Criticks, that in Coffee
Houſes cry down all Philoſophy,
And will not know upon what Ground
In Nature, we our Doctrine found,
Altho' with pregnant Evidence
We can demonſtrate it to Senſe,
As I juſt now have done to you
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the Stars only made to light
Robbers and Burglarers by Night?
To wait on Drunkards, Thieves, Gold finders
And Lovers ſolacing behind doors,
Or giving one another Pledges
Of Matrimony under Hedges?

pling, and on Gibbets
Malefactors Snippets?
llory Tips of Ears
its, and Perjurers?
by, and look on,
what is said, or done?
nſtellation there,
ot born, and bred up here?
ore cannot be to learn
rior Concern.
not, during all their Lives,
m Pyrates, Whores and Thieves,
like they have not ſtill
old Practices ſome Skill?
Planet that by Birth
derive its Houſe from Earth?
refore probably muſt know
s, and hath been done below:
ade the Balance, or whence came
ull, the Lion, and the Ram?
ot we here the Argo rig,
BERENICE's Periwig?
Liv'ry does the Coachman wear?
ho made Caſſiopeia's chair?
therefore, as they came from hence,
h us may hold Intelligence.
TO deny'd, the World can be
vern'd without Geometree,
or Money b'ing the common Scale
Things by Meaſure, Weight, and Tale;
all th' affairs of Church and State,
Tis both the Balance and the Weight:)
much leſs can it be without
logy made out;

Than any that the Learned
Upon this Subject to produce
And yet th' are far from ſatis
T' eſtabliſh, and keep up yo
q Th' Egyptians ſay, the Su
Shifted his Setting, and his
Twice has he riſen in the V
As many times ſet in the E
But whether that be true, o
The Dev'l any of you know
r Some hold the Heavens, li
And kept by Circulation up
And, were't not for their
They'd inſtantly fall to the
As ſage EMPEDOCLES of ol
And from him Modern A
s PLATO believ'd the Sun
Below all other Planets ru

d mighty Empires up and down:
, others ſay muſt needs be falſe,
e you true Bears have no Tails.
ay the Zodiack Conſtellations
ong ſince chang'd their antique Stations
a Sign, and prove the ſame
urus now, once in the Ram:
1 the Trigons chop'd and chang'd,
Vatry with the Fiery rang'd:
how can their Effects ſtill hold
the ſame they were of old?
though the Art were true, would make
10dern Soothſayers miſtake:
n one Cauſe they tell more Lies,
ures and Nativities,
th' old w Chaldean Conjurers,
nany hundred thouſand years;

And made the Infant-Stars con
Like Fools or Children, what
Some calculate the hidden Fate
Of Monkeys, Puppy-Dogs, a
Some Running-Nags, and Fig
Some Love, Trade, Law-Suit
Some take a Meaſure of the L
Of Fathers, Mothers, Huſbar
Make Oppoſition, Trine and
Tell who is Barren, and who
As if the Planet's firſt Aſpect
The tender Infant did infect
In Soul and Body, and inſtill
All future Good, and future
Which, in their dark Fataliti
At deſtin'd Periods fall a wor
And break out, like the hidd

and Juſtice, Fool and Knave,
Officer, and a Slave;
Lawyer, and a Pick-pocket,
Philoſopher, and a Block-head;
al Preacher, and a Player,
d Phyſician, and Manſlayer.
Men from the Stars did ſuck
ge, Diſeaſes, and Ill-luck,
Folly, Honour, Virtue, Vice,
; Travel, Women, Claps, and Dice;
drew, with the firſt Air they breathe,
e, and Murder, ſudden Death.
not theſe fine Commodities,
be imported from the Skies,
d vended here amongſt the Rabble,
: ſtaple Goods and warrantable?
.ike Money by the Druids borrow'd,
th' other World to be reſtor'd?
Quoth SIDROPHEL, to let you know
'ou wrong the Art, and Artiſts too,
ince Arguments are loſt on thoſe
That do our Principles oppoſe;
I will (although I've done 't before)
Demonſtrate to your Senſe once more,
And draw a Figure that ſhall tell you,
What you perhaps forget beſel you,
By way of Horary Inſpection,
Which firſt account our worſt Erection.
With that he Circles draws, and Squares,
With Cyphers, Aſtral Characters:
Then looks 'em o'er to underſtand 'em,
Although ſet down Hab-nab, at random.
o Although this Scheme of th' Heavens ſet,
Fight you met

And handled you like a rop
Quoth HUDIBRAS, I now
You are no Conj'rer, by yo
That y Paultry Story is unti
And forg'd to cheat ſuch G
Not true? quoth he, How
I can what I affirm, make:
WHACHUM ſhall juſtify't t'
And prove he was upon the
He play'd the Saltinbanche
Transform'd t' a Frenchm
He ſtole your Cloak, and p
Chows'd and caldes'd ye l
And what you loſt I can
If you deny it, here i' th'
Quoth HUDIBRAS, I d
That Argument's demon
[illegible] bear Witneſs.

he long has vapour'd of,
hall make it out by Proof.
SIDROPHEL, I do not doubt
'riends that will bear me out:
I hazarded my Art,
k, ſo long on the State's Part,
poſe'd i' th' end to ſuffer
Braggadocio Huffer.
, quoth HUDIBRAS, this Sword
m thy falſe Throat cram that Word.
, make Haſte, and call an Officer,
ehend this Stygian Sophiſter:
ile I'll hold 'em at a Bay,
nd WHACHUM run away.
DROPHEL, who, from the Aſpect
IBRAS, did now erect
e worſe portenting far,
at of a malignant Star,
it now the fitteſt moment,
the Danger that might come on't,
HUDIBRAS was all alone,
and WHACHUM, two to one:
ing reſolv'd, he ſpy'd by chance
the Door an Iron Lance,
any a ſturdy Limb had gor'd,
gs, and Loins, and Shoulders bor'd;
ch'd it up, and made a Paſs,
te his way through HUDIBRAS.
HUM had got a Fire-Fork,
hich he vow'd to do his Work.
IBRAS was well prepar'd,
outly ſtood upon his Guard:
by SIDROPHELLO's Thruſt,
right manfully he ruſht;

The

WHACHUM his Sea-Coal From ...
And baſely turn'd his back to fly;
But HUDIBRAS gave him a Twitch
As quick as Light'ning in the Breech;
Juſt in the Place where Honour's lodg'd,
As wiſe Philoſophers have judg'd,
Becauſe a Kick, in that place, more
Hurts Honour, than deep Wounds before.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, the Stars determine
You are my Priſoners, baſe Vermine:
Could they not tell you ſo, as well
As what I came to know, foretell?
By this what Cheats you are we find,
That in your own Concerns are blind;
Your Lives are now at my Diſpoſe,
To be redeem'd by Fine or Blows:
But who his Honour wou'd defile,
To take, or ſell, two Lives ſo vile?
I'll give you Quarter; but your Pillage,
The conqu'ring Warrior's Crop and Tillage
... beards and plows



A Moon Dial, with Napier's Bones,
And ſev'ral Conſtellation Stones,
Engrav'd in Planetary Hours,
That over Mortals had ſtrange Powers
To make 'em thrive in Law or Trade,
And Stab or Poiſon to evade;
In Wit or Wiſdom to improve,
And be victorious in Love.
WHACHUM had neither Croſs nor Pile,
His Plunder was not worth the while;
All which the Conqu'ror did diſcompt,
To pay for curing of his Rump.



The Weapon from his Gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
WHACHUM his Sea-Coal Prong threw by,
And baſely turn'd his back to fly;
But HUDIBRAS gave him a Twitch
As quick as Light'ning in the Breech;
Juſt in the Place where Honour's lodg'd,
As wiſe Philoſophers have judg'd,
Becauſe a Kick, in that place, more
Hurts Honour, than deep Wounds before.
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By this what Cheats you are we find,
That in your own Concerns are blind;
Your Lives are now at my Diſpoſe,
To be redeem'd by Fine or Blows:
But who his Honour wou'd defile,
To take, or ſell, two Lives ſo vile?



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d ſev'ral Conſtellation Stones,
grav'd in Planetary Hours,
at over Mortals had ſtrange Powers
o make 'em thrive in Law or Trade,
nd Stab or Poiſon to evade;
Wit or Wiſdom to improve,
nd be victorious in Love.
VHACHUM had neither Croſs nor Pile,
His Plunder was not worth the while;
All which the Conqu'ror did diſcompt,
To pay for curing of his Rump.
But SIDROPHEL, as full of Tricks
As Rota-men of Politicks,
Streight caſt about to over-reach
Th' unwary Conqu'ror with a fetch,
And make him glad (at leaſt) to quit
His Victory, and fly the Pit,
Before the ſecular Prince of Darkneſs
Arriv'd to ſeize upon his Carcaſs:
And as a Fox with hot purſuit,
Chac'd thro' a Warren, caſts about
To ſave his Credit, and among
Dead Vermin on a Gallows hung:
[illegible] Dogs run underneath,
Eſcap'd (by counterfeiting Death)
Nor out of Cunning; but a Train
Of Atoms jumbling in his Brain,
Learn'd Philoſophers give out:
SIDROPHEL [illegible] caſt about,
[illegible] fell to [illegible] Trade again,
[illegible] in earneſt ſlain:
[illegible] one Leg, then anoth
[illegible] his Breath to ſmothe

And WHACHUM by
Had croſs-examin'd
And plunder'd all w
Look, there he is,
And feel the Place
And there lies WHA
Stone dead, and in
Oh! Oh! with tha
And fell again into
Shut both his Eyes,
And, to the Life,
That HUDIBRAS,
Believ'd him to be
He held it now no
To tarry the retur
But rather leave hi
Thought he, he h

For all which Scandals, to be quit
At once, this Juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my fury, if he dare:
He muſt at leaſt hold up his Hand,
By twelve Freeholders to be ſcann'd;
Who, by their Skill in Palmiſtry,
Will quickly read his Deſtiny;
And make him glad to read his Leſſon,
Or take a Turn for it at the Seſſion:
Unleſs his Light and Gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm ſure;
For, if he 'ſcape with Whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do:
And that will diſengage my Conſcience
Of th' Obligation, in his own Senſe:
I'll make him now by Force abide
What he by gentle Means deny'd,
To give my Honour Satisfaction,
And right the Brethren in the Action.
This being reſolv'd, with equal Speed
And Conduct he approach'd his Steed,
And with Activity unwont,
Aſſay'd the lofty Beaſt to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he ſpurr'd his Palfry,
To get from th' Enemy, and RALPH, free:
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,
And beat, at leaſt three Lengths, the Wind.

THE

And yet th' are far from Mistak
T' eſtabliſh, and keep up your
[q] Th' Egyptians ſay, the Sun h
Shifted his Setting, and his Ri
Twice has he riſen in the Weſt
As many times ſet in the Eaſt
But whether that be true, or no
The Dev'l any of you know.
[r] Some hold the Heavens, like
And kept by Circulation up ;
And, were't not for their whe
They'd inſtantly fall to the Gr
As ſage EMPEDOCLES of old,
And from him Modern Authc
[s] PLATO believ'd the Sun and
Below all other Planets run.
Some MERCURY, ſome VEN
Above the Sun himſelf in hei



ing ſuch Stories upon them, as this upon Saint
ia.

g *This made the beauteous Queen,* &c.] The Hiſ-
f Paſiphae is common enough; only this may be ob-
, That tho' ſhe brought the Bull a Son and Heir,
e Husband was fain to father it; as appears by the
, perhaps becauſe, the Country being an Iſland, he
within the four Seas when the Infant was begot-

. 8 *As your own Secretary,* &c.] *Albertus Magnus*
Swediſh Biſhop, who wrote a very learned Work,
cretis Mulierum.

o *Unleſs it be to* h *ſquint,* &c.] *Pliny* in his *Natural*
y affirms, that *Uni animalium homini oculi depravan-*
unde Cognomina Strabonum & Paetorum. Lib. 2.

a *As Friar* i Bacon's *Noddle was,* &c.] The Tra-
i of Friar *Bacon* and the Brazen-Head, is very com-
y known; and, conſidering the Times he liv'd in,
: much more ſtrange that what another great Philo-
r of his Name has delivered up of a Ring, that being
a a String, and held like a Pendulum in the middle
ilver Bowl, will vibrate of itſelf, and tell exactly,
t the ſides of the Divining Cup, the ſame thing with,
ia, Time was, &c.

g k *America's Indians,* among whom (the ſame
ors affirm) there are others, whoſe Sculls are ſo ſoft,
: their own Words, *Ut Digito perforari poſſint.*

6 *Or* l *Oracle,* &c.] *Jupiter's* Oracle in *Epirus,*
the City of *Dodona, Ubi Nemus erat Jovi ſacrum,*
unum ipſum, in quo Jovis Dodonaei templum fuiſſe
tur.

g l *Semiramis,* Queen of *Aſſyria,* is ſaid to be the
that invented *Eunuchs. Semiramis teneros mares*
vis omnium prima. Am. Marcel. L. 34. p. 12.
h is ſomething ſtrange in a Lady of her Conſtitution,
s ſaid to have receiv'd Horſes into her Embraces (as
r Queen did a Bull) but that perhaps may be



IBRAS.

ter thought Men not worth th

ilosophers, &c.] Sir K. D. in h

o has this Story of the *Germa*

s to make good, by several natu

those who have the Dexterity to

ase, may be fully satisfied of the

an Emp'ror, &c.] *Xerxes*, who co'

d Wind. *In Corum atque Eurum*

Juv. Sat. 10.

ES *to Part* II. *Canto* II.

th' ancient Stoicks, &c.] *In Porticu (Stoa*

Athenis) Discipulorum seditionibus mille

triginta Cives interfecti

mis, p. 383. Those old

ts in those Exercises, than M

higher than Cuffing and Kicking.

Bonum is such a kind of Anima

s from *Don Quixote* will have

o be. The same Authors are of

are Fishes while they are afloat

un on Ground, or laid up in the Dock, because

n.

413 p *In a Town*, &c.] The History of the Cobler

en attested by Persons of good Credit,

e Place when it was done.

548 q *Have been exchang'd*, &c.] The Knight

kept Prisoner in *Exeter*, and after several Exchanges

pos'd, but none accepted of, was at last ransom

a Barrel of Ale, as he often us'd upon all Occasions

declare.

678 r *Bore a Slave* with him as his chattel, h

'cendum eſſet, ſupra prætorium poni, quaſi ad-
' indicium futuræ pugnæ. Lipſius in Tacit.

Next Links, &c.] That the *Roman* Emperors
: to have Torches before them (by Day) in
ppears by *Herodian in Pertinace. Lipſ. in Tacit.*

'eſpaſian being dawb'd, &c.] C. Cæſar *ſuccen-*
er curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, Luto
i, congeſto per milites in prætextæ ſinum. Sueton.
C. 5.

TES *to Part* II. *Canto* III.

w Ledger, &c.] The Witch-finder in *Suffolk,*
Presbyterian Times had a Commiſſion to diſco-
es, of whom (right or wrong) he caus'd 60 to
within the Compaſs of one Year; and among
e old Miniſter, who had been a painful Preacher
Years.
d he was hole the x Dutch &c.] In the Re-



Dog from the Aſperſion; in which he has ſhewn a great Reſpect and Kindneſs for them both.

679 *As* [k] Averrhois. *&c.*] Averrhois *Aſtrom propter Excentricos contempſit.* Phil. Melanct. in Phil. *p.* 781.

691 [l] *The* Median *Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter*, *Aſtyages*, King of *Media*, had this Dream of his Dau *Mandane*, and the Interpretation from the *Magi*; w fore he married her to a *Perſian* of a mean Qualit whom ſhe had *Cyrus*, who conquer'd all *Aſia*, and ſlated the Empire from the *Medes* to the *Perſians.* rodot. *l.* 1.

697 [m] *When* Cæſar, *&c.*] *Fiunt aliquando prodigi longiores Solis Defectus, quales occiſo Cæſare Dictat Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Pallore continuo.* Plin.

701 [n] Auguſtus, *having*, *&c.*] *Divus Auguſtus l. ſibi prodidit calceum præpoſtere indutum, qua die ſed Militum prope afflictus eſt.* Idem *l.* 2.

709 [o] *The* Roman Senate, *&c.*] *Romani L.* (*& C. Mario Coſſ. Bubone viſo orbem luſtrabant.*

737 *For* [p] Anaxagoras, *&c.*] Anaxagoras *affirm Solem candens Ferrum eſſe, & Peloponneſo majorem : nam Habitacula in ſe habere, & Colles, & Valles.* F *dixiſſe Cœlum omne ex Lapidibus eſſe compoſitum; Da tus & in exilium pulſus eſt, quod impie Solem cand luminam eſſe dixiſſet*, Diog. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11,

865 [q] *Th'* Egyptians *ſay*, &c.] *Egyptii decem a Annorum & amplius recenſent; & obſervatum eſt in tanto Spatio, bis mutata eſſe Loca Ortuum & Occaſuum lis, ita ut Sol bis ortus ſit ubi nunc occidit, & bis deſcen ubi nunc oritur.* Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. Pag. 60.

871 [r] *Some hold the Heavens*, &c.] *Cauſa quare lum non cadit (ſecundum Empedoclem) eſt velocitas ſu tus.* Comment. in L. 2. Ariſtot. de Cœlo.

877 [s] Plato *believ'd*, &c.] *Plato Solem & La ceteris Planetis inferiores eſſe putavit.* G. Gunnin in L. 1. p. 11.



ne Leap of a Flea, from the one's Beard to the

e *Was rais'd by him*, &c.] This *Fisk* was a mous Aſtrologer, who flouriſh'd about the Time *tile*, and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben. on.*

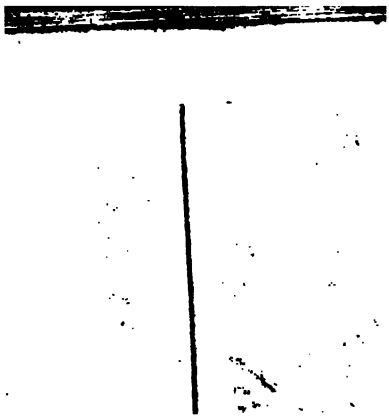
6 e *Unleſs it be*, &c.] This Experiment was try'd me Foreign *Virtuoſo*'s, who planted a Piece of Ord- e point-blank againſt the *Zenith*, and having fir'd he Bullet never rebounded back again; which made n all conclude that it ſticks in the Mark: but *Des tes* was of Opinion, that it does but hang in the r.

477 f *As lately 'twas*, &c.] This *Sedgwick* had many erſons (and ſome of Quality) that believ'd in him, and repar'd to keep the Day of Judgment with him, but were diſappointed; for which the falſe Prophet was afterwards call'd by the Name of *Doomſday Sedgwick*.

609 g *Your modern* Indian, &c.] This compendious new Way of Magick is affirm'd by Monſieur *Le Blanc* (in his Travels) to be us'd in the *Eaſt-Indies*.

627 h Bumbaſtus *kept*, &c.] *Paracelſus* is ſaid to have kept a ſmall Devil Priſoner in the Pummel of his Sword, which was the Reaſon, perhaps, why he was ſo valiant in his Drink: Howſoever, it was to better Purpoſe than *Hannibal* carried Poiſon in his, to diſpatch himſelf, if he ſhould happen to be ſurprized in any great Extremity; for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better, and more Soldier like. And it was below the Honour of ſo great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

635 i Agrippa *kept*, &c.] *Cornelius Agrippa* had a Dog that was ſuſpected to be a Spirit, for ſome Tricks he was wont to do, beyond the Capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of Pains to vindicate both the Doctor and th



An Heroical

ISTLE

OF

RAS to SIDROPHEL.

e iterum Criſpinus ——

LL! SIDROPHEL, though 'tis in vain
'o tamper with your crazy Brain,
Without trepanning of your Skull,
is the Moon's at Full:
miſs, e're y' are giv'n o'er,
e deſp'rate Med'cine more:
your Caſe can be no worſe,
rat 'ſt is the wiſeſt Courſe.
e that you, whoſe Ears
e tribe of Iſſachar's,
it (with equal reaſon) either
, or Extent of Leather,
LLIAM PRYN's, before they were
d, and crucify'd, compare,
t be deaf againſt a noiſe
as the publick Voice?
ks your Virtues free, and loud,
ly in ev'ry Crowd,
is one that ſings his Part
eel-Barrow, or Turnip-Cart,

Or

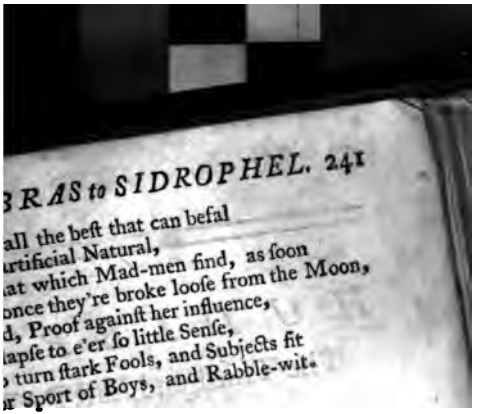
Or your new nick-nam'd old Invention
To cry Green-Haſtings with an Engine;
(As if the Vehemence had ſtunn'd,
And torn your Drum-Heads with the Sound)
And 'cauſe your Folly's now no News,
But overgrown, and out of uſe,
Perſuade yourſelf there's no ſuch matter,
But that 'tis vaniſh'd out of nature;
When Folly, as it grows in Years,
The more extravagant appears;
For who but you could be poſſeſt
With ſo much Ignorance, and Beaſt,
That neither all Men's Scorn, and Hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd ſo often in a mortar,
Can teach you wholeſome Senſe, and Nurture;
But (like a Reprobate) what courſe
Soever's us'd, grow worſe and worſe?



But ſtill it muſt be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due Puniſhment;
And, like your whimſy'd Chariots, draw
The boys to courſe you without Law;
As if the Art you have ſo long
Profeſs'd, of making old Dogs young,
In you, had Virtue to renew
Not only Youth, but Childhood too.
Can you, that underſtand all Books,
By judging only with your looks,
Reſolve all Problems with your Face,
As others do with B's and A's;
Unriddle all that mankind knows
With ſolid bending of your Brows;
All Arts and Sciences advance,
With ſcrewing of your Countenance,
And, with a penetrating Eye,
Into th' abſtruſeſt Learning pry;
Know more of any Trade b' a hint,
Than thoſe that have been bred up in't;
And yet have no Art, true or falſe,
To help your own bad Naturals?
But ſtill, the more you ſtrive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder:
For Fools are known by looking wiſe
As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cauſe y' have gain'd o' th' College
A quarter Share (at moſt) of Knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent Repute,
Y' aſſume a Pow'r as abſolute
To judge, and cenſure, and controul,
As if you were the ſole Sir Poll;
And ſaucily pretend to know
More than your Dividend comes to:

You'll

You'll find the thing will not be done
With Ignorance and Face alone:
No, though y' have purchas'd to your Name
In Hiſtory, ſo great a Fame;
That now your Talent's ſo well known,
For having all Belief out-grown,
That ev'ry ſtrange prodigious Tale
Is meaſur'd by your German Scale ----
By which the Virtuoſi try
The Magnitude of ev'ry Lye,
Caſt up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'ſt to your account.
That all thoſe Stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and thoſe made,
Are now ſtill charg'd upon your Score,
And leſſer Authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that Faculty betrays
Thoſe ſooneſt, it deſigns to raiſe;


3 RAS to SIDROPHEL. 241
all the beſt that can befal
rtificial Natural,
at which Mad-men find, as ſoon
once they're broke looſe from the Moon,
d, Proof againſt her influence,
apſe to e'er ſo little Senſe,
turn ſtark Fools, and Subjects fit
r Sport of Boys, and Rabble-wit.

The Third and Laſt P

The ARGUMEN

THE FIRST *CA*

The Knight and Squire reſol
The one the other to renounce,
They both approach the Lad
The Squire t' inform, the Kni
She treats them with a Maſq
By Furies and Hobgoblins m
From which the Squire conve
And ſteals him, from himſel

's brave and reſolute,
render in his Suit,
Flames and Raptures double,
, or drowns, with half the trouble;
e who fillily purſue
', downright Way and true,
nlucky Applications,
igainſt the Stream, their Paſſions t
: their Miſtreſſes of Stars;
the Ladies prove averſe,
re untoward to be won,
CALIGULA the Moon,
ion the Stars for doing
to croſs their wooing;
by themſelves they're hindred,
g thoſe they made her Kindred;
the harſher and hide-bounder
èls prove, become the fonder.
nad Lover ever dy'd,
ſoft and gentle Bride;
ady tender-hearted,
Streams, or Hemp departed?
idlong int' Elyſium,
h' Windows of a dazzling Room?
me croſs ill-natur'd Dame,
ous Fly burnt in his Flame.
e Knight could be no News,
Mankind ſo much in uſe;
efore took the wiſer courſe,
the moſt of his Amours,
o try all ſorts of ways,
s in due time and place.
ier was the bloody Fight,
he Wizard and the Knight,

With all th' Appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a Lover:
As he was always wont to do,
When h' had diſcomfited a Foe;
And us'd the only Antique [b] Philters,
Deriv'd from old Heroic Tilters.
But now triumphant, and victorious,
He held th' Atchievement was too gl
For ſuch a Conqueror to meddle
With Petty Conſtable, or Beadle:
Or fly for Refuge to the Hoſteſs
Of th' Inns of Court and Chancery,
Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cat
To th' [c] Ordeal Trial of the Laws;
Where none eſcape, but ſuch as brand
With red-hot Irons have paſt bare-ha
And, if they cannot read one Verſe
I' th' Pſalms, muſt ſing it, and that's

Which he reſolv'd t' enforce, and ſpare
No pawning of his Soul, to ſwear;
But rather than produce his Back,
To ſet his Conſcience on the rack;
And in purſuance of his urging
Of Articles perform'd, and Scourging,
And all things elſe, upon his Part,
Demand Deliv'ry of her Heart,
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
And Perſon, up to his Embraces.
Thought he, the ancient Errant Knights
Won all their Ladies Hearts in Fights:
And cut whole Giants into Fritters,
To put them into amorous Twitters;
Whoſe ſtubborn Bowels ſcorn'd to yield,
Until their Gallants were half kill'd:
But when their Bones were drub'd ſo ſore,
They durſt not wooe one Combat more,
The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd by Blows their Lovers felt.
So d Spaniſh Heroes, with their Lances,
At once wound Bulls, and Ladies Fancies:
And he acquires the nobleſt Spouſe
That widows greateſt Herds of Cows;
Then what may I expect to do,
Wh' have quell'd ſo vaſt a Buffalo?
Mean while, the Squire was on his Way,
The Knight's late orders to obey:
Who ſent him for a ſtrong Detachment
Of Beadles, Conſtables, and Watchmen,
T' attack the Cunning-man for Plunder
Committed falſly on his Lumber;
When he, who had ſo lately ſack'd
The Enemy, had done the Fact,



To render neither Halter-pr
He thought it deſperate to t
And venture to be acceſſary
But rather wiſely ſlip his fett
And leave them for the Kni
He call'd to mind th' unjuſt
He would have offer'd him
To make him curry his own
Which no Beaſt ever did be
Without all poſſible Evaſion
But of the Riding Diſpenſa
And therefore much about
The Knight (for reaſons t
Reſolv'd to leave them to th
Of Juſtice, and an unpack
The Squire concurr'd t' ab
And ſerve him in the ſelf-ſ



Who never fail'd, upon their ſharing
In any proſperous Arms-bearing,
To lay themſelves out, to ſupplant
Each other Couſin-German Saint.
But, e're the Knight could do his Part,
The Squire had got ſo much the Start,
H' had to the Lady done his Errand,
And told her all his Tricks afore-hand.
Juſt as he finiſh'd his report,
The Knight alighted in the Court;
And having ty'd his Beaſt t' a Pale,
And taking Time for both to ſtale,
He put his Band and Beard in order,
The ſprucer, to accoſt, and board her.
And now began t' approach the Door,
When ſhe, wh' had ſpy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' Informer out of Sight,
And went to entertain the Knight:
With whom encount'ring, after Longees
Of humble and ſubmiſſive Congees,
And all due Ceremonies paid,
He ſtrok'd his Beard, and thus he ſaid:
Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye:
And now am come, to bring your Ear
A Preſent, you'll be glad to hear;
At leaſt I hope ſo; the Thing's done,
Or may I never ſee the Sun:
For which I humbly now demand
Performance, at your gentle Hand:
And that you'ld pleaſe to do your Part,
As I have done mine, to my Smart.
With that he ſhrugg'd his ſturdy Back,
As if he felt his Shoulders ake.



How much I've ſuffer'd for you
Which (like your Votary) to
I have not ſpar'd my tatter'd S
And, for thoſe meritorious La
To claim your Favour and go
Quoth ſhe, I do remember
I freed you from th' inchanted
And that you promis'd, for th
To bind your Back to th' good
And, for my Sake and Servic
To lay upon't a heavy Load,
And what 'twould bear, t' a S
As other Knights do oft mak
Which, whether you have do
Concerns yourſelf, not me, t
But if you have, I ſhall confe
Y' are honeſter, than I coul

Between this World, and [illegible],
Without the leaſt Offence to either,
They freely deal in all together;
And equally abhor to quit
This World, for both, or both for it:
And when they pawn, and damn their Souls,
They are but Priſ'ners on Paroles.
For that (quoth he) 'tis rational,
They may be accountable in all:
For when there is that Intercourſe,
Between divine and human Pow'rs,
That all that we determine here,
Commands Obedience every where;
When Penalties may be commuted
For Fines, or Ears, and executed;
It follows, nothing binds ſo faſt
As Souls in Pawn, and Mortgage paſt:
For Oaths are th' only Teſts and Seals
Of right and wrong, and true and falſe:
And there's no other Way to try
[illegible] and Juſtice by.

T' avoid all Scruples in the Caſe,
I went to do't upon the Place.
But as the Caſtle is inchanted
By SIDROPHEL the Witch, and haunted
With evil Spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly Time to lay
My Weapons by, and diſarray,
I heard a formidable Noiſe,
Loud as the [f] Stentrophonick Voice,
That roar'd far off, Diſpatch and ſtrip,
I'm ready with th' infernal Whip,
That ſhall diveſt thy Ribs from Skin,
To expiate thy ling'ring Sin.
Th' haſt broken perfidiouſly thy Oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth;
But ſpar'd thy Renegado Back.

In Raptures of Platonick Laſhing,
And chaſte contemplative Bardaſhing:
When facing haſtily about,
To ſtand upon my Guard and Scout,
I found th' infernal Cunning-man,
And th' Under-witch, his CALIBAN,
With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward Quarters ſtorm'd.
In Haſte I ſnatch'd my Weapon up,
And gave their helliſh Rage a Stop;
Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
Courageouſly on SIDROPHEL:
Who, now transform'd himſelf t' a Bear,
Began to roar aloud, and tear;
When I as furiouſly preſs'd on,
My Weapon down his Throat to run;
Laid hold on him, but he broke looſe,
And turn'd himſelf into a Gooſe,
Div'd under Water, in a Pond,
To hide himſelf from being found.
In vain I ſought him; but, as ſoon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd with equal Haſte and Rage,
His Under-Sorcerer t' engage.
But bravely ſcorning to defile
My Sword with feeble blood and vile;
I judg'd it better from a Quick-
Set Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,
With which, I furiouſly laid on;
Till in a harſh and doleful Tone
It roar'd, O hold for Pity, Sir:
I am too great a Sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a Witch,
But conjur'd into a worſe Caprich:

Who

Who ſends me out on many a Jaunt,
Old Houſes in the Night to haunt,
For Opportunities t' improve
Deſigns of Thievery or Love;
With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,
All Feats of Witches counterfeit,
Kill Pigs and Geeſe with powder'd Glaſs,
And make it for Inchantment paſs;
With Cow-Itch meazle like a Leper,
And choak with Fumes of Guiney-Pepper
Make Leachers, and their Punks with Dewt
Commit Phantaſtical Advowtry;
Bewitch [h] Hermetick-men to run
Stark ſtaring mad with Manicon;
Believe mechanick Virtuoſi
Can raiſe 'em Mountains in [i] POTOSI;
And. fillier than the antick Fools.



RT III. [illegible]

held my drumming [illegible]
great an Honour [illegible]
Knights are [illegible]
i paultry and [illegible]
when they [illegible]
ll with civiet [illegible]
r Horiet [illegible]
when they [illegible]
refore [illegible]
ut the [illegible]
th he, for [illegible]
nd of [illegible]
loy'd it [illegible]
seble, [illegible]
urer [illegible]
crazy [illegible]
hose [illegible]
Things [illegible]
ying a [illegible]
matter [illegible]
eld his [illegible]
any myfter. [illegible]
them of [illegible]
raiſe them [illegible]
me pretending [illegible]
haunteous [illegible]
is an [illegible]
t ſo ſtight [illegible]
hose that [illegible]
ell are [illegible]
t ſo merrily [illegible]
d get a Groat, [illegible]
n'd two Prentices [illegible]
Myſtery [illegible]

For (as ſome write) a Witch's Ghoſt,
As ſoon as from the Body loos'd,
Becomes a Puiney-Imp itſelf,
And is another's Witch's Elf.
He, after ſearching far and near,
At length found one in LANCASHIRE,
With whom he bargain'd before-hand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
Since which h' has play'd a thouſand Feat
And practis'd all mechanick cheats:
Transform'd himſelf to th' ugly Shapes
Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and A
Which he has vary'd more than Witches,
Or Pharaoh's Wizards cou'd their Switch
And all with whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as monſtrous Figures too.
Witneſs myſelf, whom h' has abus'd,
And to this beaſtly Shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on Beans and Peaſe



In Queſt of you came hither Poſt,
Within an Hour (I'm ſure) at moſt;
Who told me all you ſwear and ſay,
Quite contrary another way;
Vow'd that you came to him, to know
If you ſhould carry me or no;
And would have hir'd him and his Imps,
To be your Match-makers and Pimps,
T' engage the Devil on your Side,
And ſteal (like PROSERPINE) your Bride.
But he diſdaining to embrace
So filthy a Deſign and baſe,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a Ruffin;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had time to mount his Guard;
And left him dead upon the Ground,
With many a Bruiſe and deſperate Wound:
Swore you had broke, and robb'd his Houſe,
And ſtole his Taliſmanique Louſe,
And all his new-found old Inventions,
With flat felonious Intentions:
Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he brought them for, and paid:
His Flea, his Morpion, and Puncie,
H' had gotten for his proper Eaſe,
And all in perfect Minutes made,
By th' ableſt Artiſt of the Trade:
Which (he could prove it) ſince he loſt,
He has been eaten up almoſt;
And altogether might amount
To many Hundreds on Account:
For which h' had got ſufficient Warrant
To ſeize the Malefactors Errant,

Without Capacity of Bail,
But of a Cart's, or Horſe's Tail;
And did not doubt to bring the Wretches,
To ſerve for Pendulums to Watches;
Which, modern Virtuoſo's ſay,
Incline to hanging every Way.
Beſide he ſwore, and ſwore 'twas true
That, e're he went in Queſt of you,
He ſet a Figure to diſcover
If you were fled to RYE or DOVER;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Yourſelves and me, you fled this Way;
And that he was upon Purſuit,
To take you ſomewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had Intelligence,
Of all that paſt before and ſince:
[illegible]'re you came to him.

s Men of inward Light are wont
turn their Opticks in upon't.)
wonder'd how ſhe came to know,
at he had done, and meant to do:
ld up his Affidavit-Hand,
if h' had been to be arraign'd:
t towards the Door a ghaſtly Look,
lread of SIDROPHEL, and ſpoke:
Madam, if but one Word be true
ll the Wizard has told you,
ut one ſingle Circumſtance
ll th' Apocryphal Romance:
y dreadful Earthquakes ſwallow down
s Veſſel, that is all your own;
nay the Heavens fall, and cover
ſe Reliques of your conſtant Lover.
ou have provided well, quoth ſhe,
ank you) for yourſelf and me;
l ſhewn your Preſbyterian Wits
p punctual with the Jeſuits.
oſt compendious Way, and civil,
nce to cheat the World, the Devil,
Heaven and Hell, yourſelves, and thoſe
hom you vainly think t'impoſe.
then (quoth he) may Hell ſurprize---
Trick (ſaid ſhe) will not paſs twice:
earn'd how far I'm to believe
pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
here's a better Way of clearing [ing;
t you would prove, than downright Swear-
f you have perform'd the Feat,
Blows are viſible as yet,
gh to ſerve for Satisfaction
eſt Scruples in the action.



Of able Juries of old ...
Who, us'd to judge all Matt
For Bellies, may do ſo for B
Madam (quoth he) your L
To do is leſs than to be willi
As I am, were it in my Pow
T' obey, what you comman
But for performing what yo
I thank you as much, as if
You know I ought to have
To keep my Wounds from
For Wounds in thoſe that
Are dangerous in any part
I find (quoth ſhe) my C
Are like to prove but mer
For ſtill the longer we cor
We are but farther off th
But granting now we ſho

Things that naturally preſs
narrowly, to be at Eaſe,
: Bus'neſs there is only Love,
:h Marriage is not like t' improve.
:, that's too generous t'abide
be againſt it's Nature ty'd:
where 'tis of itſelf inclin'd,
reaks looſe when it is confin'd;
id like the Soul, it's Harbourer,
:barr'd the Freedom of the Air,
iſdains againſt its Will to ſtay,
ut ſtruggles out, and flies away:
And therefore never can comply
To endure the Matrimonial Tie,
That binds the Female and the Male,
Where th' one is but the other's Bail;
Like Roman Gaolers, when they ſlept,
Chain'd to the Priſoners they kept.
Of which the true and faithfull'ſt Lover
Gives beſt Security, to ſuffer.
Marriage is but a Beaſt, ſome ſay,
That carries double in foul Way;
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It ſhould ſo ſuddenly be tir'd:
A Bargain at a Venture made,
Between two Partners in a Trade;
(For what's inferr'd by t' have, and t' hold,
But ſomething paſt away, and ſold?
That as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all Things elſe as low:
And at the beſt is but a Mart
Between the one and th' other Part,
That on the Marriage-Day is paid,
Or Hour of Death, the Bet is laid;



To paſs themſelves away, an
Their Childrens Tenants e're
Beg one another Idiot
To Guardians, e're they are
Or ever ſhall, perhaps, by th
Who's bound to vouch 'em fo
Though got b' implicit Gene
And gen'ral Club of all the
For which ſhe's fortify'd no le
Than all the iſland, with fou
Exacts the Tribute of her Do
In ready Inſolence and Powe
And makes him paſs away t
And hold, to her, himſelf, h
More wretched than an an
Condemn'd to Drudgery, an
While all he does upon the



Without Diſtinction of Degree,
Condition, Age, or Quality;
Admits no Power of Revocation,
Nor valuable Conſideration,
Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverſe
Of Judgment paſt, for better or worſe:
Will not allow the Priviledges
That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead
Their ſpiritual Judges of Divorces; [Horſes
While nothing elſe, but Rem in Re,
Can ſet the proudeſt Wretches free:
A Slavery, beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring:
As Spiders never ſeek the Fly,
But leave him, of himſelf, t' apply;
So Men are by themſelves employ'd,
To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their Necks into a Nooſe,
They'd break 'em after, to break looſe.
As ſome whom Death would not depart,
Have done the Feat themſelves, by Art.
Like [l] Indian Widows, gone to Bed
In flaming Curtains, to the Dead;
And Men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the Sport.
Nor do the Ladies want Excuſe
For all the Stratagems they uſe
To gain the Advantage of the Set,
And lurch the amorous Rook and Cheat.
For as the [m] Pythagorean Soul
Runs through all Beaſts, and Fiſh, and Fowl,
And has a Smack of ev'ry one;
So Love does, and has ever done.

And

And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so
Takes ſtrangely to the Vagabond.
'Tis but an Ague that's reverſt,
Whoſe hot Fit takes the Patient firſt,
That after burns with Cold as much
As Ir'n in GREENLAND does the Tou
Melts in the Furnace of Deſire,
Like Glaſs, that's but the Ice of Fire
And when his Heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
For when he's with Love-Powder la
And prim'd and cock'd by Miſs, o
The ſmalleſt Sparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery;
And off the loud Oaths go, but
They're in the very Act, recoil.
Hence 'tis, ſo few dare take th


T III. CANTO I. 265
and Body two
e up one Hermap
orous, and fond,
HILIP and MARY on a
ve more Punctilio's and
en the Petticoat, and Breeche
petulant Extravagances,
Poets make 'em in Romances.
gh when their Heroes 'spouse the Dan
ear no more of Charms and Flames:
hen their late Attracts decline,
turn as eager as prick'd Wine;
all their Catterwauling Tricks,
arneſt to as jealous Piques:
ich the Ancients wiſely ſignify'd,
th' yellow Mantos of the Bride:
r Jealouſy is but a kind
Clap and Grincam of the Mind,
he natural Effects of Love,
s other Flames and Aches prove:
ut all the Miſchief is, the Doubt
n whoſe Account they firſt broke out.
For though n Chineſes go to Bed,
And lie in, in their Ladies ſtead,
And for the Pains they took before,
Are nurs'd, and pamper'd to do more:
Our Green-men do it worſe, when th' ha
To fall in Labour of a Clap;
Both lay the Child to one another:
But who's the Father, who the Mother,
'Tis hard to ſay in Multitudes,
Or who imported the French Goods.
But Health and Sickneſs b'ing all one,
Which both ingag'd before to own,



That after
As Ir'n in GREEN
Melts in the Furnace of Dea
Like Glaſs, that's but the Ice
And when his Heat of Fancy'
Becomes as hard and frail a
For when he's with Love-Pow
And prim'd and cock'd by
The ſmalleſt Sparkle of an
Gives Fire to his Artillery
And off the loud Oaths go
They're in the very Act,
'tis, ſo few dare

Th' have
Between the Petticoat,
More petulant Extravagances,
Than Poets make 'em in Romances.
Though when their Heroes 'spouse the Dam
We hear no more of Charms and Flames:
For then their late Attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd Wine;
And all their Catterwauling Tricks,
In earneſt to as jealous Piques:
Which the Ancients wiſely ſignify'd,
By th' yellow Mantos of the Bride:
For Jealouſy is but a kind
Of Clap and Grincam of the Mind,
The natural Effects of Love,
As other Flames and Aches prove:
But all the Miſchief is, the Doubt
On whoſe Account they firſt broke out.
For though " Chineſes go to Bed,
And lie in, in their Ladies ſtead,
And for the Pains they took before,
and pamper'd to do more:

And therefore, though 'tis ne'er ſo fond,
Takes ſtrangely to the Vagabond.
'Tis but an Ague that's reverſt,
Whoſe hot Fit takes the Patient firſt,
That after burns with Cold as much
As Ir'n in GREENLAND does the Touch;
Melts in the Furnace of Deſire,
Like Glaſs, that's but the Ice of Fire;
And when his Heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
For when he's with Love-Powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miſs, or Mad:
The ſmalleſt Sparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery;
And off the loud Oaths go, but while
Thev're in the verv Act. recoil.

In Soul and Body two unite,
To make up one Hermaphodite:
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like PHILIP and MARY on a Shilling,
Th' have more Punctilio's and Capriches
Between the Petticoat, and Breeches,
More petulant Extravagances,
Than Poets make 'em in Romances.
Though when their Heroes 'ſpouſe the Dames,
We hear no more of Charms and Flames:
For then their late Attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd Wine;
And all their Catterwauling Tricks,
In earneſt to as jealous Piques:
Which the Ancients wiſely ſignify'd,

And are not with their Bodies bound
To worſhip, only when they're ſound,
Both give and take their equal Shares
Of all they ſuffer by falſe Wares:
A Fate no Lover can divert
With all his Caution, Wit, and Art.
For 'tis in vain to think to gueſs
At Women by Appearances;
That paint and patch their Imperfections
Of intellectual Complexions:
And daub their Tempers o'er with Waſt
As artificial as their Faces;
Wear, under Vizard-Maſks, their Talents
And Mother-wits, before their Gallants;
Until they're hamper'd in the Nooſe,
Too faſt to dream of breaking looſe:
When all the Flaws they ſtrove to hide
Are made unready with the Bride



Sweet as a Screech-Owl's Serenade,
Or thoſe enchanting Murmurs made
By th' Huſband P Mandrake, and the Wife,
Both bury'd (like themſelves) alive.
Quoth he, Theſe Reaſons are but ſtrains
Of wanton, over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers in their Wit, or Drink,
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not Man in Paradiſe,
Until he was created twice,
And had his better Half, his Bride,
Carv'd from the Original, his Side,
T' amend his natural Defects,
And perfect his recruited Sex;
Inlarge his Breed, at once, and leſſen
The Pains, and Labour of increaſing,
By changing them for other Cares,
As by his dry'd-up Paps appears.
His Body, that ſtupendous Frame,
Of all the World the Anagram,
Is of two equal Parts compact,
In Shape, and Symmetry exact,
Of which the Left and Female Side
Is, to the manly Right, a Bride,
Both join'd together with ſuch Art,
That nothing elſe but Death can part.
Thoſe heav'nly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,
And Face, that all the World ſurprize,
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And ſcorch all other Ladies Tawny:
Thoſe raviſhing, and charming Graces,
Are all made up of two half Faces,
That in a mathematick Line,
Like *thoſe in* other Heavens, join.

Our nouri[illegible]
Two Eyes to ſee, to near [illegible]
Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
To wait upon the Soul deſign'd;
But thoſe that ſerve the Body alone,
Are ſingle, and confin'd to one.
The ☿ World is but two Parts, that
And cloſe at th' Equinoctial ſit;
And ſo are all the Works of Nature.
Stamp'd with her Signature on Matt
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
Or ſmalleſt Blade of Graſs, receive
All which ſufficiently declare
How intirely Marriage is her Care
The only Method that ſhe uſes,
In all the Wonders ſhe produces.
And thoſe that take their Rules fr
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
[illegible]res the civil Life



PART III. *CANTO* I.

Or Stoicks, who to bar the Freaks
And looſe Exteſſes of the Sex,
Prepoſt'rouſly wou'd have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in commo
Though Men would find ſuch mortal
In ſharing of their publick Goods,
'Twould put them to more Charge of
Than they're ſupply'd with now, by W
Until they graze, and wear their Cloth
As Beaſts do, of their native Growths
For ſimple wearing of their Horns
Will not ſuffice to ſerve their Turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unleſs the Marriage-deed will bear it
Could claim no Right to Lands or Rer
But for our Parents Settlements.
Had been but younger Sons o' th' Ear
Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth.
What Honours, or Eſtates of Peers,
Cou'd be preſerv'd, but by their Heirs
And what Security maintains
Their Right and Title, but the Banes
What Crowns could be hereditary,
If greateſt Monarchs did not marry?
And with their Conſorts conſummate
Their weightieſt Intereſts of State?
For all the Amours of Princes are
But Guarantees of Peace or War.
Or what but Marriage has a Charm,
The Rage of Empires to diſarm?
Make Blood and Deſolation ceaſe,
And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
When all their fierce Conteſts for For
Conclude in Articles of Marriage?

Nor does the Genial Bed provide
Leſs for the Int'reſts of the Bride:
Who elſe had not the leaſt Pretence
T' as much, as due Benevolence;
Could no more Title take upon her
To Virtue, Quality, and Honour,
Than Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,
And Feme-Coverts t' all Mankind.
All Women would be of one Piece,
The virtuous Matron, and the Miſs;
The Nymphs of chaſte [s] Diana's Train,
The ſame with thoſe in [t] LEWKNER's Lane,
But for the Difference Marriage makes
'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes:
Beſides, the Joys of Place and Birth,
The Sex's Paradiſe on Earth;
A Privilege ſo ſacred held,



And though ſome Fits of ſmall Conteſt
Sometimes fall out among the beſt;
That is no more than ev'ry Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady ſuffer.
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love
But rather (ſometimes) ſerves t' improve.
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which both do their uttermoſt
To get before, and win the Poſt;
Yet when they're at their Race's Ends,
They're ſtill as kind and conſtant Friends
And to relieve their Wearineſs,
By turns give one another Eaſe:
So all thoſe falſe Alarms of Strife
Between the Huſband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels, often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love:
When thoſe wh' are always kind or coy,
In time muſt either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudeſt Clamours more,
Than as they're reliſh'd, Sweet or Sour:
Like Muſick, that proves bad, or good,
According as 'tis underſtood.
In all Amours a Lover burns,
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turn
And Hearts have been as oft with ſullen,
As charming Looks, ſurpriz'd and ſtolen.
Then why ſhould more bewitching Clamc
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For Diſcords make the ſweeteſt Airs,
And Curſes are a kind of Pray'rs:
Too ſlight Alloys, for all thoſe grand
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.

For nothing elſe has pow'r to ſ
Th' Intereſts of Love perpetua
An Act and Deed, that make
Become another's Counter-part
And paſſes Fines on Faith and
Inroll'd, and regiſter'd above,
To ſeal the ſlippery Knots of
Which nothing elſe but Death
And what Security's too ſtron
To guard that gentle Heart fr
That to its Friend is glad to p
Itſelf away, and all it has:
And like an Anchorite gives
This World, for th' Heaven o
I grant (quoth ſhe) there ar
Who take that Courſe, and fi
But Millions whom the ſame
To Heav'n, h' another way,

Their Fortunes! the perpetual Aims
Of all their Extaſies and Flames.
For when the Money's on the Book,
And, All my Worldly Goods---but ſpoke:
(The formal Livery and Seiſin
That puts a Lover in Poſſeſſion)
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
The Bride a Flam, that's ſuperſeded.
To that their Faith is ſtill made good,
And all the Oaths to us they vow'd,
For when we once reſign our Pow'rs,
W' have nothing left, we can call ours:

[redacted]

Is bought and sold, like stolen Goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds:
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the Thief himself away.
These are the everlasting fruits
Of all your passionate Love-Suits,
Th' Effects of all your amorous Fancies,
To Portions, and Inheritances;
Your Love-sick Rapture, for Fruition
Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition;
To which you make Address and Courtship,
And with your Bodies strive to worship,
That th' Infant's Fortunes may partake
Of Love too, for the Mother's Sake.
For these you play at Purposes,
And love your Love's with A's and B's
[illegible] Beste and L'Ombre woo,
[illegible] Money too;



Act o'er your Flames and Darts again,
And charge us with your Wounds and Pain;
Which others Influences long ſince
Have charm'd your Noſes with, and Shins:
For which the Surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our Aid.
Lord! what an am'rous thing is Want!
How Debts and Mortgages inchant!
What Graces muſt that Lady have,
That can from Executions ſave!
What Charms, that can reverſe Extent,
And null Decree, and Exigent!
What magical Attracts, and Graces,
That can redeem from Scire facias!
From Bonds and Statutes can diſcharge,
And from Contempts of Courts enlarge!
Theſe are the higheſt Excellencies
Of all your true or falſe Pretences.
And you would damn yourſelves, and ſwear
As much t' an Hoſteſs Dowager,
Grown fat and purſy by retail
Of Pots of Beer, and bottled Ale;
And find her fitter for your turn,
For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;
Who at your Flames would ſoon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your deſire,
And like a Candle in the Socket,
Diſſolve her Graces int' your Pocket.
By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they heard a knocking at the Gate,
Laid on in Haſte with ſuch a Powder,
The Blows grew louder ſtill and louder.
Which HUDIBRAS, as if th' had been
Beſtow'd as freely on his ſkin,

Expound.

Turn'd pale as aſhes, ...
But why, or wherefore, is a doubt.
For Men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little Valour.
His Heart laid on, as if he try'd
To force a paſſage through his ſide,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait them,
But in a Fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a Cranny to creep out.
But ſhe who ſaw in what a taking
The Knight was by his furious quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know, I'm reſolv'd to break no Rite
Of Hoſpitality, t' a Stranger,
But to ſecure you out of Danger,
Will here myſelf ſtand Sentinel,
To guard this Paſs, 'gainſt SIDROPH!
Women, you know, do ſeldom fail,
To make the ſtouteſt Men turn Tail
... Corn to turn their Back

e Enemy ſhou'd enter,
relieve her in th' Adventure.
hile they knock'd againſt the Door,
as at the gate before;
ade the Renegado Knight
gain t' his former Fright.
ght it deſperate to ſtay
Enemy had forc'd his Way,
ier poſt himſelf, to ſerve
dy, for a freſh Reſerve.
ty was not to diſpute,
order'd execute;

He therefore ſent out all his Senſes,
To bring him in Intelligences;
Which Vulgars, out of ignorance,
Miſtake, for falling in a Trance;
But thoſe that trade in Geomancy,
Affirm to be the ſtrength of Fancy:
In which the x Lapland Magi deal,
And things incredible reveal.
Mean while the Foe beat up his quarte
And ſtorm'd the Out-works of his Fort
And as another of the ſame
Degree and party, in arms and fame,
That in the ſame Cauſe had engag'd
And war with equal Conduct wag'd,

Clap'd, in a trice, his cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof:
 Mortal, thou art betray'd to us,
B' our friend, thy Evil Genius,
Who for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy Breach of Faith, and turning Lies,
The Brethren's Privilege (againſt
The Wicked) on themſelves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Carcaſs ſent,
For juſt Revenge and Puniſhment;
Which thou haſt now no way to leſſen,
But by an open, free Confeſſion;
For if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.
 What made thee venture to betray,
And filch the Lady's Heart away?---
To ſpirit her to Matrimony?
That which contracts all Matches, Money.
It was th' Inchantment of her Riches,
That made m' apply t' your Croney Witches;
That in return wou'd pay th' Expence,
The Wear-and-Tear of Conſcience:
Which I cou'd have patch'd up, and turn'd
For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.
 Didſt thou not love her then? Speak true.
No more (quoth he) than I love you.
How would'ſt th' have us'd her, and her
Firſt turn'd her up to Alimony; [Money?
And laid her Dowry out in Law,
To null her Jointure with a Flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed,
T' have put, on purpoſe, in the Deed;
And bar her Widow's making over
T' a *Friend in* Truſt, or private Lover.



that is not only able
mineer among the Rabble,
the Laws impower'd to rout,
we the greateſt that ſtand out:
few hold forth againſt, for fear
Hands ſhould ſlip, and come too near;
Sin elſe among the Saints
ght ſo tenderly againſt.
at made thee break thy plighted Vows?
which makes others break a Houſe,
ang, and ſcorn ye all, before
e the Plague of being poor.



What makes a Knave a Child of God
And one of us?----A Livelihood.
What renders beating out of Brains,
And Murther, Godlineſs?----Great Ga
What's tender Conſcience?---'Tis a B
That will not bear the gentleſt Touch;
But breaking out, diſpatches more
Than th' Epidemical'ſt Plague-Sore.
What makes y' incroach upon our Tr
And damn all others?----To be paid.
What's Orthodox and true believing
Againſt a Conſcience?---A good Livi
What makes Rebelling againſt King
A Good old Cauſe?----Adminiſtring
What makes all Doctrines plain and c
About two Hundred Pounds a Year.
And that which was prov'd true bef
Prove falſe again?---Two Hundred m
What makes the breaking of all Oa
A holy Duty?---Food and Cloaths.
What Laws and Freedom, Perſecution
B'ing out of Pow'r, and Contribution.
What makes a Church a Den of Thi
A Dean and Chapter, and white Sleev
And what would ſerve, if thoſe were
To make it Orthodox?---Our own.
What makes Morality a Crime,
The moſt notorious of the Time;
Morality, which both the Saints,
And Wicked too, cry out againſt?
'Cauſe Grace and Virtue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin:
And therefore no true Saint allows
They ſhall be ſuffer'd to eſpouſe

For Saints can need no Conſcience,
That with Morality diſpenſe;
As Virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In Nature only, and not imputed:
But why the Wicked ſhould do ſo,
We neither know, or care to do.
What's Liberty of Conſcience,
I' th' natural and genuine Senſe?
'Tis to reſtore, with more Security,
Rebellion to its ancient Purity:
And Chriſtian Liberty reduce
To th' elder Practice of the Jews.
For a large Conſcience is all one,
And ſignifies the ſame with None.
It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones:
NICK MACHIAVEL had ne'er a Trick,
(Though he gave his Name to our Old Nick
But was below the leaſt of theſe,
That paſs i' th' World, for Holineſs.
This ſaid, the Furies, and the Light
In th' inſtant vaniſh'd out of Sight;
And left him in the Dark alone,
With ſtinks of Brimſtone and his own.
The [z] Queen of Night, whoſe large con
Rules all the Sea, and half the land, [mar
And over moiſt and crazy Brains,
In high Spring-tides, at Midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the Weſt,
To go to Bed, and take her Reſt:
When HUDIBRAS, whoſe ſtubborn Blows
Deny'd his Bones that ſoft Repoſe,
Lay ſtill expecting worſe and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor:



Was firſt invaded with a
And after in a feeble tor
Theſe trembling words,
What haſt thou gotten
Or all thy Tricks, in th
Thy holy Brotherhood
By ſauntring ſtill on ſon
And growing to thy He
To ſtuff thy Skin with
Of cruel and hard-wood
For ſtill th' haſt had the
As well in Conqueſt as
Night is the Sabbath of
To reſt the Body and t
Which now thou art de
And cure thy labour'd
The Knight, who heard t
As meant to him, this
Becauſe the Character
Point-blank upon his e
Believ'd it was ſome dr

And after painful Bangs and Knocks,
To lie in Limbo, in the Stocks;
And from the Pinnacle of Glory
Fall headlong into Purgatory:
(Thought he, this Devil's full of Malice,
That on my late Diſaſters rallies)
Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more Heroic-minded;
And at a Riding handled worſe,
With Treats more ſlovenly and courſe:
Engag'd with Fiends in ſtubborn Wars,
And hot Diſputes with Conjurers:

With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,
And haſtily cry'd, What art?
A Wretch (quoth he) whom want of Grac
Has brought to this unhappy Place.
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight,
Thus far I'm ſure, th' art in the right:
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou haſt gueſs'd of me.
Thou art ſome paultry, black-guard Sprigh
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night;
Thou haſt no Work to do in th' Houſe,
Nor Half-penny to drop in Shoes:
Without the raiſing of which Sum,
You dare not be ſo troubleſome,
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,
leaving you their Work to do.
gueſs, good Pug-Rol

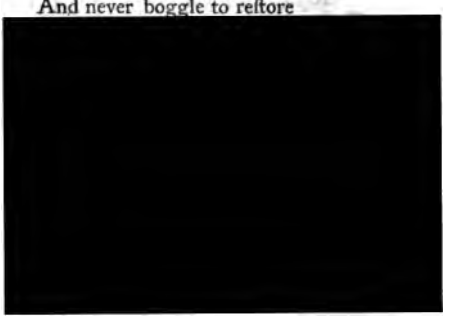


PART III. *CANTO* I.

But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
In all Adventures, as your 'Squire.
Quoth he, that may be ſaid as tru
By th' idleſt Pug of all your Crew.
For none cou'd have betray'd us wo
Than thoſe Allies of ours and you
But I have ſent him for a Token
To your Low-Country HOGEN-MO
To whoſe infernal Shores I hope
He'll ſwing like Skippers in a Rope
And if y' have been more juſt to m
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true,
What th' Ill-affected ſay of you.
Y' have ſpous'd the Covenant and
By holding up your cloven Paws.
Sir quoth the Voice, 'tis true I
We made and took the Covenan
But that no more concerns the C
Than other Perj'ries do the Law
Which when they're prov'd in
Wear wooden Peccadillo's for
And that's the reaſon Cov'nant
Hold up their Hands, like Ro
I ſee, quoth HUDIBRAS, fr
Theſe Scandals of the Saints
That are but natural Effects
Of Satan's Malice, and his
Thoſe Spider-Saints, that h
Spun out o' th' Entrails of
Sir, quoth the Voice, th
And properly be ſaid of yo
Whoſe Talents may comp
Or both the other put to

For all the Independents do,
Is only what you forc'd 'em to,
You, who are not content alon
With Tricks to put the Devil d
But muſt have Armies rais'd to
The Goſpel-work you undertak
As if Artillery, and Edge-tools
Were th' only Engines to ſave
While he, poor Devil, has no
By Force to run down and dev
Has ne'er a Claſſis, cannot ſent
To Stools, or Poundage of Re
Is ty'd up only to deſign
T' entice, and tempt, and und
In which you all his Arts out-
And prove yourſelves his Better
Hence 'tis that Poſſeſſions do leſs
Than mere Temptations of the

But thoſe wh' are utterly unarm'd,
T' oppoſe his Entrance if he ſtorm'd,
He never offers to ſurprize,
Although his falſeſt Enemies;
But is content to be their Drudge,
And on their Errands glad to trudge:
For where are all your Forfeitures
Intruſted in ſafe Hands, but ours?
Who are but Jailors of the Holes
And Dungeons, where you clap up Souls:
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys,
T' your Mittimus Anathemas:
And never boggle to reſtore



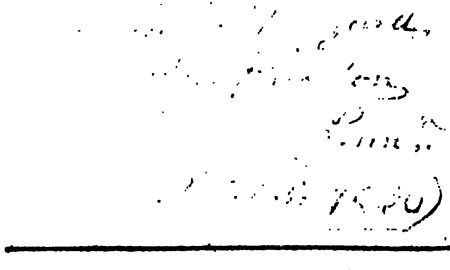
We onl' have made that Title good
And if it were but in our Power,
We ſhould not ſcruple to do more,
And not be half a Soul behind
Of all Diſſenters of Mankind.
Right, quoth the Voice, and as
To be ungrateful, in Return
Of all thoſe kind good Offices,
I'll free you out of this Diſtreſs,
And ſet you down in ſafety, whe
It is no Time to tell you here.
The Cock crows, and the Morn g
When 'tis decreed I muſt be gone
And if I leave you here till Day,
You'll find it hard to get away.
With that the Spirit grop'd a
To find th' inchanted Hero out,



No ſooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to diſlodge:
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
Upon the Vehicle, his Back;
And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With ſome few Rubs againſt the Wall.
Where finding out the Poſtern lock'd,
And th' Avenues as ſtrongly block'd,
H' attack'd the Window, ſtorm'd the Glaſs,
And in a Moment gain'd the Paſs;
Thro' which he dragg'd the worſted Soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' Head and Shoulders;



Where let us leave 'em for a Time,
And to their Churches turn our Rhyme;
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an even Rate.



U D I B R A S.

The Third and Laſt PART.

The ARGUMENT of the SECOND *CANTO.*

The Saints engage in fierce Conteſts,
About their Carnal Intereſts;
Share their Sacrilegious Preys,
According to their Rates of Grace;
Their various Frenzies to reform,
When CROMWEL *left them in a Storm:*
All in th' Effigie of RUMPS, *the Rabble*
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.

CANTO II.

THE Learned write, an 8 Inſect Breeze
Is but a mungrel Prince of Bees,
That falls before a Storm, on Cows,
And ſtings the Founders of his Houſe;

From whoſe Corrupted Fleſh, that Breed
Of Vermin did at firſt proceed.
So e're the Storm of War broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a various Rout
Of petulant Capricious Sects,
The Maggots of corrupted Texts,
That firſt run all Religion down,
And after ev'ry Swarm its own.
For as the Perſian [h] Magi once,
Upon their Mothers got their Sons,
That were incapable t'enjoy
That Empire any other Way:
So PRESBYTER begot the other
Upon the Good old Cauſe, his Mothe
Then bore them like the Devil's Dam,
Whoſe Son and Huſband are the ſam
And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,
[illegible] for the common Good,

h forc'd the ſtubborn'ſt for the Cauſe,
oſs the Cudgels to the Laws,
what by breaking them th' had gain'd,
eir Support might be maintain'd;
Thieves, that in a Hemp-plot lie,
'd againſt the Hue-and Cry.
'RESBYTER and INDEPENDANT
now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant;
out their Apoſtolic Functions,
rnal Orders and Injunctions;
ll their precious Gifts and Graces
utlawries and Scire facias;
Michael's Term had many a Trial,
: than the Dragon and St. Michael,
e thouſands fell, in Shape of Fees,
ne bottomleſs Abyſs.
hen, like Brethren, and like Friends,
came to ſhare their Dividends,
v'ry Partner to poſſeſs
hurch and State Joint-Purchaſes,
ich the ableſt Saint, and beſt,
nam'd in Truſt by all the reſt,
y their Money; and, inſtead
ry Brother, paſs the Deed;
ait converted all his Gifts
ous Frauds, and holy Shifts;
ſettled all the other Shares
his outward Man and's Heirs:
ll they claim'd, as forfeit Lands
r'd up into his Hands,
paſs'd upon his Conſcience,
e-intail of Providence;
ch'd the reſt for Reprobates,
had no Titles to Eſtates,

But by their ſpiritual Attaints
Degraded from the Right of Saints.
This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun
With Law and Conſcience to fall on:
And laid about as hot and brain-ſick
As th' Utter Barriſter of [k] SWANSWICK;
Engag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As Men with Sand-bags did of old;
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees
Than all unſanctify'd Truſtees:
Till he who had no more to ſhow
I' th' Caſe, receiv'd the Overthrow;
Or both Sides having had the worſt,
They parted as they met at firſt.
Poor PRESBYTER was now reduc'd
[l] ...ſhier'd, and chous'd

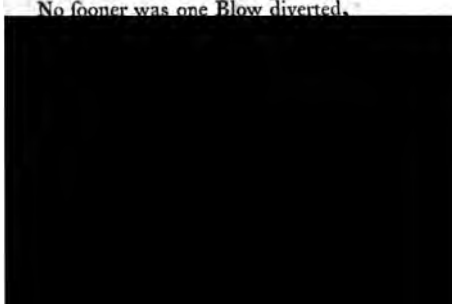
Had Store of Money in her Purſe,
When he took her for bett'r or worſe;
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of Door.
The INDEPENDENTS (whoſe firſt Station
Was in the Reer of Reformation,
A Mungrel Kind of Church-Dragoons,
That ſerv'd for Horſe and Foot at once:
And in the Saddle of one Steed
The Saracen and Chriſtian rid:
Were free of ev'ry ſpiritual Order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murther:)
No ſooner got the Start to lurch
Both Diſciplines, of War and Church,
And Providence enough to run
The chief Commanders of 'em down,
But carry'd on the War againſt
The common Enemy o' th' Saints,
And in a while prevail'd ſo far,
To win of them the Game of War,
And be at Liberty once more
T' attack themſelves, as th' had before.
For now there was no Foe in Arms,
T' unite their Factions with Alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worſt, themſelves at Home:
Wh' had compaſs'd all they pray'd, and ſwore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
And all Things, but their Laws and Hate.
But when they came to treat and tranſact,
And ſhare the Spoil of all th' had ranſackt,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the Government,

They



Both Parties join'd
To damn the publ
And herded only i
To put by one anc
T' out-cant the m
At all their Dialec
And tug at both E
To tear down Go
For as two Cheats
Are both defeated
So thoſe who play
And only Cavil in
Although there's
The publick Bus'r
Which ſtill the lor
Becomes the ſure
This, when th

True as the Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not ſhin'd upon.
But when theſe Brethren in Evil,
Their Adverſaries, and the Devil,
Began once more, to ſhew them Play,
And hopes, at leaſt, to have a Day;
They rally'd in Parades of Woods,
And unfrequented Solitudes:
Conven'd at Midnight in Out-houſes,
T' appoint New-Riſing Rendezvouzes,
And with a Pertinacy unmatch'd,
For new Recruits of Danger watch'd.
No ſooner was one Blow diverted,



And prov'd no proſp'rous Uſurpation
Can ever ſettle on the Nation:
Until in ſpight of Force and Treaſon,
They put their Loy'lty in Poſſeſſion:
And by their Conſtancy and Faith,
Deſtroy'd the mighty Men of Gath.
Toſs'd in a furious [n] Hurricane,
Did OLIVER give up his Reign;
And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
As mortal Men and Miſcreants,
To founder in the Stygian Ferry:
Until he was retriev'd by STERRY,
Who in a falſe erroneous Dream
Miſtook the New Jeruſalem,
Prophanely for th' Apocryphal
[o] False Heaven at the End o' th' Hall;
Whither it was decreed by Fate
His precious Reliques to tranſlate.

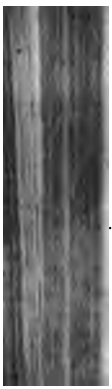
And free t' erect what ſpiritual Cantons
Should be reveal'd, or Goſpel Hans-Towns,
To edify upon the Ruins
Of [r] JOHN of LEYDEN's old Out-goings;
Who for a Weather-cock hung up,
Upon their Mother Church's Top;
Was made a Type, by Providence,
Of all their Revelations ſince;
And now fulfill'd by his Succeſſors,
Who equally miſtook their Meaſures:
For when they came to ſhape the Model,
Not one could fit another's Noddle;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From Fadging, than th' Unſanctify'd;
While ev'ry individual Brother
Strove hand to fiſt againſt another,
And ſtill the maddeſt, and moſt crack't,
Were found the buſieſt to tranſact;
For though moſt Hands diſpatch apace,
And make light Work (the Proverb ſays;)
Yet many diff'rent Intellects
Are found t' have contrary Effects;
And many Heads t' obſtruct Intrigues,
As ſloweſt Inſects have moſt Legs.
Some were for ſetting up a King,
But all the reſt for no ſuch thing,
Unleſs King JESUS: Others tamper'd [BERT;
For FLEETWOOD, DESBOROUGH, and LAM-
Some for the Rump, and ſome more chaſte,
For Agitators, and the Safety;
Some for the Goſpel, and Maſſacres
Of Spiritual Affidavit-makers,
That ſwore, to any human Regence,
Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance:

Yea,



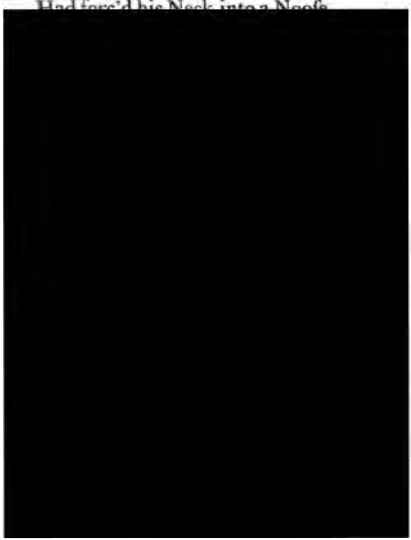
And th' Expiration of th'
And ſome againſt th' Egy
Of Holy-days, and payin
Some for the cutting dow
And rectifying Baker's L
And ſome for finding out
Againſt the Slav'ry of Ob
Some were for Goſpel Mir
And ſome for Red-coat Se
As Men moſt fit t' hold f
And wield the one, and t
Some were for carrying o
Againſt the Pope, and ſo
Some for engaging to ſupp
The Camiſado of Surplice
That Gifts and Diſpenſati
And turn'd to th' Outwar

e for th' utter Extirpation
Woolſy in the Nation;
: againſt all Idolizing
; in Shop-Books, or Baptizing:
o make all Things recant
ſtian or Sirname of Saint;
: all Churches, Streets, and Towns,
r Title to renounce.
nſt a Third Eſtate of Souls,
ging down the Price of Coals,:
aboliſhing Black-Pudding,
ig nothing with the Blood in;
ate them Roots and Branches;
ers were for eating Haunches
ors, and now and then
ı of Kings and mighty Men;
: for breaking of their Bones
ls of Ir'n, by Secret Ones:
ing Mountains, and with Spells
wing Carriers Packs and Bells:
at the Legend never heard of,
: the Wicked ſore afear'd of,
acks of Government, (who ſate
regarded Helm of State,
erſtood this wild Confuſion
Madneſs, and Deluſion
oner than a Prodigy,
Deſtruction to be nigh,)
d timely, how t' withdraw.
their Wind-pipes from the Law;
Rencounter at the Bar
ſe than all th' had ſcap'd in War;
efore met in Conſultation
and Quack upon the Nation;



With more Heads than a
And more Intrigues in ev'
Than all the Whores of I
So Politick, as if one Eye
Upon the other were a Sp
That to trepan the one to
The other blind, both ſtr
And in his dark pragmati
As buſy as a Child at Pla
H' had ſeen three Govern
And had a Hand in ev'ry
Was for 'em, and againſ
But barb'rous when they
For by trepanning th' old
He made his Int'reſt with
Play'd true and faithful,
His Conſcience, and was

For when h' had happily incur'd,
Inſtead of Hemp, to be prefer'd,
And paſs'd upon a Government,
He play'd his Trick, and out he went:
But being out, and out of Hopes
To mount his Ladder (more) of Ropes;
Wou'd ſtrive to raiſe himſelf upon
The publick Ruin, and his own.
So little did he underſtand
The deſp'rate Feats he took in hand.
For when h' had got himſelf a Name
For Fraud and Tricks, he ſpoil'd his Gan
Had forc'd his Neck into a Noofe



And in their Conſciences feel Pain.
Some Days before a Show'r of Rain.
He therefore wiſely caſt about
All ways he cou'd, t' inſure his Throat;
And hither came t' obſerve and ſmoke
What Courſes other Riſkers took;
And to the utmoſt do his beſt
To ſave himſelf, and hang the reſt.
To match this Saint, there was [u] another,
As buſy, and perverſe a Brother,
An Haberdaſher of Small Wares,
In Politicks, and State-Affairs:
More Jew than Rabbi ACHITOPHEL,
And better gifted to rebel:
For when h' had taught his Tribe to 'ſpouſe
The Cauſe, aloft, upon one Houſe,
He ſcorn'd to ſet his own in Order,
But try'd another, and went further:

No ſooner cou'd a Hint appear,
But up he ſtarted to picqueer,
And made the ſtouteſt yield to Mercy,
When he engag'd in Controverſy.
Not by the Force of carnal Reaſon,
But indefatigable teazing;
With Vollies of eternal Babble,
And Clamour, more unanſwerable.
For though his Topics, frail and weak,
Cou'd ne'er amount above a Freak,
He ſtill maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
Againſt the deſp'rateſt Aſſaults;
And back'd their feeble Want of Senſe,
With greater Heat and Confidence.
As Bones of Hectors when they differ,
The more they're cudgel'd, grow the ſtiffer.
Yet when his Profit moderated,
The Fury of his Heat abated:
For nothing but his Intereſt
Cou'd lay his Devil of Conteſt:
It was his Choice, or Chance, or Curſe,
T' eſpouſe the Cauſe, for bett'r or worſe,
And with his worldly Goods and Wit,
And Soul, and Body, worſhip'd it:
But when he found the ſullen Trapes,
Poſſeſs'd with th' Devil, Worms, and Claps;
The w Trojan Mare in Foal with Greeks,
Not half ſo full of Jadiſh Tricks,
Though ſqueamiſh in her outward Woman,
As looſe and rampant as Dol Common:
He ſtill reſolv'd to mend the matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obſtinater:
And ſtill the ſkittiſher and looſer
Her Freaks appear'd, to ſit the cloſer.

For Fools are ſtubborn in their Way,
As Coins are harden'd by th' Allay:
And Obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.
Theſe two, with others, being met,
And cloſe in Conſultation ſet;
After a diſcontented pauſe,
And not without ſufficient Cauſe,
The Orator we nam'd of late,
Leſs troubled with the Pangs of State,
Than with his own Impatience,
To give himſelf firſt Audience,
After he had a while look'd wiſe,



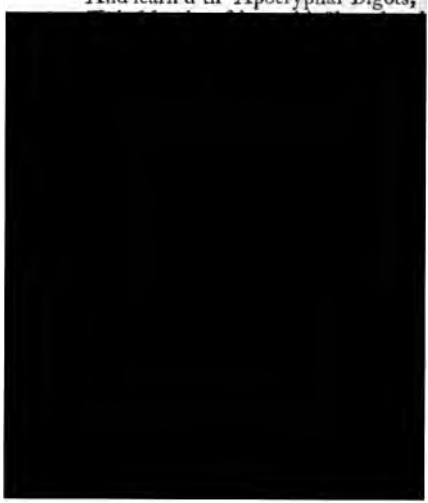
[redacted] (I mean × Marg'ret's Faſt)
When Providence had been ſuborn'd,
What Anſwer was to be return'd.
Elſe why ſhould Tumults fright us now,
We have ſo many times gone through?
And underſtand as well to tame,
As when they ſerve our Turns, t' inflame.
Have prov'd how inconſiderable
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
Whoſe Frenzies muſt be reconcil'd,
With Drums, and Rattles, like a Child;
But never prov'd ſo proſperous,
As when they were led on by us:
For all our ſcouring of Religion
Began with Tumults and Sedition:
When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
Became ſtrong Motives to Devotion.
As carnal Seame

If we knew how, as then we did,
To uſe them rightly in our Need;
Tumults, by which the Mutinous
Betray themſelves inſtead of us;
The Hollow-hearted, Diſaffected,
And cloſe Malignant are detected:
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes dow
For Pledges to ſecure our own;
And freely ſacrifice their Ears
T' appeaſe our Jealouſies and Fears.
And yet for all theſe Providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our Senſes;
We idly ſit like ſtupid Blockheads,



o, when our Fate can be no worſe,
; fitted for the braveſt Courſe;
ve time to rally, and prepare
ir laſt and beſt Defence, Deſpair:
eſpair, by which the gallant'ſt Feats
.ave been atchiev'd in greateſt Straits,
And horrid'ſt Dangers ſafely wav'd,
By being courageouſly out-brav'd;
As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd,
And Poiſons by themſelves expell'd:
And ſo they might be now agen,
If we were, what we ſhou'd be, Men;
And not ſo dully deſperate,
To ſide againſt ourſelves with Fate:
As Criminals condemn'd to ſuffer,
Are blinded firſt, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking Covenants,
And ſettling up Exauns of Saints,
That fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,
To be excus'd the Efficace.
For ſpiritual Men are too tranſcendent,
That mount their Banks, for Independent,
To hang like y MAHOMET in th' Air,
Or St. IGNATIUS at his Prayer,
By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependence upon Church or State:
Diſdain the Pedantry o' th' Letter,
And ſince Obedience is better
(The Scripture ſays) than Sacrifice,
Preſume the leſs on't will ſuffice;
And ſcorn to have the moderat'ſt Stints
Preſcrib'd their peremptory Hints,
Or any Opinion, true or falſe,
Declar'd as ſuch, in Doctrinals:

But left at large to make their beſt or
Without b'ing call'd t' Account or Q
Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As WHITTINGTON explain'd the Bel
And bid themſelves turn back agen
Lord May'rs of New Jeruſalem.
But look ſo big and over-grown,
They ſcorn their Edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their ſprinkling
Their Tones, and ſanctify'd Expreſſi
Beſtow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like Charity, on thoſe that want;
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots,



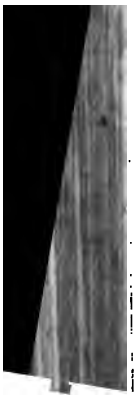
at in a While grow out agen,
Peace they turn mere carnal Men,
d from the moſt refin'd of Saints,
a naturally grow Miſcreants,
Barnacles turn SOLAND Geeſe
th' Iſlands of the ORCADES.
eir Diſpenſation's but a Ticket,
their conforming to the Wicked;
th whom the greateſt Difference
s more in Words, and Shew, than Senſe.
as the Pope, that keeps the Gate
Heaven, wears three Crowns of State;
e that keeps the Gate of Hell,
ud [b] CERBERUS, wears three Heads as well:
d, if the World has any troth,
ne have been canoniz'd in both.
t that which does them greateſt Harm,
eir ſpiritual Gizzards are too warm,
hich puts the over-heated Sots
Fevers ſtill, like other Goats;
r though the Whore bends Hereticks
ith Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks;
r Schiſmaticks ſo vaſtly differ,
' hotter th' are, they grow the ſtiffer:
ll ſetting off their ſpiritual Goods,
ith fierce and pertinacious Feuds.
r Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
at teaches Saints to tear, and rant,
d Independents to profeſs
e Doctrine of Dependences;
rns meek, and ſecret, ſneaking ones,
Raw-heads fierce, and Bloody-bones:
d not content with endleſs Quarrels
ainſt the Wicked and their Morals,

The

Interpret...

As WHITTINGTON explain...
And bid themſelves turn back ag...
Lord May'rs of New Jeruſalem ...
But look ſo big and over-grown...
They ſcorn their Edifiers t' own...
Who taught them all their ſpirit...
Their Tones, and ſanctify'd E...
Beſtow'd their Gifts upon a Sa...
Like Charity, on thoſe that wa...
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Big...
T' inſpire themſelves with Short-...
For which they ſcorn and hate them...
Than Dogs and Cats do Sow-gel...
For who firſt bred them up to pray,
And teach, the Houſe of Common...
Where had they all their gifted P...
But from our ... and Ca...
Without whoſe ... and So...
Who e'er had h... O...
Their Diſpenſati...



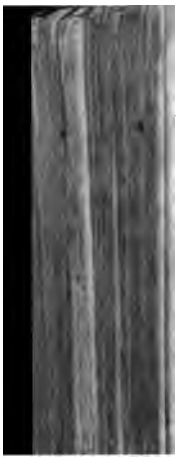


The GIBELLINES, for wa
Divert their Rage upon them
For now the War is not betw
The Brethren, and the Men
But Saint and Saint, to ſpill t
Of one another's Brotherhood
Where neither Side can lay P
To Liberty of Conſcience,
Or zealous Suff'ring for the C
To gain one Groat's-worth
For though endur'd with Ref
'Twill ne'er amount to Perfe
Shall precious Saints, and fe
Break one another's outward
And eat the Fleſh of Brethere
Inſtead of Kings, and might
When Fiends agree among t

At leaſt until th' had a clear Stage,
And equal Freedom to ingage,
Without the danger of Surprize
By both our common Enemies?
This none but we alone cou'd doubt,
Who underſtand their Workings out;
And know 'em both in Soul and Conſcience,
Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Nonſenſe
As ſpiritual Out-Laws, whom the Pow'r
Of Miracle can ne'er reſtore.
We, whom at firſt they ſet up under,
In Revelation only of Plunder,
Who ſince have had ſo many Trials
Of their encroaching Self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with Deſign
To out-reform, and undermine;
Took all our Intereſts and Commands
Perfidiouſly, out of our hands;
Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,
Without the Motive-Gains allow'd,
And made us ſerve as miniſterial,
Like younger Sons of Father BELIAL.
And yet for all th' inhuman Wrong,
Th' had done us, and the Cauſe ſo long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work ſtill, as we had begun:
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them Hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the Charge of Gaols,
To find us Pillories, and Cart's-Tails,
Or Hangman's Wages, which the State
Was forc'd (before them) to be at;

That cut, like Tallies, to the Stumps,
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,
And burnt our Veſſels, like a new
Seal'd Peck, or Buſhel, for b'ing true;
But Hand in Hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held for the Cauſe, againſt all others,
Diſdaining equally to yield
One Syllable, of what we held.
And though we differ'd now and then
'But outward Things, and outward Men;
Our inward Men, and conſtant Frame
Of Spirit, ſtill were near the ſame.
And till they firſt began to cant,
And ſprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'er had Call in any place,
[redacted] teaching down Free Grace;

Who, for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our temporal Salvation;
And put our Veſſels in a way,
Once more to come again in Play.
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this Providence about;
And that our only Suff'ring
Is able to bring in the King;
What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been ſuffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a Share,
At leaſt in carrying on 'h' Affair:
But whether that be ſo, or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought;
And that's as good as if w' had done 't,
And eaſier paſs't upon Account:
For if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as juſtify'd.
The World is nat'rally averſe
To all the Truth, it ſees or hears;
But ſwallows Nonſenſe, and a Lie
With Greedineſs and Gluttony;
And though it have the Pique, and long,
'Tis ſtill for ſomething in the wrong:
As Women long, when they're with Child,
For things extravagant and wild;
For Meats ridiculous, and fulſome,
But ſeldom any thing that's wholeſome;
And, like the World, Men's Jobbernoles
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles;
And what they're confidently told,
By no Senſe elſe can be controul'd.
And this, perhaps, may prove the Means
Once more, to hedge-in Providence.



For as Relapſes make Dif
More deſp'rate than their
If we but get again in Pc
Our Work is eaſier than
And we more ready and
I' th' Myſtery, to do our
We, who did rather unde
The firſt War to create,
And when of nothing 'tw
Rais'd Funds as ſtrange
Trepann'd the State, and
With Plots and Projects
And if we did ſuch Feats
What can we now w'are
Who have a freer Latitu
Than Sinners give themſe
And therefore likelieſt to
On faireſt Terms, our D

leſs'd with abſolute Dominions
r Brethren's Purſes, and Opinions?
d truſted with the double Keys
Heaven, and their Ware-houſes;
ho, when the Cauſe is in Diſtreſs,
n furniſh out what Sums they pleaſe,
at Brooding lie in Banker's hands,
be diſpos'd at their Commands:
d daily increaſe and multiply,
ith Doctrine, Uſe, and Uſury:
n fetch in Parties (as in War,
l others Heads of Cattle are;)
m th' Enemy of all Religions,
well as high, and low Conditions,
d ſhare them, from blue Ribbands, down
all blue Aprons in the Town:
m Ladies hurried in Calleches,
ith Cornets at their Footmen's Breeches,
Bawds as fat as Mother Nab;
l Guts and Belly, like a Crab.
r Party's great, and better ty'd
ith Oaths, and Trade, than any Side:
s one conſiderable Improvement,
double fortify the Cov'nant:
ean our Covenant to purchaſe
linquents Titles, and the Churches:
at paſs in Sale, from Hand to Hand,
nong ourſelves, for current Land:
d riſe or fall, like Indian Actions,
cording to the Rate of Factions.
r beſt Reſerve for Reformation,
hen new Out-goings give Occaſion:
at keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
e Covenant (their Creed) t' aſſert:

Help Pamphlets out, with ſafe Editions,
Of proper Slanders and Seditions:
And Treaſon for a Token ſend,
By Letter to a Country Friend;
Diſperſe Lampoons, the only Wit
That Men, like Burglary, commit;
Wit falſer than a Padder's Face,
That all its Owner does, betrays;
Who therefore dares not truſt it, when
He's in his Calling to be ſeen.
Diſperſe the Dung on barren Earth,
To bring new Weeds of Diſcord forth;
Be ſure to keep up Congreg
In ſpight of Laws and Pro
For Chiarlatans can do no
Until they're mounted in a C
And when they're puniſh'd,
Is but to fare the better for't
As long as Confeſſors are fu
Of double Pay for all th' end
And what they earn in Perfec
Are paid t' a Groat in Contrib
Whence ſome Tub-Holders-for
In Powd'ring-Tubs their richeſt
And, while they kept their Shops
Ha d their Prices ſtrangely
Di m the leaſt Regret
For ian Blood, w'
edit, and ma
'Tw rain:
Our Draw
That
But pe
Our Co
In Time

Know what a leading Voice is worth,
A ſeconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a caſting Voice comes to,
That turns up Trump, of Ay, or No;
And by adjuſting all at th' End,
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.
An Art that ſo much Study coſt,
And now's in Danger to be loſt,
Unleſs our ancient Virtuoſo's,
That found it out, get into th' Houſes.
Theſe are the Courſes that we took
To carry things by Hook, or Crook;



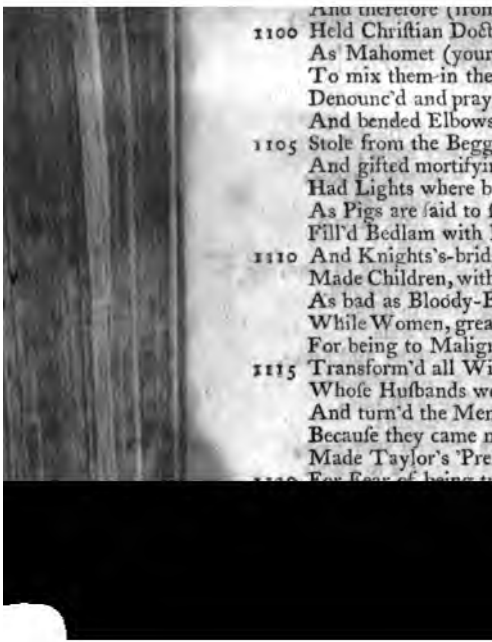
That all its Owner does, betray:
Who therefore dares not truſt it,
He's in his Calling to be ſeen.
Diſperſe the Dung on barren Ea
To bring new Weeds of Diſcor
Be ſure to keep up Congregatior
In ſpight of Laws and Proclam
For Chiarlatans can do no Good
Until they're mounted in a Crow
And when they're puniſh'd, all
Is but to fare the better for't;
As long as Confeſſors are ſure
Of double Pay for all th' endure
And what they earn in Perſecuti
Are paid t' a Groat in Contribut
Whence ſome Tub-Holders-for
In Powd'ring-Tubs their richeſt

Like Marble Statues, rubb'd in Pieces,
With Gallantry of Pilgrims Kiſſes:
While thoſe who turn and wind their Oaths,
Have ſwell'd and ſunk, like other Froths.
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
Before from World to World they ſwung;
As they had turn'd from Side to Side,
And as the Changlings liv'd, they dy'd.
This ſaid, th' impatient States-monger
Could now contain himſelf no longer;
Who had not ſpar'd to ſhew his Piques,
Againſt th' Haranguer's Politicks,
With ſmart Remarks, of leering Faces,
And Annotations of Grimaces,
After h' had adminiſter'd a Doſe

And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try th' Expedient:
Who can already muſter Friends,
To ſerve for Members, to our Ends,
That repreſent no Part o' th' Nation,
But e Fiſher's-Folly Congregation;
Are only Tools to our Intrigues,
And ſit like Geeſe, to hatch our Eggs;
Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
T' out-faſt, out-loiter, and out-ſit,
Can order Matters under-hand,
To put all Buſ'neſs to a Stand:
Lay Publick Bills aſide for Private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the Great and Neceſſary,
With Trifles to conteſt and vary;
And make the Nation repreſent,
And ſerve for us, in Parliament:

Know what a leading Voice is worth,
A ſeconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a caſting Voice comes to,
That turns up Trump, of Ay, or No;
And by adjuſting all at th' End,
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.
An Art that ſo much Study coſt,
And now's in Danger to be loſt,
Unleſs our ancient Virtuoſo's,
That found it out, get into th' Houſes.
Theſe are the Courſes that we took
To carry things by Hook, or Crook;
And practis'd down from Forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of Door:
Beſides the Herds of Boutefeus,
We ſet on Work, without the Houſe;
When ev'ry Knight, and Citizen,
Kept legiſlative Journey-men,
To bring them in Intelligence
From all Points of the Rabble's Senſe;
And fill the Lobbies of both Houſes
With politick important Buzzes:
Set up Committees of Cabals,
To pack Deſigns without the Walls;
Examine, and draw up all News,
And fit it to our preſent Uſe.
Agree upon the Plot o' th' Farce,
And ev'ry one his Part rehearſe.
Make Q's of Anſwers, to way-lay
What th' other Parties like to ſay:
What Repartees, and ſmart Reflections,
Shall be return'd to all Objections:
And who ſhall break the Maſter-Jeſt,
And what, and how, upon the reſt:

Help



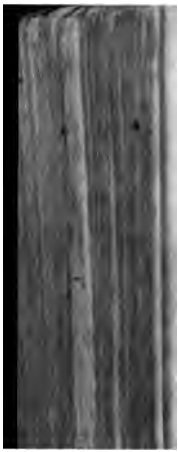
And ſettle on a new Freehold,
As MARCLY-HILL had done of old.
Could turn the Covenant, and tranſlate
The Goſpel into Spoons, and Plate:
Expound upon all Merchants Caſhes,
And open th' intricateſt Places:
Could catechize a Money-Box,
And prove all Powches orthodox;
Until the Cauſe became a DAMON,
And PYTHIAS the wicked Mammon.
And yet in ſpight of all your Charms,
To conjure Legion up in Arms;
And raiſe more Devils in the Rout,
Than e'er y' were able to caſt out;
Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe Fools,
Bred up (you ſay) in your own Schools;
Who though but gifted at your Feet,
Have made it plain, they have more Wit.
By whom you have been ſo oft trepann'd,
And held forth out of all Command,
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on,
Of all your Diſpenſations worm'd,
Out-Providenc'd, and out-reform'd;
Ejected out of Church and State,
And all things but the People's Hate;
And ſpirited out of th' Enjoyments
Of precious, edifying Employments,
By thoſe who lodg'd their Gifts and Graces,
Like better Bowlers, in your Places;
All which you bore with reſolution,
Charg'd on th' Accompt of Perſecution;
And though moſt righteouſly oppreſt,
Againſt your Wills, ſtill acquieſc'd;

And never Hum'd and
Nor ſnuffled Treaſon,
That is, becauſe you
For had you preach'd,
Alas! you were no lo
To raiſe your Poſſe of
One ſingle Red-Coat S
Out-charm'd the Mag
And, with his Squirt-
Whole Troops, with Cl
We knew too well tho
To leave it ever in you
Or truſt our Safeties,
To your diſpoſing of

Your carrying Buſineſs in a Huddle,
That forc'd our Rulers to New-model;
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out
To Reformado, One and All,
T' your great & Croyſado General.
Your greedy ſlav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches, Pow'r,
That ſprung the Game you were to ſet,
Before y' had Time to draw the Net:
Your Spight to ſee the Churches Lands
Divided into other hands,
And all your ſacrilegious Ventures
Laid out in Tickets, and Debentures;
Your Envy to be ſprinkled down,
By Under Churches in the Town;
And no Courſe us'd to ſtop their Mouth
Nor th' Independent's ſpreading Growth
All which conſider'd, 'tis moſt true
None bring him in ſo much as you;
Who have prevail'd beyond their Plots,
Their Midnight Junto's, and ſeal'd Kn
That thrive more by your zealous Pique
Than all their own raſh Politicks.
And this Way you may claim a Share,
In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair,
Elſe Frogs and Toads, that croak'd the J
From PHARAOH, and his Brick-kilns lo
And Flies and Mange, that ſet them fr
From Taſk-Maſters, and Slavery,
Were likelier to do the Feat,
In any indiff'rent Man's Conceit:
For who e'er heard of Reſtoration,
Until your thorough Reformation?

That is, the King's and Chu
Were ſequeſter'd int' other I
For only then, and not befor
Your Eyes were open'd to r
And when the Work was ca
Who croſs'd it, but yourſelv
As by a world of Hints appe
All plain, and extant as you
But firſt, o' th' firſt: Th
Will riſe up, if you ſhould
Where HENDERSON, and th
Were ſent to cap Texts, and
To paſs for deep and learned
Although but paltry Ob a
As if th' unſeaſonable Fools
Had been a Courſing in the
Until th' had prov'd the Dev
O' th' Covenant, and the Cau

When from a Scoundrel Holder-forth,
The Scum, as well as Son o' th' Earth,
Your mighty Senators took Law,
At his Command, were forc'd t' withdraw,
And ſacrifice the Peace o' th' Nation
To Doctrine, Uſe, and Application.
So when the SCOTS, your conſtant Cronies,
Th' Eſpouſers of your Cauſe, and Monies,
Who had ſo often, in your Aid,
So many Ways been ſoundly paid:
Came in at laſt for better Ends,
To prove themſelves your truſty Friends;
You baſely left them, and the Church
They train'd you up to in the Lurch,
And ſuffer'd your own Tribe of Chriſtians
To fall before, as true Philiſtines.
This ſhews what Utenſils y' have been,
To bring the King's Concernments in;
Which is ſo far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you:
And if he take you into Truſt,
Will find you moſt exactly juſt:
Such as will punctually repay
With double Intereſt, and betray.
Not that I think thoſe Pantomimes,
Who vary Action with the Times,
Are leſs ingenious in their Art,
Than thoſe who dully act one Part;
Or thoſe who turn from Side to Side,
More guilty, than the Wind and Tide.
All Countries are a wiſe Man's Home,
And ſo are Governments to ſome,
Who change them for the ſame Intrigues,
That Stateſmen uſe in breaking Leagues:



While others in old Fai
Look odd, as out-of-fal
And naſtier, in an old
Than thoſe who never
For True and Faithfu
Which Way ſoever the
And whether Parties lo
Is always Nick'd, or elſ
While Pow'r uſurp'd, li
Is more bewitching tha
And when the Times b
None riſe ſo high as fro
And ſo may we, if w
To uſe the neceſſary M
And not your uſual Str
On one another, Light
To ſtand on Terms as
As if we did not take.

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es
t Acceſſes;
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Poſſeſs'd with abſolute Domin
O'er Brethren's Purſes, and C
And truſted with the double

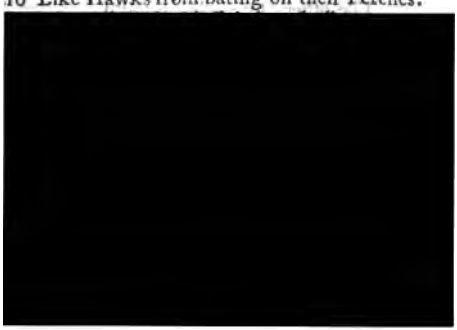
And whether Parties loſe or win,
Is always Nick'd, or elſe hedg'd in
While Pow'r uſurp'd, like ſtol'n D
Is more bewitching than the right,
And when the Times begin to al
None riſe ſo high as from the Hal
And ſo may we, if w' have but
To uſe the neceſſary Means;
And not your uſual Stratagems
On one another, Lights, and Dr
To ſtand on Terms as poſitive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the Covenant on Crutches
'Gainſt thoſe who have us in the
And dream of pulling Churches
Before w' are ſure to prop our c
Your conſtant Method of Proce
[illegible] Means of h

efore need not doubt our Play
dvantages that Way:
is Men have Faith to ſell,
t with thoſe that can pay well;
lf-ſtarv'd Pride and Avarice,
ch, and State will not ſuffice,
to Sale, beſide the Wages
; Plagues to After-ages.
r Money leſs our own,
as before we laid it down:
return, and turn t' Account,
brought in Play upon't:



(As Bowls run [illegible]
On Purpoſe falſe, and to be [illegible]
For if we ſhould be true to either,
'T would turn us out of both together
And therefore have no other Means
To ſtand upon our own Defence,
But keeping up our Antient Party
In Vigour, confident and hearty:
To reconcile our láte Diſſenters,
Our Brethren, though by other Vents
Unite them, and their different Magg
As long and ſhort Sticks are in Fagg
And make them join again as cloſe,
As when they firſt began t' eſpouſe
Erect them into ſeparate
New Jewiſh Tribes, in Church an
To join in Marriage, and Comm
And only among themſelves conv
And all that are not of their mind
Make Enemies to all Mankind:
[illegible]ll Religions in, and ſtick

And when they're hamper'd by the Laws,
Releaſe the Lab'rers for the Cauſe;
And turn the Perſecution back
On thoſe that made the firſt attack,
To keep them equally in awe,
From breaking, or maintaining Law:
And when they have their Fits too ſoon,
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon;
Put off their Zeal, t' a fitter Seaſon
For ſowing Faction in, and Treaſon;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like Hawks from bating on their Perches.



The End of all we firſt deſign'd,
And all that yet remains behind:
Be ſure to ſpare no publick Rapin
On all emergencies, that happen
For 'tis as eaſy to ſupplant
Authority, as Men in Want:
As ſome of us, in Truſts, have r
The one Hand with the other tra
Gain'd vaſtly by their joint Ende
The Right a Thief, the Left Re
And what the one, by Tricks,
The other, by as ſly, retail'd.
For gain has wonderful effects
T' improve the Factory of Sects
The Rule of Faith in all Profeſſi

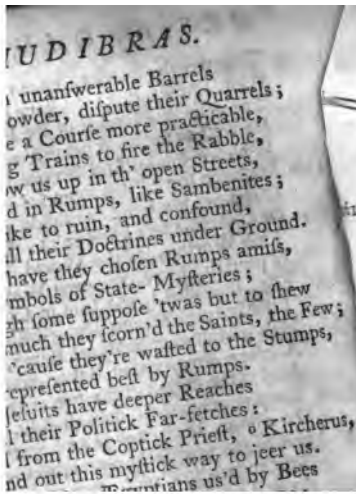
But when the Feat's deſign'd and meant,
What Miracle can bar th' Event?
For 'tis more eaſy to betray,
Than ruin any other way.
All poſſible Occaſions ſtart,
The weighty'ſt Matters to divert;
Obſtruct, perplex, diſtract, intangle,
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.
But in Affairs of leſs Import,
That neither do us Good nor Hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;
And ſeem as ſcrupulouſly juſt,

Who ſtar'd about, as pale as Death,
And, for a while, as out of Breath:
Till having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by Fits.

That [k] beaſtly Rabble,---that cam
From all the Garrets--in the Town,
And Stalls, and Shop-boards,-in vaſts
With new-chalk'd Bills-and ruſty A
To cry the Cauſe--up, heretofore,
And bawl the BISHOPS---out of Do
Are now drawn up-in greater Shoal
To roaſt--and broil us on the Coals,
And all the Grandees--of our Mem

[redacted]

That worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
And Tinder-Box of all his Fellows:
The activ'ſt Member of the Five,
As well as the moſt primitive:
Who for his faithful Service then,
Is choſen for a Fifth agen:
(For ſince the State has made a Quint
Of Generals he's lifted in't)
This Worthy, as the World will ſay,
Is paid in Specie, his own Way;
For, moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th' have pick'd from Dung-hills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A cropp'd malignant Baker gave 'em:
And to the largeſt Bone-fire riding, [in.
They've roaſted [m] COOK already, and PRIDE
On whom, in Equipage and State,
His Scarecrow Fellow-members wait,
And march in Order, two and two,
As at Thankſgivings th' us'd to do;
Each in a tatter'd Taliſman,
Like Vermin in Effigie ſlain.
But (what's more dreadful than the reſt)
Thoſe Rumps are but the Tail o' th' Beaſt,
Set up by Popiſh Engineers,
As by the Crackers plainly appears;
For none, but Jeſuits, have a Miſſion
To preach the Faith with Ammunition,
And propagate the Church with Powder;
Their Founder was a blown-up [n] Soldier.
Theſe ſpiritual Pioneers o' th' Whore's,
That have the Charge of all her Stores;
Since firſt they fail'd in their Deſigns,
To take in Heav'n by ſpringing Mines,


UDIBRAS.

unanſwerable Barrels
owder, diſpute their Quarrels;
e a Courſe more practicable,
g Trains to fire the Rabble,
w us up in th' open Streets,
d in Rumps, like Sambenites;
ke to ruin, and confound,
ll their Doctrines under Ground.
have they choſen Rumps amiſs,
mbols of State-Myſteries;
gh ſome ſuppoſe 'twas but to ſhew
much they ſcorn'd the Saints, the Few;
'cauſe they're waſted to the Stumps,
epreſented beſt by Rumps.
ſeſuits have deeper Reaches
l their Politick Far-fetches:
l from the Coptick Prieſt, o Kircherus,
nd out this myſtick way to jeer us.

For as a Fly that
Rests with his Tail above his Head;
So in this Mungrel State of ours,
The Rabble are the Supreme Powers;
That hors'd us on their Backs, to shew
A jadish Trick at last, and throw us.
The learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write there's a Bone, which they call Lu
I'th' Rump of Man, of such a Vertue,
No Force in Nature can do Hurt to;
And therefore at the last great Day,
All th' other Members shall, they say
Spring out of this, as from a Seed
All sorts of Vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned Sons of Ar
Os Sacrum, justly stile that Part.
Then what can better represent,
this Rump Bone, the Parlian

Worſe than the Devil, to H
Beyond all Hopes of Reſto
And parted like the Body
From all Dominion and C
We, who cou'd lately
Enact, eſtabliſh, or revok
Whoſe arbitrary Nods ga
And Frowns kept Multitu
Before the Bluſter of who
All Hats, as in a Storm,
Ador'd and bow'd to by t
Down to the Foot-man an
Had more bent Knees tha
And Prayers, than the C
Shall now be ſcorn'd as wr
For Ruin's juſt as low as
Which might be ſuffer'd,

. barricado'd it with Haunches
utward Men, and Bulks and Paunches,
t with their Shoulders ſtrove to ſqueeze,
, rather ſave a crippled Piece
ll their cruſh'd and broken Members,
n have them Grillied on the Embers;
preſſing on with heavy Packs
ne another, on their Backs:
Van-guard could no longer bear
Charges of the forlorn Rere,
born down headlong by the Rout,
e trampled ſorely under Foot:
nothing prov'd ſo formidable,
he horrid Cookery of the Rabble:
l Fear, that keeps all Feeling out,
leſſer Pains are by the Gout,
ev'd 'em with a freſh Supply
allied Force enough to fly,
l beat a Tuſcan Running-Horſe,
oſe Jocky-Rider is all Spurs.

HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Last PART.

The ARGUMENT of The THIRD CANTO.

[illegible]'s prodigious Flight by Night;

And have no poſſible Foundation,
But meerly in th' Imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful Feats
Than Hags, with all their ꝙ Imps and Teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themſelves,
Than all their Nurſeries of Elves.
For Fear does Things ſo like a Witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;
Sets up Communities of Senſes,
To chop and change Intelligences;
As ꝛ Roſicrucian Virtuoſo's
Can ſee with Ears, and hear with Noſes;
And when they neither ſee nor hear,
Have more than both ſupply'd by Fear;
That makes 'em in the Dark ſee Viſions,
And hag themſelves with Apparitions;
And when their Eyes diſcover leaſt,
Diſcern the ſubtleſt Objects beſt:
Do Things, not contrary, alone,
To th' courſe of Nature, but its own;
The Courage of the braveſt daunt,
And turn Pultroons as valiant:
For Men as reſolute appear,
With too much, as too little Fear;
And when they're out of Hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying:
Or turn again to ſtand it out;
And thoſe they fled, like Lions, rout.
This HUDIBRAS had prov'd too true,
Who by the Furies left perdue,
And haunted with Detachments, ſent
From ꝩ Marſhal Legion's Regiment,
Was by a Fiend, as Counterfeit,
Reliev'd and reſcu'd with a Cheat;

Where



In equal Fear of Night and Day,
Who took his dark and desp'rate
He knew no better than his Horse
And by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled.
He never was in greater Need,
Nor less Capacity of Speed;
Disabled, both in Man and Bea
To fly and run away, his best;
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
From equal falling on his Rere.
And though with Kicks and Ba
The further, and the nearer Sid
(As Seamen ride with all their
And tug as if they row'd the Ho
And when the Hackney fails mo
Believe they lag, or run a-drift,

So like in Perſon, Garb, and Pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.
For RALPHO had no ſooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But ſhe convey'd him out of Sight,
To entertain the approaching Knight:
And while He gave himſelf Diverſion,
T' accommodate his Beaſt and Perſon,
And put his Beard into a poſture
At beſt Advantage to accoſt her;
She order'd th' Antimaſquerade
(For his Reception) aforeſaid:
But when the Ceremony was done,
The Lights put out, and Furies gone;
And HUDIBRAS, among the reſt,
Convey'd away, as RALPHO gueſs't;
The wretched Caitiff all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his Story to himſelf;
The Knight miſtook him for an Elf:
And did ſo ſtill, till he began
To ſcruple at RALPH's Outward Man;
And thought, becauſe they oft agreed
T' appear in one another's Stead,
And act the Saint's and Devil's Part,
With undiſtinguiſhable Art;
They might have done ſo now, perhaps,
And put on one another's Shapes;
And therefore, to reſolve the Doubt,
He ſtar'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art? My 'Squire, or that bold Sprite
That took his Place and Shape to Night?
Some buſy Independent Pug,
Retainer to his Synagogue?

Alas! quoth he, I'm none of thoſe
Your Boſom Friends, as you ſuppoſe;
But RALPH himſelf, your truſty 'Squire
Wh' has dragg'd your Dunſhip out o' th'
And from th' Inchantments of a Widow
Wh' had turn'd you int' a Beaſt, have freed
And, though a Priſoner of War,
Have brought you ſafe, where you now a
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your conſtant Preſbyterian Way. [ſtra
That's ſtranger (quoth the Knight
Who gave thee Notice of my Danger?
Quoth he, th' infernal Conjurer

In which you told them all your Feats,
Your conſcientious Frauds and Cheats;
Deny'd your Whipping, and confeſs't
The naked Truth of all the reſt,
More plainly than the t Rev'rend Writer,
That to our Churches veil'd his Miter.
All which they took in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to under-write.
What made thee, when they all were gor
And none, but thou and I alone,
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my helliſh Fear?
Quoth he, I knew your conſtant Rate,
And frame of Sp'rit too obſtinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon
With any Motives of my own:
And therefore ſtrove to counterfeit
The Dev'l a-while, to nick your Wit;
The Devil, that is your conſtant Crony,
That only can prevail upon ye:
Elſe we might ſtill have been diſputing,
And they with weighty Drubs confuting.
The Knight, who now began to find
Th' had left the Enemy behind,
And ſaw no farther Harm remain,
But feeble Wearineſs and Pain;
Perceiv'd, by loſing of their Way,
Th' had gain'd th' Advantage of the Day;
And by declining of the Road,
They had, by Chance, their Rere made goc
He ventur'd to diſmiſs his Fear,
That Parting's wont to rent and tear,
And give the deſperat'ſt Attack
To Danger ſtill behind its Back.

It put him in a Rage;
He once reſolv'd to re-ingage;
Toſs'd like a Foot-Ball back again,
With Shame, and Vengeance, and I
Quoth he, it was thy Cowardiſe,
That made me from this Leaguer riſe
And when I had half reduc'd the Plac
To quit it infamouſly baſe.
Was better cover'd by the New
Arriv'd Detachment, than I knew:
To ſlight my new Acqueſts, and ru
Victorioufly, from Battles won.
And reck'ning all I gain'd or loſt,
To ſell them cheaper than they coſt;
To make me put myſelf to Flight,
And conqu'ring run away by Night
To drag me out, which th' haughty
Durſt never have preſum'd to do.

re damn'd to baſer Drubs
es feel in Powd'ring Tubs,
)-wheel'd Carroches, worſe
ıg a Wooden-Horſe:
rough ſtraiter Holes by th'Ears,
ıp'd for Perjurers.
th' Attempt had prov'd in vain,
:aſon to complain;
oſper'd, 'tis unhandſome
Hand that paid your Ranſome;
our obnoxious Bones
able Battoons.
/as reinforc'd,
led, and unhors'd,
ıualify'd for Fight,
left but haſty Flight,
gh as deſp'rate in th' Attempt,
ı Freedom to condemn't.
ur Bones in fit Condition
:he Expedition,
:aſonable, and vain,
'alling on again:
·oject to ſurprize
ttempted twice;
gn ſerve afterwards,
s tear their Loſing-Cards.
angs of Man and Beaſt
thing now but Reſt;
ıile will not be able
d prove ſerviceable.
e I, with reaſon, choſe
em, t' amuſe our Foes;
honourable Retreat,
total ſure Defeat.

For thoſe that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.
Hence timely Running's no mean part
Of Conduct, in the Martial Art;
By which ſome glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens by Breaking thrive;
And Cannons conquer Armies, while
They ſeem to draw off and recoil;
Is held the gallanteſt Courſe, and braveſt
To great Exploits, as well as ſafeſt;
That ſpares th' Expence of Time and Pai
And dangerous beating out of Brains;
And in the end prevails as certain
As thoſe that never truſt to Fortune;
But make their Fear do Execution
Beyond the ſtouteſt Reſolution;
As Earthquakes kill without a Blow,
And only trembling overthrow.

Have don't with Bonefires, and at Home
Made Squibs and Crackers overcome:
To ſet the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governors from Blame,
Diſperſe the News the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells;
And though reduc'd to that Extream,
They have been forc'd to ſing Te Deum;
Yet, with religious Blaſphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a Lie,
And for their Beating giving Thanks,
Th' have rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks;
For thoſe who run from th' Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the Fight becomes a Chace,
Thoſe win the Day, that win the Race;
And that which would not paſs in Fights,
Has done the Feat with eaſy Flights;
Recover'd many a deſp'rate Campaign
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
Reſtor'd the fainting High and Mighty
With Brandy-Wine, and Aqua-vitæ;
And made 'em ſtoutly overcome
With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum;
Whom the uncontroul'd Decrees of Fate
To Victory neceſſitate;
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return:
Or elſe their Sultan Populaces
Still ſtrangle all their routed Baſſa's.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, I underſtand
What Fights thou mean'ſt at Sea and Land,
And who thoſe were that run away,
And yet gave out th' had won the Day;



Although the Rabble ſouc'd them for 't,
O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.
'Tis true, our modern Way of War
Is grown more politick by far,
But not ſo reſolute, and bold,
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving Battle,
Unleſs it be to Herds of Cattle;
Or fighting Convoys of Proviſion,
The whole Deſign o' the Expedition;
And not with downright Blows to rout
The Enemy, but eat them out:
As Fighting, in all Beaſts of Prey,
And Eating, are perform'd one Way;
To give Defiance to their Teeth,
And fight their ſtubborn Guts to Death;
And thoſe atchieve the high'ſt Renown,
That bring the other Stomachs down.
There's now no Fear of Wounds, nor Mai
All Dangers are reduc'd to Famine; [i
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Deſign,
Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine:
But have no Need, nor Uſe of Courage,
Unleſs it be for Glory, or Forage:
For if they fight, 'tis but by Chance,
When one Side vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' Rere;
And forc'd, with terrible Reſiſtance,
To keep hereafter at a Diſtance,
To pick out Ground to incamp upon,
Where Store of largeſt Rivers run,
That ſerve, inſtead of peaceful Barrie
To part th' Engagements of their W



Where both from ſide to ſide may ſkip,
And only encounter at Bo-peep:
For Men are found the ſtouter-hearted,
The certainer th' are to be parted;
And therefore poſt themſelves in Bogs,
As th' ancient [x] Mice attack'd the Frogs;
And made their mortal Enemy,
The Water-Rat, their ſtrict Ally.
For 'tis not now, who's ſtout and bold?
But who bears Hunger beſt, and Cold?
And he's approv'd the moſt deſerving,
Who longeſt can hold out at Starving:
And he that routs moſt Pigs and Cows,
The formidableſt Man of Proweſs.
So th' Emperor CALIGULA,
That triumph'd o'er the Britiſh Sea,
Took Crabs and Oyſters Priſoners,
Lobſters, 'ſtead of Cuiraſiers;
Engag'd his Legions in fierce Buſtles,
With Periwinkles, Prawns, and Muſcles;
And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
To charge whole Regiments of Scallops;
Not like their ancient Way of War,
To wait on his triumphal Carr:
But when he went to dine or ſup,
More bravely eat his Captives up;
And left all War, by his Example,
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a Camp well.
Quoth RALPH, By all that you have ſaid,
And twice as much that I cou'd add,
'Tis plain, you cannot now do worſe,
Than take this out-of-faſhion'd Courſe;
To hope, by Stratagem, to woo her,
Or waging Battle to ſubdue her:

Though ſome have done it in Romances,
And bang'd them into amorous Fancies;
As thoſe who won the AMAZONS,
By wanton drubbing of their Bones:
And ſtout y Rinaldo gain'd his Bride,
By courting of her Back and Side.
But ſince thoſe Times and Feats are over,
They are not for a modern Lover;
When Miſtreſſes are too croſs-grain'd,
By ſuch Addreſſes to be gain'd:
And if they were, wou'd have it out,
With many another Kind of Bout.
Therefore I hold no Courſe s' infeaſible,
As this of Force to win the JEZEBEL;
To ſtorm her Heart, by th' antick Charm
Of Ladies Errant, Force of Arms;
But rather ſtrive by Law to win her.



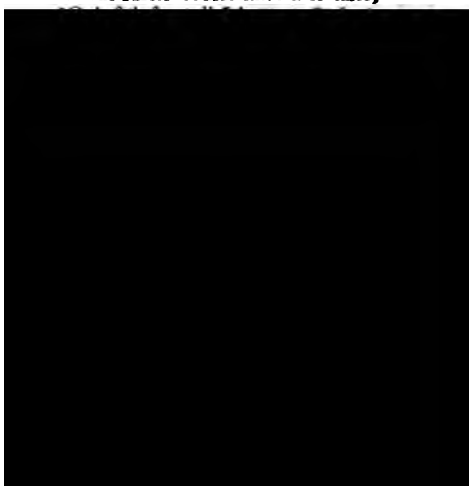
Has more of **Honour** in 't, ſome hold,
Not like the New Way, but the Old;
When thoſe the Pen had drawn together,
Decided Quarrels with the Feather,
And winged Arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than Bullets now of Lead:
So all their Combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen;
That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,
In Words at Length, as well as Figures;
Is Judge of all the World performs
In voluntary Feats of Arms;
And whatſoe'er's atchiev'd in Fight,
Determines which is wrong or right:
For whether you prevail, or loſe,
All muſt be try'd there in the Cloſe:
And therefore 'tis not wiſe to ſhun
What you muſt truſt to, e're y' have done.
The Law, that ſettles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the moſt perfidious Lover
A Lady, that's as falſe, recover:
And if it judge upon your Side,
Will ſoon extend her for your Bride:
And put her Perſon, Goods, or Lands,
Or which you like beſt, int' your Hands.
For Law's the Wiſdom of all Ages,
And manag'd by the ableſt Sages;
Who, though their Buſ'neſs at the Bar
Be but a kind of Civil War,
In which th' engage with fiercer Dudgeon
Than e'er the GRECIANS did, and TROJANS
They never manage the Conteſt
T' impair their publick Intereſt,

Or by their Controverſies leſſen
The Dignity of their Profeſſion:
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, the Cauſe, and Side;
And though w' are all as near of Kindred
As th' outward Man is to the inward;
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the ſlighteſt ſingle-fangle;
While Lawyers have more ſober Sence,
Than to argue at their own Expence,
But make their beſt Advantages
Of others Quarrels, like the Swiss:
And out of foreign Controverſies,
By aiding both Sides, fill their Purſes;
But have no Int'reſt in the Cauſe
For which th' ingage, and wage the Laws;
Nor further Proſpect than their Pay



And Heralds ſtickle, who got who,
So many hundred Years ago.
But Lawyers are too wiſe a Nation,
T' expoſe their Trade to Diſputation;
Or make the buſy Rabble Judges
Of all their ſecret Piques, and Grudges;
In which whoever wins the Day,
The whole Profeſſion's ſure to pay.
Beſide, no Mountebanks, nor Cheats,
Dare undertake to do their Feats;
When in all other Sciences
They ſwarm, like Inſects, and increaſe.
For what Bigot durſt ever draw,
By inward Light, a Deed in Law?
Or could hold forth, by Revelation,
An Anſwer to a Declaration?
For thoſe that meddle with their Tools,
Will cut their Fingers, if they're Fools:
And if you follow their Advice,
In Bills, and Anſwers, and Replies;
They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon Oath to anſwer ye,
And ſoon reduce her to b' your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life.
The Knight, who us'd with Tricks and Shifts
To edify, by RALPHO's Gifts,
But in Appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better ſeem his own,
(All Plagiary's conſtant Courſe
Of ſinking, when they take a Purſe)
Reſolv'd to follow his Advice,
But kept it from him by Diſguiſe:
And after ſtubborn Contradiction,
To counterfeit his own Conviction,

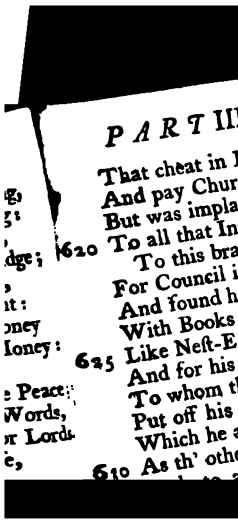
And by Tranſition, fall upon
The Reſolution, as his own.
Quoth he, this Gambol thou adviſeſt,
Is of all others the unwiſeſt;
For if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing ſillier, or vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence,
Where nothing's certain, but th' Expence;
To act againſt myſelf, and traverſe
My Suit, and Title to her Favours:
And if ſhe ſhou'd, which Heav'n forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fidler did;
What After-courſe have I to take,





Which he may adhere to, yet diſown,
For Reaſons to himſelf beſt known:
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For SIDROPHEL reſolves to ſue:
Whom I muſt anſwer, or begin
Inevitably firſt with him.
For I've receiv'd Advertiſement,
By times enough, of his Intent;
And knowing, he that firſt complains,
Th' Advantage of the Buſineſs gains:
For Courts of Juſtice underſtand
The Plaintiff to be eldeſt Hand;
Who what he pleaſes may aver,
The other, nothing till he ſwear:
Is freely admitted to all Grace,
And lawful Favour, by his Place:
And for his bringing Cuſtom in,
Has all Advantages to win.
I, who reſolve to overſee
No lucky Opportunity,
Will go to Council, to adviſe
Which way t' encounter, or ſurprize,
And after long Conſideration,
Have found out one to fit th' Occaſion;
Moſt apt for what I have to do,
As Counſellor, and Juſtice too:
And truly ſo, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for ſuch a Caſe.
An [z] old dull Sot, who told the Clock
For many Years at Bridewell-dock,
At Weſtminſter, and Hicks's-Hall,
And Hiccius Doctius play'd in all;
Where, in all Governments and Time
H' had been both Friend and Foe to

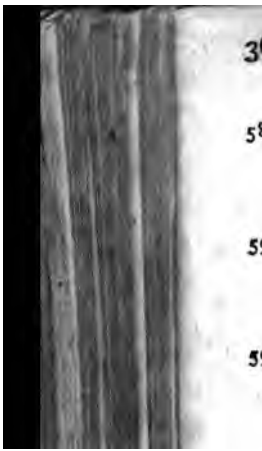




PART III

That cheat in I
And pay Churc
But was implac
To all that Int
To this bra
For Council in
And found hi
With Books
Like Neſt-E
And for his
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Put off his
Which he a
As th' othe

ge,
gs
dge;
it:
oney
Money:
e Peace;
Words,
r Lords
e,



And us'd two equal W
By hind'ring Juſtice, e
To many a Whore gav
And whipp'd, for want
Cart-loads of Bawds to
For b'ing behind a For
And many a truſty Pin
To [a] Puddle-dock, for
Engag'd the Conſtable
All thoſe that would nc
Nor give him back his
Though ſometimes Cor
And kept 'em Priſoners
For being ſober at ill H
That in the Morning h
Or bind 'em over for hi
Made [b] Monſters fine,



That cheat in Lawful Myſteries,
And pay Church Duties, and his Fees:
But was implacable, and aukward
To all that Interlop'd and Hawker'd.
To this brave Man the Knight repairs
For Council in his Law-Affairs;
And found him mounted in his Pew,
With Books and Money plac'd for Shew,
Like Neſt-Eggs to make Clients lay,
And for his falſe Opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
Put off his Hat to put his Caſe:
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteouſly ſtrain'd;
And, to aſſure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on's Hat,
Quoth he, there is one SIDROPHEL,
Whom I have cudgell'd---Very well.
And now he brags t'have beaten me;
Better and better ſtill, quoth he:
And vows to ſtick me to a Wall,
Where-e'er he meets me---Beſt of all.
'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath
That I robb'd him---Well done, in Troth.
When h' has confeſs'd he ſtole my Cloak,
And pick'd my Fob, and what he took;
Which was the Cauſe that made me bang him,
And take my Goods again---Marry hang
Now whether I ſhould before-hand [him.
Swear he robb'd me?---I underſtand,
Or bring my Action of Converſion
And Trover for my Goods?---Ah Whorſon,
Or if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his Trial;---Right;

Then whether you wou'd take her I
Or but recover her for your Wife;
Or be content with what ſhe has,
And let all other Matters paſs,
The Buſ'neſs to the Law's alone,
The Proof is all it looks upon:
And you can want no Witneſſes
To ſwear to any Thing you pleaſe,
That hardly get their meer Expence
By th' Labour of their Conſciences
Or letting out to hire their Ears
To Affidavit-Cuſtomers:
At inconſiderable Values
To ſerve for Jury-Men, or Tale
[illegible] retain'd in th' hardeſt

And make an Artiſt underſtand
To copy out her Seal, or Hand;
Or find void Places in the Paper
To ſteal in ſomething to intrap her;
Till with her worldly Goods and Body,
Spight of her Heart, ſhe has indow'd ye:
Retain all Sorts of Witneſſes,
That ply i' th' Temples, under Trees;
Or walk the Round, with Knights o' th' Poſts,
About the croſs-legg'd Knights, their Hoſts;
Or wait for Cuſtomers between
The Pillars-Rows in Lincoln's-Inn;





And hum'd upon

An Heroical

EPIST

OF

HUDIBRAS to his

ou'ld find, upon my juſt Defence,
ow much y' have wrong'd my Innocence.
hat once I made a Vow to you,
hich yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
it not becauſe it is unpaid,
is violated, though delay'd:
, if it were, it is no Fault,
heinous as you'ld have it thought;
› undergo the Loſs of Ears,
ke vulgar Hackney Perjurers:
r there's a Diff'rence in the Caſe,
tween the Noble, and the Baſe;
ho always are obſerv'd t' have don't
›on as different an Account:
ne one for great and weighty Cauſe,
› ſalve in Honour ugly Flaws;
r none are like to do it ſooner
nan thoſe who are niceſt of their Honour:
he other for baſe Gain and Pay,
›rſwear, and perjure by the Day;
nd make th' Expoſing and Retailing
ieir Souls and Conſciences, a Calling.
It is no Scandal, nor Aſperſion
›on a Great, and Noble Perſon,
› ſay he nat'rally abhorr'd
h' old-faſhion'd Trick, To keep his Word,
hough 'tis Perfidiouſneſs and Shame
meaner Men, to do the ſame:
r to be able to Forget,
found more uſeful to the Great,
nan Gout, or Deafneſs, or bad Eyes,
› *make 'em* paſs for wond'rous wiſe.
though the Law, on Perjurers,
'tis the Forfeiture of Ears;

It is not juſt, that does exempt
The Guilty, and puniſh the Innocent:
To make the Ears repair the Wrong
Committed by th' ungovern'd Tongue;
And when one Member is forſworn,
Another to be cropt, or torn.
And if you ſhould, as you Deſign,
By courſe of Law recover mine,
You're like, if you conſider right,
To gain but little Honour by't.
For he that for his Lady's Sake
Lays down his Life, or Limbs at Stake,
Does not ſo much deſerve her favour,
As he that pawns his Soul to have her.
This y' have acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now diſdain to own:

For as the Law of Arms approves
All Ways to Conqueſt, ſo ſhould Love's;
And not be ty'd to true or falſe,
But make that juſteſt that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All Empire, High and Mighty Love,
Submit it's great Prerogative
To any other Power alive?
Shall Love, that to no Crown gives Place,
Become the Subject of a Caſe?
The Fundamental Law of Nature,
Be over-rul'd by thoſe made after?
Commit the Cenſure of it's Cauſe
To any, but it's own great Laws?
Love, that's the World's Preſervative,
That keeps all Souls of Things alive;
Controuls the Mighty Pow'r of Fate,
And gives Mankind a longer Date;
The Life of Nature that reſtores,
As faſt as Time and Death devours;
To whoſe Free-Gift the World does owe,
Not only Earth, but Heaven too:
For Love's the only Trade that's driven,
The Intereſt of State in Heav'n,
Which nothing but the Soul of Man
Is capable to entertain.
For what can Earth produce, but Love,
To repreſent the Joys above?
Or who, but Lovers, can converſe,
Like Angels, by the Eye-Diſcourſe?
Addreſs, and Compliment by Viſion,
Make Love, and court by Intuition?
And burn in amorous Flames as fierce
As thoſe celeſtial Miniſters?

With greater Art, and Cunning rear'd,
Than [h] PHILIP NYE's Thankſgiving Beard,
Prepoſt'rouſly t' entice, and gain
Thoſe to adore 'em they diſdain;
And only draw 'em in, to clog
With idle Names a Catalogue.
A Lover is, the more he's brave
T' his Miſtreſs, but the more a Slave;
And whatſoever ſhe commands,
Becomes a Favour from her Hands;
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and muſt,
Whether it be unjuſt, or juſt.
Then when he is compell'd by her
T' Adventures, he would elſe forbear

But when the Devil turns Confeſſor,
Truth is a Crime, he takes no Pleaſure
To hear, or Pardon, like the Founder
Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiſer done.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The firſt that on th' Adventure went:
All Mankind ever did of Courſe,
And daily does the ſame, or worſe.
For what Romance can ſhew a Lover,
That had a Lady to recover,
And did not ſteer a nearer Courſe,
To fall a-board on his Amours?
And what at firſt was held a Crime,
Has turn'd to Honourable in Time.
To what a Height did Infant ROME,
By raviſhing of Women, come?
When Men upon their Spouſes ſeiz'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd:
They ne'er Forſwore themſelves, nor Ly'd,
Nor in the Mind they were in, Dy'd:
Nor took the Pains t' addreſs, and ſue,
Nor play'd the Maſquerade to wooe:
Diſdain'd to ſtay for Friends Conſents:
Nor juggled about Settlements;
Did need no Licenſe, nor no Prieſt,
Nor Friends, nor Kindred, to aſſiſt;
Nor Lawyers, to join Land and Money
In th' Holy State of Matrimony,
Before they ſettled Hands and Hearts,
Till k Alimony, or Death departs:
Nor wou'd endure to ſtay until
Th' had got the very Bride's good Will,

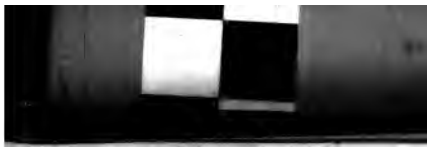


But took a wife and more
To win the Ladies, dow
And juſtly made 'em Pri
As they have often ſince,
With Acting Plays, and
The luckieſt of all Love'
And when they had them
Then talk'd of Love, and
For after Matrimony's ove
He that holds out but hal
Deſerves for ev'ry Minut
Than half a Year of Lov
For which the Dames, in
Of that beſt Way of Appl
Prov'd nobler Wives than
By Suit, or Treaty to b
And ſuch as all Poſterity
Cou'd never equal, nor co
For Women firſt were n
Not Men for them.---It fi
That Men have Right to
And they no Freedom of
And therefore Men have



Have freer Pow'r, than he, in Grace
And Nature, o'er the Creature has?
Becauſe the Laws he ſince has made,
Have cut off all the Pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the abſolute Dominion
That Nature gave him over Women;
When all his Pow'r will not extend
One Law of Nature to ſuſpend:
And but to offer to repeal
The ſmalleſt Clauſe, is to rebel.
This, if Men rightly underſtood
Their Privilege, they would make g
And not, like Sots, permit their Wi
T' encroach on their Prerogatives;
For which Sin they deſerve to be
Kept, as they are, in Slavery:
And this ſome precious Gifted Tea
Unrev'rently reputed Leachers,
And diſobey'd in making Love,
Have vow'd to all the World to pr
And make ye ſuffer, as you ough
For that uncharitable Fault.
But I forget myſelf, and rove
Beyond th' Inſtructions of my Lo
Forgive me, (Fair) and only l
Th' Extravagancy of my Flame
Since 'tis too much, at once to
Exceſs of Love and Temper to
All I have ſaid that's bad, and
Was never meant to aim at yo
Who have ſo ſov'reign a Contı
O'er that poor Slave of yours
That rather than to forfeit
Has ventur'd Loſs of Heav

Both with an equal Pow'r poſſeſt,
To render all that ſerve you bleſt:
But none like him, who's deſtin'd either
To have, or loſe you, both together.
And if you'll but this Fault releaſe,
(For ſo it muſt be, ſince you pleaſe)
I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I ſwore,
And expiate upon my Skin
Th' Arrears in full of all my Sin.
For 'tis but juſt, that I ſhould pay
Th' accruing Penance, for Delay,
Which ſhall be done, until it move
Your equal Pity, and your Love.
The Knight, peruſing this Epiſtle,
Believ'd, h' had brought her to his Whiſtle
And read it like a jocund Lover.



She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a Smile and leering Flout:
Reſolv'd to anſwer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what ſhe deſign'd.

THE LADY's ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT

THAT you're a Beaſt, and turn'd to Gra
Is no ſtrange News, nor ever was,
At leaſt to me, who once, you kno
Did from the Pound Replevin you,
When both your Sword and Spurs were w
In Combat by an Amazon:
That Sword, that did (like Fate) determin
Th' inevitable Death of Vermine;
And never dealt its furious Blows,
But cut the Throats of Pigs and Cows;
By TRULLA was, in ſingle Fight,
Diſarm'd, and wreſted from its Knight,
Your Heels degraded of your Spurs,
And in the Stocks cloſe Priſoners.

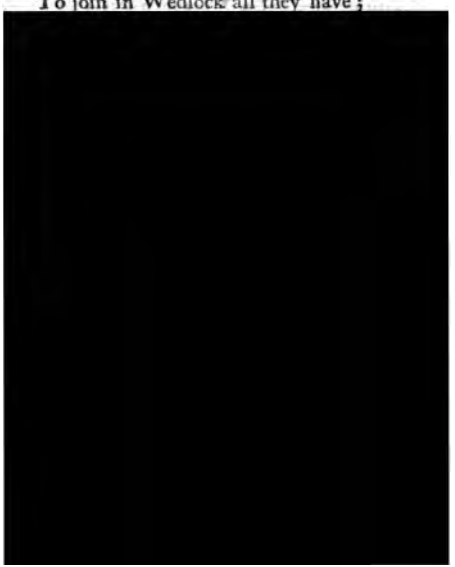
Where ſtill they'd lay'n, in baſe Reſtraint,
If I, in Pity of your Complaint,
Had not, on honourable Conditions,
Releaſt 'em from the worſt of Priſons;
And what Return that Favour met,
You cannot (though you wou'd) forget;
When being free, you ſtrove t' evade
The Oaths you had in Priſon made;
Forſwore yourſelf, and firſt deny'd it,
But after own'd, and juſtify'd it:
And when y' had falſly broke one Vow,
Abſolv'd yourſelf, by breaking two.
For while you ſneakingly ſubmit,
And beg for Pardon at our Feet,
Diſcourag'd by your guilty Fears,
To hope for Quarter for your Ears;
And doubting 'twas in vain to ſue.

Or Forfeitures, which ev'ry Lover,
That wou'd but fue for, might recover;
It is not hard to underſtand
The Myſt'ry of this bold Demand,
That cannot at our Perſons aim,
But ſomething capable of Claim.
'Tis not thoſe paultry counterfeit
French Stones, which in our eyes you ſet,
But our Right Diamonds, that inſpire
And ſet your am'rous Hearts on Fire:
Nor can thoſe falſe St. Martin's Beads
Which on our Lips you lay for Reds,
And make us wear, like Indian Dames,
Add Fuel to your ſcorching Flames:
But thoſe true Rubies of the Rock,
Which in our Cabinets we lock.
'Tis not thoſe Orient Pearls our Teeth,
That you are ſo tranſported with:
But thoſe we wear about our Necks,
Produce thoſe amorous Effects.
Nor is't thoſe Threads of Gold, our Hair,
The Perriwigs you make us wear;
But thoſe bright Guinea's in our Cheſts,
That light the Wild-fire in your Breaſts.
Theſe Love-tricks I've been vers'd in ſo,
That all their ſly Intrigues I know,
And can unriddle by their Tones
Their Myſtick Cabals, and Jargones;
Can tell what Paſſions, by their Sounds,
Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds;
What Raptures fond and amorous
O' th' Charms and Graces of my Houſe;
What Extaſy, and ſcorching Flame,
Burns for my Money, in my Name:

What

What from th' unnatural Deſire
To Beaſts and Cattle takes its Fire;
What tender Sigh, and trickling Tear,
Longs for a Thouſand Pounds a Year;
And languiſhing Tranſports are fond
Of Statute, Mortgage, Bill, and Bond.
Theſe are th' Attracts which moſt Men fall
Inamour'd, at firſt Sight, withal;
To theſe th' addreſs with Serenades,
And court with Balls, and Maſquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning Pain
Y'have ſuffer'd for their Loves in vain,
I fear they'll prove ſo nice and coy
To have, and t'hold, and to enjoy;
[redacted]

Hence 'tis, you have no Way t' expreſs
Our Charms and Graces, but by theſe:
For what are Lips, and Eyes, and Teeth,
Which Beauty invades and conquers with;
But Rubies, Pearls, and Diamonds,
With which a Philter-Love Commands?
This is the Way all Parents prove,
In managing their Childrens Love;
That force 'em t'inter-marry and wed,
As if th' were bur'ing of the Dead.
Caſt Earth to Earth, as in the Grave,
To join in Wedlock all they have;



'Tis ſo ridiculous, as ſoon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than Setters can betray,
That tell what Tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at beſt, is but a Vow,
Which all Men either break, or bow:
Then what will thoſe forbear to do,
Who perjure, when they do but woo?
Such as before-hand Swear and Ly,
For Earneſt to their Treachery:
And rather than a Crime confeſs,
With greater ſtrive to make it leſs:
Like Thieves, who, after Sentence paſt,
Maintain their Innocence to the laſt;
And when their Crimes were made appe
As plain as Witneſſes can ſwear;



'hese are the Virtues, in whose Name,
. Right to all the World you claim,
nd boldly challenge a Dominion,
Grace and Nature, o'er all Women:
f whom, no less will satisfy,
han all the Sex, your Tyranny.
lthough you'll find it a hard Province,
/ith all your crafty Frauds and Covins,
o govern such a num'rous Crew,
'ho, one by one, now govern you:
or if you all were SOLOMONS,
nd Wise and Great as he was once,
ou'll find they're able to subdue
As they did him) and baffle you.
And if you are impos'd upon,
'is by your own Temptation done,
hat with your Ignorance invite,
nd teach us how to use the Slight.
or when we find y' are still more taken
/ith false Attracts of our own making,
vear that's a Rose, and that a Stone,
ke Sots, to us that laid it on;
nd what we did but slightly prime,
lost ignorantly daub in Rhime;
ou force us, in our own Defences,
o Copy Beams and Influences;
o lay Perfections on the Graces,
nd draw Attracts upon our Faces:
nd, in Compliance to your Wit,
our own false Jewels counterfeit.
or, by the Practice of those Arts,
'e gain a greater Share of Hearts,
d those deserve in Reason most,
at greatest Pains and Study cost.

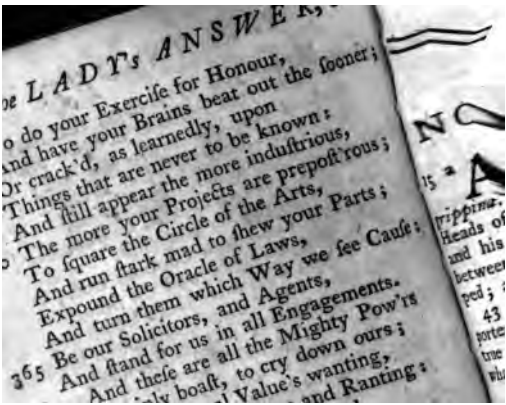
For great Perfections are, like Heav'n,
Too rich a Preſent to be given.
Nor are thoſe Maſter Strokes of Beauty
To be perform'd, without Hard Duty,
Which, when they're nobly done and well,
The ſimple Natural excell.
How fair and ſweet the Planted Roſe,
Beyond the Wild in Hedges grows!
For without Art the nobleſt Seeds
Of Flow'rs degen'rate into Weeds.
How dull and rugged, e're 'tis ground,
And poliſh'd, looks a Diamond?
Though Paradiſe were e'er ſo fair,
It was not kept ſo, without Care.
The whole World, without Art and Dreſs,
Would be but one great Wilderneſs;
And Mankind but a Savage Herd,
Nature has conferr'd.



d if we had not weighty cauſe
not appear, in making Laws,
: could, in ſpight of all your Tricks,
d ſhallow, formal Politicks,
:ce you our Managements t' obey,
we to yours (in Shew) give way.
nce 'tis that while you vainly ſtrive
advance your high Prerogative,
u baſely, after all your Braves,
mit, and own yourſelves our Slaves;
d 'cauſe we do not make it known,
r publickly our Int'reſts own;
:e Sots, ſuppoſe we have no Shares
ord'ring you, and your Affairs:
hen all your Empire and Command
u have from us, at ſecond Hand:
if a Pilot, that appears
ſit ſtill only, while he ſteers,
d does not make a Noiſe and Stir,
:e ev'ry common Mariner,
ew nothing of the Card, nor Star,
d did not guide the Man of War:
r we, becauſe we don't appear
Councils, do not govern there:
hile, like the mighty [m] PRESTER JOHN,
hoſe Perſon none dares look upon,
t is preſerv'd in cloſe Diſguiſe,
m being made cheap to vulgar Eyes,
enjoy as large a Pow'r unſeen,
govern him, as he does Men:
d in the Right of our Pope JOAN,
ke *Emp'rors* at our Feet fall down;
[n] JOAN DE PUCEL's braver Name,
Right to Arms, and Conduct claim;

Who, though a Spinſter, yet was able
To ſerve FRANCE for a Grand Conſtable.
We make, and execute all Laws,
Can judge the Judges, and the Cauſe;
Preſcribe all Rules of Right or Wrong,
To th' Long Robe, and the Longer Tongue;
'Gainſt which the World has no Defence,
But our more pow'rful Eloquence.
We manage Things of greateſt Weight,
In all the World's Affairs of State,
Are Miniſters of War and Peace,
That ſway all Nations, how we pleaſe.
We rule all Churches, and their Flocks,
Heretical, and Orthodox,
And are the heavenly Vehicles
O' th' Spirits, in all Conventicles.

your Guardians, that increaſe,
your Fortunes how we pleaſe;
you humour us, can deal
our Matters, Ill or Well.
we that can diſpoſe alone,
r your Heirs ſhall be your own,
oſe Integrity you muſt,
ght of all your Caution, truſt;
leſs you fly beyond the Seas,
t you with what Heirs we pleaſe;
force you t' own 'em, though begotten
'rench Valets, or Iriſh Footmen.
can the rigorouſeſt Courſe
rail, unleſs to make us worſe;
10 ſtill, the harſher we are us'd,
e further off from b'ing reduc'd;
nd ſcorn t' abate, for any Ills,
he leaſt Punctilio's of our Wills.
orce does but whet out Wits t' apply
Arts, born with us, for Remedy;
Which all your Politicks, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For when y' have try'd all Sorts of Ways,
What Fools d' we make of you in Plays?
While all the Favours we afford,
Are but to girt you with the Sword,
To fight our Battles in our Steads,
And have your Brains beat out o' your Heads
Encounter, in deſpite of Nature,
And fight at once, with Fire and Water,
With Pirates, Rocks, and Storms, and Sea
Our Pride and Vanity t' appeaſe;
Kill one another, and cut Throats,
For our good Graces, and beſt Thoughts





To the KNIG

We are your Guardia
Or waſte your Fortunes
And, as you humour us
In all your Matters, Ill
'Tis we that can diſp
Whether your Heirs ſha
To whoſe Integrity you
In Spight of all your Ca
And, leſs you fly beyon
Can fit you with what I
And force you t' own 'e
By French Valets, or Iri

276 f *As if th' bad*, &c.] This alludes to ſome abject Letchers, who uſed to be diſciplined with *amorous Laſſies* by their *Miſtreſſes*.

323 *Bewitch* h Hermetick Men, &c.] *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*, an *Egyptian* Philoſopher, and ſaid to have lived *Anno Mundi* 2076, in the Reign of *Ninus*, after *Moſes*. He was a wonderful Philoſopher, and proved that there was but one *God*, the Creator of all Things; and was the Author of ſeveral moſt excellent and uſeful inventions; but thoſe *Hermetick Men* here mentioned, though the pretended Sectators of this great Man, are nothing elſe but a wild and extravagant ſort of Enthuſiaſts, who make a Hodge-podge of *Religion* and *Philoſophy*, and produce nothing but what is the Object of every conſidering Perſon's Contempt.

326 i *Potoſi*] *Potoſi* is a City of *Peru*, the Mountains of which afford great Quantities of the fineſt Silver

with the beſt ſtrengthening and nouriſhing
der to qualify them for future Services.
ranſform them into Rams, &c] The *Sirens*,
o the Poets, were three Sea-Monſters, half
half *Fiſh*; their Names were *Parthenope*,
Leucoſia. Their uſual Reſidence was about
of *Sicily*, where by the charming Melody of
s, they uſed to detain thoſe that heard them,
ansformed them into ſome ſort of brute Ani-

the Huſband p Mandrake, &c.] Naturaliſts
t if a *Male* and *Female Mandrake* lie near
, there will often be heard a ſort of Murmur-

q *World is but two Parts*, &c.] The *Equi-*

Two Famous and Valiant Princes of this Country, the one a *Saxon*, the other a *Dane*.

1131 *But those that trade in* Geomancy, &c.] *The Lapland Magi.* The *Laplanders* are an idolatrous People, far North; and it is very credibly reported by Authors and Persons that have travelled in their Country, that they do perform things incredible by what is vulgarly called *Magick*.

1158 *To y burning with*, &c] An Allusion to Cauterizing in Apoplexies, &c.

1321 *The* [2] Queen of Night, &c.] The *Moon* influences the Tides, and predominates over all humid Bodies; and Persons distempered in Mind are called *Lunaticks*.

1344 [2] *And growing to thy Horse*, &c.] The *Centaurs* were a People of *Thessaly*, and supposed to be the first Managers of Horses, and the neighbouring Inhabitants never having seen any such Thing before, fabulously re-

524 [f] *Diſtrain on Soul,* &c.] Excommunication which drives Men from being Members of the viſible Church, and formally delivers them up to the Devil.

NOTES *to Part* III. *Canto* II.

1 *The Learned write,* [g] &c.] An *Inſect Breeze*; Breezes often bring along with them great Quantities of Inſects, which ſome are of Opinion, are generated from viſcous exhalations in the Air; but our Author makes them proceed from a *Cow*'s Dung, and afterwards become a plague to that whence it received its Original.

13 *For as the* Perſian, [h] *&c.*] The Magi were Prieſts and Philoſophers among the *Perſians*, intruſted with the Government both Civil and Eccleſiaſtick, much addicted to the Obſervation of the Stars. *Zoroaſter* is reported to be their firſt Author: They had this Cuſtom amongſt them to preſerve and continue their Families, by inceſtuous Copulation with their own Mothers. Some are of opinion, that the three wiſe Men that came out of the Eaſt to worſhip our Saviour were ſome of theſe.

51 *At* [i] Michael's *Term*, &c.] St. *Michael*, an Archangel, mentioned in St. *Jude*'s Epiſtle, *Verſe* 9.

78 [k] *And laid about*, &c.] *William Prynne* of *Lincoln's-Inn*, Eſq; born at *Swanſwick*, who ſtiled himſelf *Iter Bariſter*, a very warm Perſon, and voluminous Writer; and after the Reſtoration, Keeper of the Records in the *Tower*.

146 *As* [l] Dutch Boors, *&c.*] It is reported of the *Dutch Women*, that making ſo great uſe of Stoves, and often putting them under their Petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly Monſter, which is called a *Sootcrkin*.

151 *To out-cant the* [m] Babylonian, *&c.*] At the building of the Tower of *Babel*, when God made the confuſion of Languages.

215 *Tost'd in a furious* n Hurricane, *&c.*] At *Oliver*'s Death was a most furious Tempest, such as had not been known in the Memory of Man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this Nation.

This *Sterry* reported something ridiculously fabulous concerning *Oliver*, not unlike what *Proculus* did of *Romulus*.

224 *Fulse* o Heaven, *&c.*] After the Restoration *Oliver*'s Body was dug up, and his Head set up at the further End of *Westminster-hall*, near which Place there is an House of Entertainment, which is commonly known by the Name of *Heaven*.

227 *So* Romulus, p *&c.*] A *Roman* Senator, whose Name was *Proculus*, and much beloved by *Romulus*, made Oath before the *Senate*, that this Prince appeared to him after his Death, and predicted the future Grandeur of that *City*, promising to be Protector of it; and expressly charged him, that he should be adored there

they ſpread their abominable Errors, and Streets in Enthuſiaſtical Raptures, crying, *baptized*, pronouncing diſmal *Woes* againſt would not embrace their Tenets. About they broke out into an open Inſurrection, *Palace* and *Magazines*, and grew ſo for- it was very dangerous for thoſe who were Perſuaſion to dwell in *Munſter*; but at his Aſſociates being ſubdued and taken, ed at *Munſter*, had his Fleſh pulled off by ers with red-hot Pincers for the Space of then run thro' with a Sword.

theſe there was a [s] Politician, *&c.*] This

[redacted]

520 (*I mean* [x] Margaret's *Faſt*)
ment uſed to have publick Faſts, ke
Church, *Weſtminſter*, as it is done t
605 *To hang like* [y] Mahomet, &
Mahomet the great Impoſtor, that h
the Roof whereof was a Loadſtone
Corps when he was dead, to be pu
ſin, and brought into that Place, th
tracted it near the Top, where it ſt
No leſs fabulous is what the Leg
Loyola, that his Zeal and Devotion
that at his Prayers he has been ſee
the Ground for ſome conſiderable Ti
650 *As eaſy as* [z] Serpents, &c.

1200 *T' your great* [g] Croyſado *General*, &c.] *Gene-Fairfax*, who was ſoon laid aſide, after he had done ıe of their Drudgery for them.

1241 [h] *To paſs for deep and learned Scholars*, &c.] ro ridiculous Scriblers that were often peſtering the ɔrld with Nonſenſe.

1250 [i] *Like Sir* Pride, *&c.*] The one a *Brewer*, the ıer a *Shoemaker*, and both Colonels in the Rebels Ar-.

1505 *The* [k] Beaſtly Rabble *that came down*, &c.] This ın accurate Deſcription of the Mob's burning Rumps ɔn the Admiſſion of the ſecluded Members, in Con-npt of the Rump-Parliament.

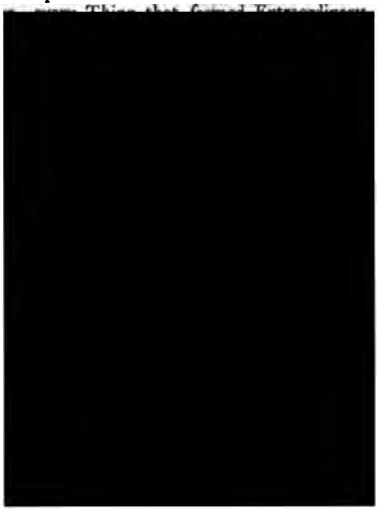
TES to Part III. Canto III.

han Hags *with all their* q Imps *and Teats.*] Alle
o the vulgar Opinion that *Witches* have their *Imps*,
miliar Spirits, that are imploy'd in their Diaboli-
ractices, and ſuck private *Teats* they have about
1.

5 *As* r Roſi-crucian Virtuoſo's, &c.] The *Roſi-cru-*
s were a Sect that appeared in *Germany*, in the Be-
ning of the XVIIth Age. They are alſo called the
lightened, *Immortal and Inviſible*; they are a very En-
ſiaſtical Sort of Men, and hold many *Wild and E-*
vagant Opinions.

Marſhal Legion's Regiment.] He us'd to
neſt Legions to drop down
f the good Old

old dull Sot, who told the Clock, *&c.*] *Pri-*
tice of Peace, a very Pragmatical buſy Per-
e Times, and a Mercenary and Cruel Ma-
mous for the following Methods of getting
mong many others.
d many' a truſty Pimp *and* Croney, *&c.*]
Gaol for puny Offenders.
le [b] Monſters fine, and Puppet-plays, *&c.*]
Money from thoſe that kept Shows.
[c] Stiles's *Pocket into* Nokes's, *&c.*] *John*
d *John a Stiles*, are two fictitious Names
in Stating Caſes of Law only.
[d] BONGEY *for a* Water-Witch:] *Bongey*
ciſcan, and lived towards the End of the
entury, a Doctor of Divinity in *Oxford*, and
Acquaintance of Friar *Bacon*'s: In that



121 *Or* Heav'n *itſelf a Sin* [f] *reſent*, &c.] In r Children are capable of being Inhabitants of *He* therefore it ſhould not reſent it as a Crime, to fi Store of Inhabitants for it.

173 *You wound like* [g] Parthians *while you fly*, *Parthians* are the Inhabitants of a Province in *P* They were excellent *Horſemen*, and very exquiſite at *Bows*, and it is reported of them, that they gen ſlew more upon their Retreat than they did in th gagement.

188 [h] *Than* Philip Nye's *Thankſgiving* Beard.] of the Aſſembly of *Divines*, very remarkable for th gularity of his Beard.

237 *To what a Heigbt did* [i] Infant Rome, *&c.*] *Romulus* had built *Rome*, he made it an *Aſylum*, or of *Refuge* for all Malefactors and others obnoxious Laws, to retire to; by which Means it ſoon came very populous; but when he began to conſider, that



iem; but on the contrary, the *Leaden* create the Averſion and Hatred; with the firſt of theſe he ›olle, and with the other *Daphne*, according to *Ovid.*

While, like the mighty [m] Preſter John, *&c.*] *John*, an abſolute *Prince*, Emperor of *Abyſſinia* iopia; one of them is reported to have had ſeven-gs for his Vaſſals, and ſo ſuperb and arrogant, ne durſt look upon him without his Permiſſion.

Or [n] Joan de Pucel's *braver Name.*] *Joan* of *Arc*, alſo the *Pucelle*, or Maid of *Orleans*; She was : the Town of *Damremi* on the *Meuſe*, Daughter *nes de Arc*, and *Iſabella Romee*, was bred up a rdeſs in the Country. At the Age of Eighteen or y She pretended to an expreſs Commiſſion from go to the Relief of *Orleans*, then beſieged by the ', and defended by *John Comte de Dennis*, and al-educed to the laſt Extremity. She went to the tion of *Charles the Seventh*, when he was almoſt

She knew that Prince in the midſt of his No-hough meanly habited. The Doctors of Divinity embers of Parliament openly declared that there mething ſupernatural in her Conduct. She ſent word which lay in the Tomb of a Knight, which hind the great Altar of the Church of St. *Katha-Forbois*, upon the Blade of which the *Croſs* and *-de-luces* were engraven, which put the King in great Surprize, in regard none beſides himſelf of it; upon this he ſent her with the Command of roops, with which ſhe relieved *Orleans*, and drove *gliſh* from it, defeated *Talbot* at the Battle of *Pat*- d recovered *Champagne*. At laſt ſhe was u y taken Priſoner in a Sally at *Champagne* in 1 ed for a Witch or Sorcereſs, condemned and n Market-Place in *May* 1430.

Paſs on our ſelves a [o] Salique Law:] The Salique a Law in *France*, whereby it is enacted, that no hall inherit that Crown.

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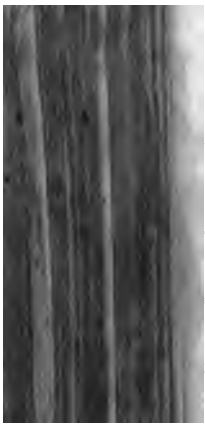
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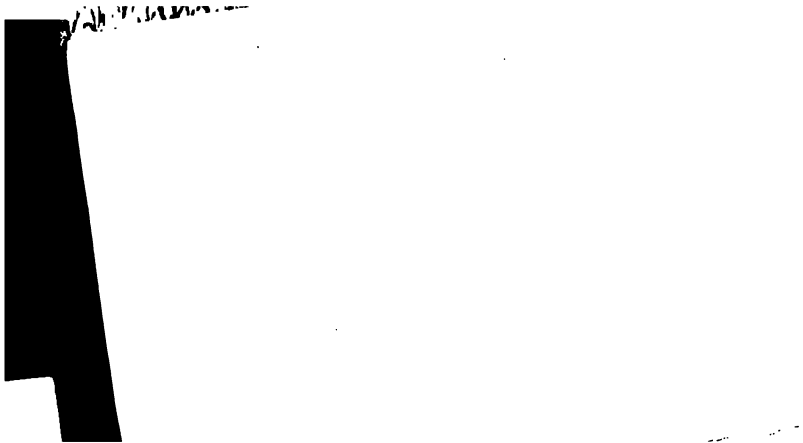


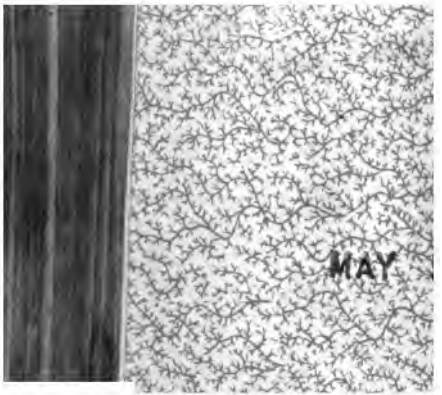
Jour, Love, &c.
Answer to his Address to her on the Subject of having performed his Oath
The Dialogue thereon continued
Answer to his claiming her Promise of Marriage
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Passion for Precedence
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The Advantage on the Women
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MAY

